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A RESIDENCE

AT

CONSTANTINOPLE,

DURING A PERIOD INCLUDING

THE COMMENCEMENT, PROGRESS,
AND TERMINATION

OF THE

83377

GREEK AND TURKISH REVOLUTIONS:

BY THE

REV. R. WALSH, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF

"A JOURNEY FROM CONSTANTINOPLE," "NOTICES OF BRAZIL," ETC. ETC.

—o—

TWO VOLUMES.—VOLUME I.

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TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD PLUNKET,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED

AS A

TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM AND RESPECT,

FOUNDED UPON A LONG AND INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE WITH HIS HIGH QUALITIES,

BY

HIS MUCH OBLIGED SERVANT,

ROBERT WALSH.

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PREFACE.

DURING my first residence in Turkey I was in the habit of detailing to friends at home, at their special request, the various passing events of that very interesting period, and just at the time they occurred. The partiality of my correspondents attached more importance to my communications than they merited—they preserved my letters with a view which I never had in contemplation when they were written, and on my return they requested me to revise and publish them. I did so with such as were connected with an event in which the public were much interested—the advance of the Russians to Constantinople, as I had then just passed over the ground through which they were preparing to march.

It was my intention to have followed this with the remainder; but the want of some materials I had left behind me, and other reasons not necessary to detail, interfered to prevent me. In the

mean time, professional duty led me to other countries; and it was not till after a lapse of some years that I again returned to Constantinople. This delay, however, gave me an opportunity of seeing the East under different aspects; its quiescent state before the revolutionary struggle began—the agitation which ensued during its progress—and the alterations which took place when it was finally past. These were opportunities which as far as I know, have not been enjoyed by any other writer.

In looking over the mass of information I had collected and written, I found that much of it had been anticipated in the publications of more competent travellers; much appeared to have become obsolete, and much had been already published in various ways by myself. In making a selection from what remained, I endeavoured to use what was not liable to those objections, retaining only as much more as was required to preserve the continuity of events.

It was my first intention to publish my letters just as they were written, having only made the necessary omissions. This epistolary form, however, was considered objectionable as having fallen into disuse, and I threw them into another, but so that the narrative is a mere transcript of my correspondence, with some additions. This will account for the

apparent inconsistency of my opinions on men and things. First impressions were frequently corrected by subsequent experience; and I have not hesitated to acknowledge changes of sentiment, as the rapid succession of events developed to me new views, and gave new features to the actors. The Greek revolution and the character of the Sultan appeared to me under very different aspects, indeed, on my first going to the East, and my last departure from it.

The circumstances I have detailed are such as I have been eye-witness to myself, or such as I have heard from others who were so; or, if not, had the best means of information. My informants were either born or had long resided in the country, and who, I have reason to think, could not be deceived themselves, and would not willingly deceive me. Yet I am aware that some facts that I mention may be considered as of doubtful authority. The number of janissaries destroyed has been reduced by the Turks themselves to seven or eight hundred. I have stated them as amounting altogether, by death or exile, to twenty thousand. The number of females put to death at the accession of the present Sultan has been said not to exceed three or four, and those only who were pregnant; my account states them as nearly the whole of the former Sultan's female establishment. My information on these

and other subjects was derived from sources which I thought competent authority.

The practice of destroying all those who might have a contingent claim to the crown, or preventing their existence, is a usage of extreme antiquity in the East, and remains unchanged to the present day; it even extends to the male offspring of a Sultan's sister or cousin, if married to a subject. Cantemir says*, Mahomet III. strangled twenty-two of his brothers, whom he had invited to his coronation; and Knolles adds, that "at once to rid himself of the feare of all competitors (the greatest torment of the mightie), he the same day (as is reported) caused ten of his father's wives and concubines, such as by whom any issue was to be feared, to be all drowned in the sea †." That the present Sultan, in the precarious state in which he found himself, should suffer those about him to have recourse to this horrid but precautionary policy of his ancestors, was not improbable; and I have stated it on the same authority that justified Knolles:—"as is reported."

It may be thought, perhaps, that I have dwelt too long on dismal details, and described horrors with too much minuteness and repetition; but they were set down on the spot, and while the impres-

* Book III. chap. 7.

† Knolles' Gen. Hist. of the Turks, p. 1056.

sion was recent on my mind, and they form the contents of the letters to my various correspondents, which I have merely transcribed.

I have but one word to add on the manner in which the work is executed. It is no affectation in me to say, it was undertaken with reluctance and completed with pain. The time for its appearance, I thought, had passed, and I laboured under severe indisposition, from a constitution broken down, not more by time than by climate in various countries. I was living, too, at a distance from the press and so had a limited control over any errors. I am aware that these things cannot excuse defects to the public, but I owe it to myself to account for them.

NARRATIVE

OF A

RESIDENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

Turkey of greater curiosity and interest than most other Places, why—Embark in the Suite of an Embassy to the Sublime Porte—Dangerous Passage to the Cambrian Frigate—Alarm for the Safety of our Boat in passing the Needles—Education of young Midshipmen—Amiable Trait of Lady Strangford—Man overboard—Arrival at Gibraltar—General Don—Carteia, ancient Town of Phœnicians—Irish Customs and Opinions—St. Roque—Spanish Characteristics—General O'Donnel—Magnificent Battery—St. Michael's Cave—Trait of Spanish Heroism—Dangerous state of the Rock—Monkeys—Vultures—Diluvial Remains—Notice of the Fortress.

You think that, as I am going to a foreign country, my lot is enviable in being cast in the East, where not only sacred lore hallows the remains of remote antiquity, but classic recollections endear each object, and give to distant regions all that exquisite interest which we feel in revisiting the scenes of our youth, and the companions of our school-boy days. This is very true ; but I confess I feel a still greater interest from another and very opposite cause. "The Turk," that bitter and stubborn enemy to every thing which we hold sacred or learned, is, to me, a more remarkable object of contemplation than either Jew or Greek, because so much more remote in his usages, feelings, and modes of thinking, from any thing we have been accustomed to contemplate. I longed to see Hunker the Manslayer,

who is still allowed, as a recreation, to kill fifty of his subjects a day peremptorily, and as many men as he can show cause for; who permits his rajas, of his great bounty, to wear their heads for another year when they pay the capitation tax; who suffers the representatives of his brother sovereigns to be dragged into his presence only when his slaves have fed, clothed, and washed them till they are fit to be seen; who proscribes, as impious, every book but the Koran, and inhibits the use of any language but the Turkish; and who puts to death, with unsparing ferocity, every audacious man who presumes to enlighten the venerable ignorance of his subjects. That such a people actually existed in Europe at the present day we always thought one of the most curious and scarcely credible facts of modern history; and to contemplate closely their extraordinary character, without any apprehension for my own head, was a privilege I often longed to enjoy. This, by the kindness of Fortune, has been now conferred upon me; and you, my friend, shall have the full benefit of my observations.

On the 9th of November, 1820, I embarked on board the Cambrian frigate, Captain Hamilton, in the suite of his Excellency Lord Strangford, as chaplain to the British embassy then proceeding to the Ottoman Porte. The vessel lay at a considerable distance from the shore, and it blew a very heavy gale from the N.E. We had Lady Strangford, Mrs. Hamilton, and her sister, with the female attendants, in the barge, and encountered a rough and really a dangerous passage to the ship. A boat, filled with people from the Isle of Wight, swamped not far from us, and every soul perished, but of this we were not apprized till long after. In about an hour we were under weigh, and passing the Needles, where it was necessary to put the pilot on shore as soon as we had cleared the shoals. For this pur-

pose a boat was manned, and the command given to Lord G. Powlett, a young midshipman. The ship lay to for his return, but after waiting a considerable time longer than usual, we began to be alarmed. The sea ran very high, and it was the first expedition, I believe, where this young lad, who was very gentle and diffident, had any rough duty to perform. Lanterns were hoisted in the shrouds, and blue lights burnt on the bowsprit, without effect. It was then found necessary to fire minute-guns as his direction, but the boat did not appear, and it was the general opinion she had gone down. At length, after several hours of intense anxiety, our lost people came alongside, having had a perilous struggle in the dark against wind and tide, and in a sea where a larger vessel could hardly live.

This was the first circumstance that struck me in the life of a young sea-officer of the British navy. The lad, educated in all the tenderness of maternal care, had now, for the first time, perhaps, been from his mother's side, and his turn of duty was a hazardous service, which his mother would have shuddered to contemplate. It is in such a school, where the smallest attention is not paid to age or rank, that all acquire that skill and hardihood which have raised the naval character of the country to its present eminence. There were on board twenty young gentlemen of the first families as midshipmen, whom the fame of our embassy had attracted, and the greater number of them were even younger than Powlett. This gave occasion to Lady Strangford to exercise one of those amiable traits of character which distinguished her. When we had fairly entered the Atlantic, the sea became blue, and this colour was the signal for salt beef and hard biscuit for the ship's company. On this occasion one of the lads incidentally mentioned that he longed to be on shore to get a bit of soft bread, so she

invited him and others, in succession, to breakfast with her, and treated the poor boys till we arrived at Gibraltar with this luxury, which was baked on board every day for the ambassador's table.

The ship's equipment was new and stiff; the bulkheads set up in our cabins were so little pliable, that when she laboured they creaked incessantly with a noise so loud and harsh, that we could not hear one another speak at dinner; but this was a trifling inconvenience compared with what occurred above decks. The rigging was so rigid, that it was always unmanageable, and accidents were continually happening to the men, who were jammed and bruised among the unyielding cordage. Sometimes more serious disasters occurred. One evening as we approached the Straits, the moon shone out from a sky glittering with stars, her light occasionally interrupted by a dense cloud driven across her surface, and again appearing more brilliant, and revealing the eminences of the distant coast as we rapidly passed it. While contemplating this scene with Lord and Lady Strangford, and endeavouring to make out the headlands of St. Vincent's and Trafalgar, rendered interesting to us by such splendid recollections, a hat was dashed upon the deck where we sat, and a sudden sound accompanied it, as if something had struck the boat which hung in the davits on the larboard side: presently an alarm was given that a man was overboard. The whole crew were instantly in motion. The vessel was going before the wind at the rate of ten knots, but she was stopped and put about in almost as short a time as a mail-coach. The two boats in the davits were lowered into the water with their crews, the one headed by a lieutenant, and the other by the gunner; and before the captain could come on deck from below, they had rowed to some distance from the ship in search of the

man. It was now found that his name was William Orr, a native of Edinburgh. He was captain of the mizen-top, had got jammed in the yard-arm, and in endeavouring to extricate himself, had fallen over the futtock-shrouds, and was seen by a midshipman to strike against the boat in his descent, when his hat was dashed upon deck, and his body into the water. As it was almost certain that the poor man was killed by the concussion before he reached the sea, and consequently that he had immediately sunk, a longer search was considered as fruitless, so the captain hailed the boats to return, and in about half an hour all were again on board and on duty, and the ship was pursuing her course. He was an active young man, well disposed and well liked, but was considered as doomed to this fate. Three weeks before he had a narrow escape from the fall of a beam, and was but a few days from the surgeon's hands. This circumstance was duly noticed on board, and accorded with the impressions of fatalism so common among sailors. All I conversed with said, that the first accident was sent as a warning of the fate that awaited him. A short time after, a similar circumstance occurred, but with a more favourable result. While writing in my cabin, I heard a great noise on deck, with a sound of more than usual confusion. My servant hastily opened the door, and informed me that a man was overboard. I ran up, and saw him swimming on a plank at some distance astern, and the boat pulling towards him. He too had got entangled in the stiff cordage, and had fallen from the bowsprit shrouds: the ship went directly over him, and as he rose behind, a messmate had thrown him a spar, which he caught; he was a good swimmer, and had left the spar when he saw the boat approaching, and swam to meet it. He happened to be one of its

crew, so when he was taken on board he resumed his seat and his oar as if nothing had happened. When alongside, some one asked him from the deck how he got on? "Why," said he, turning a quid, "I had a pleasant swim, but —I have lost a shoe."

It is impossible not to admire the energy and humanity, as well as the skill and sagacity, displayed on these occasions. The life of a common sailor, when so many seem to be carelessly sacrificed in action, would not appear to be at any time an object of much attention on board a ship; and among so many, and at such an hour as when the first accident happened, I supposed that a dozen might have fallen overboard and not be missed or cared for; but in this human hive, where men swarmed like bees, the fate and person of the individual were instantly known, and the energies of the whole crew were as speedily and eagerly exerted for a common sailor as if he were an admiral. In the second instance, the man was overboard, the great machine stopped, the plank thrown out, the boat let down and manned, the sailor received on board and at his duty, and the vessel again on her way, in less than fifteen minutes!

As it blew all this time a stiff gale, and the frigate was going nearly before the wind, the motion was so unsteady that all the landsmen on board were extremely sick. This exceedingly painful sensation, the cause of which physicians now say is not in the stomach, but in the head, is one of the *opprobria medicorum* for which they have discovered nothing to prevent or even alleviate. Shakspeare, who was "out o' nights" on his deer-stealing excursions, and knew what bad weather was, calls "the seasons' difference" "the penalty of Adam." If he ever were at sea, he would assuredly have called sea-sickness "the penalty of Noah," which, like that of Adam, was entailed on all his posterity.

On the 15th we arrived at Gibraltar, after a rapid passage of six days, during which our average rate of going was ten knots, or 240 miles a day. In endeavouring to enter the Straits we fell into a state which all vessels deplore; we were caught in the strong current which always sets in from the Atlantic, and instead of gaining the harbour, were carried past it, and whirled by the eddy to the back of the Rock. In this solitary and helpless state we remained, overhung by the stupendous precipice of the old mountain, projecting its weather-beaten front over us, all rugged and tattered, as if it had been a butt for the artillery of both earth and heaven since the Creation. We were for some time apprehensive we should be obliged to pursue our course without landing on this celebrated spot; but at length an easterly breeze sprung up, increasing in strength, till it enabled us slowly to stem the current, and retrace our steps round Europa Point into the harbour. Nothing could equal the effect of the sudden transition from one place to the other. We left an awful solitude, where there were no more signs of human existence than if we had been under the cliffs of Spitzbergen, and a lovely prospect suddenly opened upon us, full of life and animation. There were lying in the bay, besides a crowd of merchant ships, among which we anchored, the Glasgow frigate, and Favourite sloop-of-war. Before us were the sloping cultivated face of the hill, the town near the water, and behind it trees, gardens, and villas. As it was too late to go on shore that night, we got our band of music on deck, and kept up an animated sound, in which the whole ship's company seemed to sympathize.

As soon as our arrival was announced to the Lieutenant-Governor, General Sir G. Don, he received his Majesty's representative with all the honours a veteran disciplinarian

thought his due. We landed under a discharge of artillery, flags flying, yards manned, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance," which in such a place, and at such a time, were very impressive to me. On the beach, which was lined with military, were carriages ready for our reception, and we proceeded in great pomp to the convent or governor's palace, while all the grave Spaniards ran to their doors to gaze on us, like Londoners at a Lord Mayor's show.

The General was a corpulent man, approaching to eighty, who had been in the British army since the year 1770. Among the various vicissitudes of his military life was one which made him at a former period a subject of universal interest. During the expedition to the Helder, in the year 1799, he went with a flag of truce to the enemy's camp; but Brune, the French commander, pretended to suspect his motives, and arrested him as a spy. About the same time Napper Tandy, the Irish patriot, who had escaped from home and entered the French service, was arrested at Hamburgh; and it was supposed the arrest of General Don was intended merely as a protection to Tandy, and the fate which awaited one would be visited on the other. As it was generally considered that the latter would be executed as a traitor by the English Government, the friends of the former trembled for his safety. They were both, however, in the end liberated, but not till General Don had been twice led out to public execution. A near relative of mine told me he was present when he was exposed to this peril; I now saw him in the elevated rank of governor of this important place, and the vicissitudes of human life forcibly struck me.

The venerable General found I had been chaplain to the 36th Regiment, of which he was colonel, and he was so good as to treat me with great kindness; he accompanied

me over the Rock, pointed out the various objects of notice with great affability, and seemed totally divested of any thing like distance or reserve.

Among the curiosities to which he directed my attention were the remains of Carteia, a town about six miles from Gibraltar, which he supposed was built by the Phœnicians. The next morning I found an aide-de-camp's horse ready for me, and I sat out with a friend and countryman who happened to be quartered in the garrison. The rock was probably once an island, but is now connected to Andalusia by a narrow isthmus of sand, washed on one side by the Bay, and on the other by the Mediterranean. Along this, which is called the Neutral Ground, our road lay. Here we encountered a guard of Spanish soldiers, who were very rigid in examining our passports. They were cadaverous, lean, sallow, and very shabbily dressed; looking exceedingly dejected. Their uniform was blue, faced with dirty yellow; and they were miserable specimens, indeed, of the Spanish military. As we advanced along the sea-shore, however, we met others of a very different character: they wore leather caps, and long gaiters of the same colour and materials, tied from the knee to the ankle with a number of strings that fell down like fringe; round their bodies, hanging loosely from one shoulder, was a large variegated woollen sash, like a Highlander's plaid; and in their hands they carried long guns. They were uncommonly fine-looking men, with a rude, fierce, and martial air, very strongly contrasted with the subdued and melancholy aspect of those we had just left. They belonged to a police called Guarda Costa, whose duty it was to prevent smuggling. They go out in the evening, and, wrapping themselves in their variegated blankets, they lie down in the sand with their muskets beside them, prepared for a long and unerring shot

at any suspicious object. To account for their robust and vigorous character, so different from the weak and sickly aspect of the regulars, we were informed they were hardy mountaineers, from the Sierra de la Ronda, who had all been smugglers themselves, and were induced to descend to the sea-coast to detect and punish their former associates. Notwithstanding their capabilities, their fidelity is as suspicious as their utility is doubtful: they seem to be no impediment to the immense quantity of English goods which are annually landed at Gibraltar. Here they are purchased by Spanish or other dealers, of whom the seller asks no questions: they soon disappear from the town, and are secretly conveyed through various channels not only to every part of Spain, but across the Atlantic, to the Spanish colonies of the New World; and if the barren rock was of no other value to England, I was informed it was of vast importance in this point of view as an inlet to our manufactures.

After riding about two hours along the sea-shore, we came to some extensive remains, which seemed the ruins of an ancient city, whose existence, till lately, few appear to be aware of. It was situated at the bottom of the bay of Gibraltar, on a river now called the Guadarunque, and at the extremity of a fertile vale, through which the river winds its course. The ground chosen sloped down to the mouth of the river, which formed the haven and commercial part, while the upper was occupied by the Acropolis. At the extremity of the highest point are still to be seen very extensive foundations of a wall, following the brow of the hill in an irregular circle towards the sea, and including an area of two or three miles. Outside it are evident marks of a fosse: at some distance within the wall are the remains of the amphitheatre, of which one-third of the circumference still stands, formed by eighteen abutments of

masonry; they are built of sandstone, cemented with mortar into a concrete mass, harder than the stone; withinside the ground sinks so as to give the spectator an elevation; the segment of the circle is one hundred yards in extent. At a short distance from this are what are said to be remains of mosaic pavement, and near it a cistern of excellent water, with two circular reservoirs of sandstone, and the remnant of a sculptured animal, having his tail twined between his legs and round his back. On the whole, there seemed abundant evidence of the existence of a large town in this place, as well from the ruins of masonry, as from the scattered fragments of other remains which are found over the whole area between the foundations of the wall and the river; for the ploughed ground is entirely encumbered with pieces of the mortar and cemented stones of what had been walls and houses.

The only towns in comparatively modern times known to have been built in this bay are Gibraltar and Algesiras, both erected by the Moors. It must, therefore, have been one of the ancient cities of whose site geographers have left such vague accounts. But the fact which ascertains the name of this beyond a doubt is, the discovery of a variety of coins and medals among the ruins. In the possession of a Mr. Kent is a series of twelve medals, besides sundry coins, which the governor was so good as to procure for my inspection. The legends on the former are generally in an unknown character, imperfect and corroded by time, but supposed to be Phœnician. Many of the latter are of a later period, and therefore in better preservation. I copied two of them. On one was the legend CART. and on another, KARTEIA, at full length; and both bore the impress of a dolphin, the emblematic figure found on the coins of Gadir or Cadiz, which have legends in distinct Phœnician

characters. Such a town is mentioned by Strabo, Livy, and Mela, as existing in or near this place, and is supposed by them to have been the Tartessus of Homer; if so, it must have been of extreme antiquity. It was probably the first city ever erected by a civilized people outside the Mediterranean, when the Phœnician Hercules rent asunder the mountains, and opened for his enterprising companions a passage into the Atlantic.

My companion was very fond of Irish lore, and had no doubt of the Phœnician origin of the Irish people. He, therefore, was assiduous in pointing out to me many circumstances about this town as confirming his opinion. We met several of the peasantry: the men rode always two on a horse, or mule, with the face of one close to the back of the other; the women sat on the off side, with the left leg to the neck of the beast. The head-dress of the females consisted of a scarf, or shawl, drawn over their caps, and tied behind in a knot, the corners of which fell between their shoulders—all which peculiarities are still to be seen among the peasantry about the Milesian or Phœnician town of Galway at this day. They have, also, many opinions in common which have their origin antecedent even to the time of the Romans. They imagine, for instance, that a sick man's life depends on the state of the tide, and that he never dies unless when it begins to ebb. This notion, which is mentioned by Aristotle and referred to by Pliny, is common in the west of Ireland, and entertained even by many physicians there. These usages and opinions, he asserted, were proofs of the identity of the two people, not to say any thing of the nondescript animal at the cistern, whose tail twines round his legs exactly like that of the extraordinary beast to be seen in the front of Cormac's very ancient chapel on the rock of Cashel. I have no doubt if your

worthy friend General Vallancey was still alive, he would make out a very respectable theory from these data.

From Carteia we proceeded to a second town, of more modern structure and less doubtful origin. When the Spaniards lost Gibraltar, in 1704, they built another city on the summit of the nearest hill, to which they conveyed the archives, which are still kept in the name of their former town, as if they had never left it; though, to give them greater security for the future, they put them under the protection of their patron St. Roque, and called their new residence after his name. The town consists of several streets, ascending the hill on all sides, and terminating in a large square on the summit. The houses are perfectly in the style of what you conceive to be Spanish. We stopped to breakfast at an inn which formed a quadrangle inclosing a court-yard, and were conducted into an apartment, off the gallery, floored with red tiles, and without ceiling. This, to us, comfortless appearance is very common in the best houses: they say it materially cools the air, and is an important advantage in a climate where the thermometer stood at 80° in the shade in the latter end of November. Our breakfast consisted of two small cups of chocolate, without milk, which in thickness and bitterness exactly resembled stewed soot flavoured with garlic. We had bread made, as they informed us, of chestnut-meal, baked in the shape and size of crabs, the claws serving as handles to take them up by, pork steaks, floating in oil and garnished with green lemons, a flask of country wine exactly resembling what we make from currants, and a jug of cold water; for this we paid 1 cob 4 reals, or about 5*s*. 8*d*.

In this little town seemed to be combined all that I had before conceived of Spanish manners. The most conspicuous and numerous shops were those of the barber-sur-

geons. At one side of the door was the figure of a leg or an arm bound up, and bleeding into a vessel, labelled *Sangrado*, with the name of the operator; on the other was a brass basin, with a flat rim, deficient on one side for the chin to fit in. This is kept very bright, and strongly resembles a helmet; so that, in fact, every barber's shop reminds you that you are in the country of Gil Blas and Don Quixote. On several seats before their doors were hidalgos, wrapped up in long black cloaks, with their heads between their knees, dozing out the day in the sun, under the shelter of their broad-brimmed hats, which projected round them like the eaves of a pent-house. The windows and doors of the houses were secured with strong iron bars, and lattice-work without glass; and, as we passed along, we saw several ladies peeping through, carefully concealing their faces, but always betrayed by the fire of their dark eyes, which actually gleamed on us and startled us, as my companion said, like a sunbeam reflected from a piece of looking-glass. Round the area, on the summit of the hill, were wooden galleries, and every preparation for the exhibition of a bull-fight. With this display of ancient usages were connected others, however, which strongly marked more modern times. Most of the houses of refreshment were labelled with revolutionary inscriptions. A large patch of plaster extended along the front; this was white-washed, and formed a conspicuous tablet: on it was written, in large black characters, *Caf. del Revolucion* or *Caf. del Nacion;* but not a single inscription having the name of the king, or any allusion to him, was to be seen. Within were groups of persons carousing, and the political excitement seemed to have altogether altered their grave and taciturn habits.

The General commanding this district was Don Joseph

O'Donnel. By order of the king he had met and defeated a detachment of Quiroga's troops from Cadiz, but it was an unfortunate victory for him. Ferdinand immediately after accepted the Constitution, and O'Donnel was put under an arrest and sent a prisoner to St. Roque for having obeyed his orders. Finding he was in the town, we resolved to pay him a visit: we met a sentinel at his door, not as a mark of respect, but of suspicion. We were received by the Señora, a lady of Malaga, of a distinguished family, who had brought him a large fortune. She had dark eyes, a deep olive complexion, and her manners were very pleasing and amiable. When she understood we were Irish gentlemen, who came to pay our respects to the General, she was greatly affected; a feeling of her husband's altered circumstances seemed to rush upon her mind, and she burst into tears. The General himself was greatly gratified by our visit: he was a middle-sized man, about fifty, with black hair, decayed teeth, a careworn countenance, and not a dignified person. He wore a large cocked-hat, in which he had, but too late, placed the national cockade, black coat, and pantaloons, over which latter he had drawn top-boots; and his only distinction of General was an embroidered sash, which he wore round his waist under his coat. He addressed me with all the cordial familiarity of an old acquaintance, and in a very broad accent. It was remarkable that, though he had never been in Ireland, he spoke English with a strong national tone, which he said he caught from some of the Irish brigades to whom he taught Spanish. Among the works which he had obtained from the English library at Gibraltar, was Lady Morgan's "O'Donnel," with which he was highly delighted. He said that the priest there mentioned was his grand uncle, and he bore testimony to the accuracy of the family details.

It was his intention, he said, during the leisure his confinement afforded him, to translate the work into Spanish, which he was assured would become highly popular. We parted with mutual feelings of good-will. The General was one of four brothers, all of whom served in the Spanish army with great distinction, and attained high commands: the eldest was the Conde d'Abisbal, who was also in disgrace with the Constitutional Government, and under arrest at Malaga. Their father was one of those gentlemen who had emigrated from Ireland to seek that honourable distinction in Spain which was then denied him in the military service at home. All his sons were born in Spain, and had never been in their father's land. The next day he was permitted to visit the ambassador at Gibraltar, when I introduced him, at his request, to Lady Strangford, with whose kind and affable manners he was highly delighted. Such a meeting, he said, was a cordial to his careworn spirits, and would recall to his mind, if he was ever inclined to forget it, the country of his ancestors.

On our return to Gibraltar we found that the governor had prepared a magnificent display for the ambassador. The north face of the rock, which overlooks the sandy isthmus, presents a very steep and nearly perpendicular front to its very base, rising to the height of 1300 feet. This only approach by land was fortified by very strong works on the point next the bay, where was the passage into the town, round an angle of the precipice; but since the siege in 1782 it was determined to render the whole isthmus impassable, by fortifying the whole face of the perpendicular rock. On this surface there had been but one battery, called Willis's, which had done great execution on the Spanish lines. As it was formed on the only horizontal spot, and there was no more space to erect a platform out-

side, it was resolved to excavate and make batteries on the inside. For this purpose, long galleries were hollowed out, forming chambers at intervals, in which embrasures were opened through the crust left on the surface, eight or ten feet in thickness, and between these chambers were magazines supplied with ammunition. The lower gallery was entered a little above the town, and the upper issued out at the opposite side on the summit, so that the vast perpendicular surface of solid rock, 1300 feet high and 3500 wide, was converted into a mighty bastion, through every part of which cannon were pointed. In order to exhibit the effects of this extraordinary fortress, the governor ordered all the guns to be loaded and discharged for our amusement, a compliment which had been paid once before to Lord Exmouth on his return from Algiers, and never, I believe, on any other occasion. We found the whole town assembled on the neutral ground to witness this sight: on a signal given, the firing commenced; the explosion was awfully loud, reverberated through the hollow chambers of the rock, and the spectacle was magnificent; the surface from the base to the summit, and from sea to sea, was one blaze of fire. It is to be doubted, however, if the utility compensates for the enormous expense. The explosion shakes the whole mountain in such a way, that many of the chambers are rent and cracked, and the smoke is so dense, and the noise so loud and deafening as to be intolerable for any length of time to the gunners. An artilleryman who accompanied me through the galleries, assured me he would rather stand in the most exposed situation, than pass a few minutes under such painful shelter, which so affected his head as almost to make him mad. It appears by inscriptions on the sides of the galleries, that they were excavated in 1789.

Though you exact from me an account of every thing I see and hear, you will not keep me to the letter of my promise. To me the first impressions of this celebrated old rock were deeply interesting, but to you who have read so many accounts of it, details must be irksome; a brief sketch, therefore, will content you. It has been compared to a lion in repose, and certainly its distant profile bears some resemblance to it, the head projecting into the Mediterranean, the back to the Atlantic, and the tail the sandy isthmus. I ascended to the summit, and examined in my way some curious objects. The first was St. Michael's Cave, from whence it was supposed the ancients gave its name to the mountain. The form of the excavation has some resemblance to the cavity of a pitcher, as, I suppose, all cavities have, and so it was called Calpe* by the Greeks. It is full of stalactites and stalagmites, which generate in their formation a quantity of carbonic acid gas, which falls into the lower depths of the cave, and renders it dangerous to approach, so that its extremity has not been explored. This has given rise to the absurd story, that it extends to the opposite coast, and that the Moors kept up a subterraneous communication between the fortresses of Gibraltar and Ceuta. But what has rendered it really interesting is, that it was the scene of a most romantic and heroic achievement. After the capture of the place by the English, some Spaniards made a sacred vow to recover it or perish in the attempt. Accordingly five hundred men, having first solemnly received the sacrament at Algesiras, landed at Europa Point, where the fortifications did not at that time extend, and from thence silently clambering up the rock, lodged themselves before morning in St. Michael's Cave. Here

* Καλπη.

they remained all day, and, when it was dark, descended into the town, which they easily took possession of by surprise, from an unguarded point where an attack was supposed impossible; and the English were astonished next morning to find the town in quiet possession of the Spaniards. It does not appear that they had taken any precaution to procure co-operation, so they remained insulated in their conquest, solitary masters of Gibraltar. The garrison, however, which consisted of three thousand men, having recovered from their surprise, and ascertained the inefficient force opposed to them, attacked them the next day. They made a desperate resistance, and refused to surrender while a man remained alive, and they all died on the spot. Among the Greeks this action would have been recorded and classed with the devotion of Thermopylæ.

From the cave I pursued my way up the mountain. Nothing marks so strongly the road-making propensity of the English as the passages through the rocks. The sides of the steep were all intersected by broad excellent roads, which led to nothing, and frequently stopped short at the edge of a precipice. As the military here have nothing to do, they are employed in this useless way, rather than remain idle. At intervals are caves, like hermit's cells, furnished within with benches and stone cushions, labelled with the names, as I supposed, of the hermits who inhabited them; but they were, I was told, the Colonels of the regiments who formed them. At length I gained the summit, and sat astride on the back of the lion. It was a ridge as narrow as the roof of a house, and was the most dizzy and nervous seat I ever occupied. One leg hung over the Mediterranean, and the other over what might be called the Atlantic, and each side seemed a perpendicular precipice which overhung the sea. Below me was a thunder-

splintered watch-tower which had been shattered with lightning the first night it was occupied by a sentinel, and all around lay fragments of the rock loosely piled on each other, which seemed to have been rent and scattered by a similar cause. If the foundation was at all stirred, and a single rock gave way, the whole would descend in a tremendous shower, and completely overwhelm the town below. To guard against the impending destruction, it is considered expedient to examine carefully the rock every year, and to unite the most projecting and dangerous parts with iron cramps; but this seems a perilous precaution, as the conducting power of the metal is more likely to increase the danger and accelerate the catastrophe. Among those inaccessible and tottering fragments reside the monkeys, which are only found in this spot in Europe. Their principal food is the palmetto*, which grows in great abundance among the interstices of the stones, and within a few yards of the summit. The animals are completely insulated here, and cannot escape if they were so inclined. They sometimes descend to the gardens of the town, and are seen, though rarely, by the inhabitants. One old monkey in particular pays a visit to the South Barracks, where he is called the Town-Major. He takes his seat on Charles Vth's wall, where he chatters, and seems to be issuing his orders. If the inhabitants were disposed to catch or kill those creatures, the race would soon become extinct: but they entertain for them a high respect, and the different governors issue strict orders for their preservation. As I was now in the very heart of their abode, I expected to catch a glimpse at least of some of them, but I saw no trace of them but the remains of their food; plants

* Chamærops humilis.

of the palmetto were everywhere lying about, with roots bitten off, which I was assured was done by these monkeys. Another circumstance indicated their existence here. They frequently detach and roll down fragments of the rocks they live among, either in search of food, or in mischievous sport. I met afterwards a party of midshipmen from the Cambrian, who narrowly escaped a large stone, which rolled down from above, and bounded over their heads into the sea. They attributed it entirely to the malice of the monkeys, and talked of climbing up and avenging the insult. Associated with these animals are vultures, which seem to be the only other living things which dispute with them their solitary abode. During the period of their annual migrations from Africa to Europe, they are first seen in vast flights to wheel and hover round the summit of the rock in various circles, and at length to light upon it, covering it in long lines, like swallows on the ridge of a house, impelled by the same instinct, and bearing about the same proportion to the respective places on which they perch. It is a sublime object to contemplate these huge and "ravenous fowl" using this vast rugged perch as a resting-place on their way to Europe, and, like the vultures from the ridges of Imaus, "come flying, lured with scent of living carcases."

I had heard that very singular organic remains were seen on the summit of this mountain, and in a state more perfect and indubitable than any antediluvian remnants found elsewhere. Among these I discovered the circular perforations left by the piddock*; and in one of them I found a perfect shell, not imbedded in crust, or incorporated with the substance of the rock, but loosely lodged in the

* Pholas dactylus.

cavity it had made, and capable of being detached in separate valves; and I was informed by a gentleman who had collected a museum from the rock, in which he had several such specimens, that it was not uncommon. That a marine shell should be thus found nearly two thousand feet above its native element, as complete as when the animal was alive, and apparently in the act of performing what is known to be a curious operation in its natural history, is perhaps one of the most striking proofs on record that the sea had once submerged the mountain. In a deep fissure lower down were other organic remains, but evidently of a very recent date. An agglomerated mass was formed of ferruginous, calcareous matter, which had attained considerable induration. It was very heterogeneous, consisting of shells, spar, and bones, all in a perfectly organized state, particularly the bones, which were not at all changed in shape or substance, but susceptible of being scraped with a knife on the surface, though the mass that united them together was as hard as marble. They were supposed to be washed down by the violent rains, and left in the fissures with water, where, by the deposit of calcareous matter, they were firmly united by a brief process, which is seen going on every day at the Dripping Well at Knaresborough, and similar places in England. In the specimens I found, the bones were principally those of fowl, and were probably the remains of parties of pleasure, who had brought their dinner to some of the magnificent views on the summit of the rock, from whence they were carried down by the torrents, and received into the first open fissure. This, you will say, is not a very remote, nor a very dignified cause for a curious natural object; but I am satisfied many such might be with truth assigned for effects which have puzzled philosophers.

The summit of the rock is often assailed by violent showers of hail, but snow is never seen or known to rest on it. This is the more remarkable, as you see yourself surrounded by snowy mountains on every side, and apparently on the same level. Towards the east, those of Malaga were quite white; and to the south, the sides of Atlas were covered with snow as far as the eye could reach to an almost interminable distance. This is a phenomenon which people do not expect to see in Africa.

It does not appear that a town was ever built on the ancient Calpe. Strabo describes one as forty-five stadia, or five miles, from the mountain, which probably was Karteia. The first ever erected was by the Moors under Tarik, who passed over from the opposite coast, and gave the mountain its modern name*. The fortress he erected is still standing. The walls and turrets are seen out-topping the adjoining buildings on the side of the hill, and are pierced in all directions with balls which, I was informed, came from the Spanish flotilla in 1782. There is still legible on it an Arabic inscription, with the date of 712. In 1461, it was retaken by the Spaniards, with whom it remained till 1704, when it was captured by the English in a manner so easy and unexpected by both nations, that there is hardly a parallel to be found in history. Sir G. Rooke was returning from an unsuccessful attempt on Barcelona, and thought it necessary to do something to satisfy the English people. He stopped in the Straits of Gibraltar to reconnoitre the fortress, and to this end he sent a boat's crew, headed by an officer named Jumper. He rowed quietly under one of the batteries, and finding no opposition from the people, who

* Gibel (a mountain) ul Tarik, which, dropping the last syllable, leaves nearly the present name.

expected no attack, he climbed up an embrasure under one of the guns, followed by some of the sailors, and jumping into the bastion, he soon drove out the astonished Spaniards, and remained master of the place. This bastion still exists on the south side, and is called *Jumper's* Battery, by an odd coincidence between the name of the man and his achievement.

The immense efforts made by the Spaniards to regain it form a strong contrast to the manner in which it was lost, as does its importance now in the eyes of the English, to the trifling value they at first set upon it. At the close of the American war the eyes of all Europe were directed to it. The preparations by sea and land were so extraordinary as to exhaust all their then known mechanical powers, and exceed even that of the famous Armada. Vessels covered with tense raw hides, from which cannon-balls bounded as harmless as peas from a drum-head, could approach to the muzzles of our guns, and if by chance any ball or combustible entered, a system of tubes, like the veins and arteries of an animal, ramified through the whole machine, along which water circulated to extinguish, in an instant, any accident from fire. Besides this immense naval armament which filled the Bay, the Spanish army covered the shore; and the courts of France and Spain sat on an elevation, like Xerxes and the Persian court at Salamis, to witness the certain destruction of their presumptuous handful of enemies. But the genius of one determined veteran blasted this splendid enterprise, and destroyed it in a moment, like the lightning of heaven. His memory is still preserved here in a remarkable manner. A large space was levelled on the rock for a public garden, and in the centre was placed the mainmast of one of the Spanish ships destroyed. Out of this a garrison artist undertook to carve

a statue of General Elliot, and he has succeeded to admiration. There he stands, as stiff and upright as when he stood on the Ragged-staff Battery, with his square cocked hat, his hook nose, and his tie-wig; and that nothing might be wanting to complete the likeness, there is beside him one of the actual furnaces in which he heated the first red-hot ball, which he charged and discharged with his own hand. Since the period of that memorable siege, now half a century, the Spaniards have never made another attempt; and from the impregnable state in which the fortress is placed, both by sea and land, it would be utterly hopeless in future. Gibraltar, therefore, may now be considered as much a part and parcel of England as Portsmouth; and it has already assumed all the features of an English landscape. Instead of the cactus, the aloe, and the castor-oil tree, which were the only native vegetables that clothed the interstices of the stones with their scanty and exotic vegetation, the trees and shrubs usually planted in England now cover the naked face of the rock with their umbrageous foliage, and neat villas are seen up the side of it, peeping out between them like some of the rural prospects in the Isle of Wight. There is one native, however, which the English are not disposed to exchange for any substitute, and that is the vine. Its richness and exuberance here exceeds, perhaps, any part of the world. We had in the middle of November various kinds of the most delicious grapes fresh gathered, one nearly as large as a walnut, of a fleshy consistence, and most delicious flavour, and of these kinds they reckon three hundred and forty varieties found on this apparently barren rock.

By a return which the Governor was so good as to get for me, the population of the town, including the garrison, consisted of sixteen thousand five hundred and forty-four persons, which presented in the streets a great and curious

variety of costume to a stranger's eye. The Spaniard, in his long black cloak, with one corner thrown over his left shoulder, and the edge held up so as, with his broad brimmed hat, to conceal his face. The Moor or Algerine, with his turban and flowing béneesh, and ample scarlet trousers, bound at the ancles, and hanging over his slippers. The Spanish Jew like the Moor, but close shaven over the forehead, his head covered with a tight and scanty black scull-cap, and his feet with European shoes. The Barbary Jew wears a long beard and trousers, but has a coat of coarse cloth, made like a sailor's long jacket, hanging down to his feet; and, of all the various people, has the most mean and beggarly aspect. The Spanish women of the better sort dress in black, with their hair close combed under a dark veil that covers their head, but not their face; their feet, which they are fond of displaying, are remarkably small, scarcely covered with light-coloured shoes, having long quarters. Women of inferior rank wear a scarlet stuff or cloth cloak, bound with black velvet, slashed with cuts, for the arm to come through, and having a large hood which always envelopes the head.

Sunday was not distinguished, except by the English, with any mark of sanctity above an ordinary day; the shops were open as usual, and the several artizans, especially Jews, working at their trades. The only circumstance which more particularly separated it from a week day, was that the wine-houses were crowded and noisy. The police, however, was very well regulated, and at nine o'clock at night every thing was quiet, and the unfortunate women that usually follow a large garrison no where to be seen.

CHAPTER II.

Currents setting into both ends of the Mediterranean—Pillars of Hercules—Fable of Atlas—Contrast between the Atlantic and Mediterranean—Beautiful Meteoric Phenomenon—Accuracy of Virgil—Malta—Fort Ricasoli—Pirates—Singular Story of Mutineers—St. Elmo—Barbarous Conduct of Turks—Retalintion of Christians—Palace of the Knights—Library—Church of St. John—Cave of St. Paul—Controversy about the Island he visited—Giant's Tower at Gozo—Hageira tal gernal—Account of the Fungus Militensis—Notices of Malta—Fortifications—Capers—Granaries—Pestilential Diseases—Dense Population—Ecclesiastics—Penitents—Cemetrey—Circulating Coins.

On the 21st of November we were on board, and again under weigh, availing ourselves of the current, which, in despite of a Levanter blowing against it, bore us into the Mediterranean. I agree with you, that the theory of this extraordinary current has not yet been satisfactorily explained, notwithstanding all that has been said and written about it. The phenomenon had been noticed among the wonders of the ancients*, and I think still continues to be so among the moderns. When we consider that the Strait is generally twenty miles wide, and in some places so deep that the ground could not be reached even in the still water of the Bay with a line of one hundred fathoms; and that through this inlet, so wide and so deep, a body of water, increased afterwards by the Nile, Ebro, Po, and other streams, is continually running at the rate of four or five miles an hour; when you add to this, that a similar body enters into the other end of the Mediterranean, through the Hellespont and Bosphorus, continually rolling down, so rapidly as to

* Qua irrumpens oceanus Atlanticus in maria interiora diffunditur—Plin. l. iii. Εἰς μεταξὺ ἰμικιτον τὸ ἀτλαντικὸν πέλαγος.—Strabo, lib. 3.

detain ships for a month at the mouth of the Strait, before they can get a wind sufficiently strong to stem it; that the waters of this current also are augmented by those of the Danube, Borysthenes, Don, and other rivers in the Euxine; and that all this accumulates in the Mediterranean, without ever increasing its volume, or elevating its surface, human ingenuity is altogether baffled in endeavouring to account for it. Halley thought he found a satisfactory cause in evaporation, which he calculates at six thousand nine hundred and fourteen tuns a day, taking no account, it should appear, of the winter months, when the rains are very heavy, and the water which falls is equal to that, at least, which is drawn up; but what you justly observe of the Baltic seems an entire refutation of this theory. The cause assigned by Halley should be general in its effects, and if it influenced the Mediterranean, would also influence every other sea similarly situated. The Baltic, during the summer months, is exposed to a heat greater than the Mediterranean. The sun is incessantly acting on it from sixteen to twenty hours a day, and the thermometer sometimes at 90°; so that the rivers are lessened in volume, the lakes reduced in surface, the pools dried up, and every indication of the same absorption or evaporation having taken place; yet, as you say, there is no alteration in the current of the Sound, but, whenever it is perceptible, is always seen to set out, and carry the surplus waters of the Baltic into the Atlantic. Dr. Smith insists on an under current; and a story is told of a ship sinking at Ceuta and rising again at Tangiers; but, by what I could learn at Gibraltar, the fact was considered as doubtful, as the theory founded on it was unsatisfactory. So that at the last we are reduced to the hypothesis of the bold man who imagined a passage under the isthmus of Suez, and discharged all the superabundance of

the Mediterranean into the Red Sea, where all extraordinary and unimaginable things, it seems, are sent to.

Another circumstance which interests you is, to ascertain what could give rise to the extraordinary story of the Pillars of Hercules, the rending asunder of which opened a passage for this current, which has continued to flow through them ever since. The ancients formed all their mythologies from the appearance and position of natural objects, for which a warm imagination assigned a preternatural cause. On contemplating the Strait from the Mediterranean, you see two pillar-like promontories standing before you, one the point Ceuta, on the coast of Africa; and the other, the rock of Gibraltar; between them rushes the current of the Atlantic, as if some mighty hand had just then rent them asunder, and the waters of the ocean, hitherto stopped by this barrier, were now tumbling in through the sudden rupture. That the ancient Calpe is the present Gibraltar there is no doubt; but some have attempted to prove that Apes-hill directly opposite to it was the Abyla—but this, I think, is not at all probable. Apes-hill is considerably inland, and not seen from the Mediterranean, where Ceuta, projecting into the sea, forms a promontory exactly similar toGibraltar, seeming just opposite, though, in fact, it is not so.

There is another appearance from this place which strongly arrests the attention of the classical traveller, and that is the summit of Mount Atlas. This celebrated chain here bounds the western horizon in such a way as makes it easy to account for the ancient fable. To the Greek and Roman mariners, who never sailed beyond the Strait, or thought of following the Phœnicians this way to Britain, but supposed it the termination of the earth, the western extremity of the concave arch rested on this ridge, like the arch

of a bridge on its abutment, and so the heavens on that side seemed actually supported by it. So late as the time of the Emperor Domitian, the Romans, if we are to believe Juvenal, supposed that the sun set in the Straits of Gibraltar, and was heard hissing as it descended into the sea. Among the distant places to which the hope of gain leads the mariner, he says—

"Audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem."
Sat. xiv. 280.

The next day we were fairly launched on the waters of the Mediterranean, and the morning light presented to us its fair features. Nothing could be a stronger contrast than that which it afforded to the dark and turbulent waves of the Atlantic, which we had just left. Its mild and calm aspect exceeded any thing I had conceived of it. A constant sunshine—a bland and gentle breeze wafting us kindly along—it seemed as if halcyons were brooding over its surface, and some deity of the deep had stilled the waters, that they might not disturb them. The night presented objects equally lovely in the glittering firmament of new stars, and in the various meteors which shot across the horizon in all directions. One of them was exceedingly beautiful. In the evening, about eight o'clock, while plying between Sardinia and Sicily, I was on the quarter-deck, watching the rising of some of the new constellations, when suddenly a meteor burst from the sky near the Pleiades, which struck us all with awe and amazement. It presented the appearance of a dense cone of fire, apparently about two feet long, and about nine inches broad. It proceeded, with the base foremost, with a slow and majestic pace, in a direction oblique to the horizon, illuminating the whole visible hemisphere like a sun, completely obscuring the stars, and rendering

every object on deck and round the ship distinctly visible. Near the horizon were some dark clouds, in separate strata: it passed behind these, and again reappeared at intervals, tinging their skirts with a bright orange light, and it finally set in the north-west among the mountains of Sardinia. Nothing could exceed the bland, but somewhat awful beauty of this magnificent phenomenon, its light was so lovely, and its progress so slow and dignified. It continued for more than a minute visible, and traversed one-third of the sky. It had nothing of the appearance of that blazing meteor that

> "—— Fires the length of Ophiuchus huge,
> And from his horrid hair shakes pestilence
> And war."

It was rather the mild lustre that formed the halo of some beneficent being, who, shrouded in its radiant light, was travelling to a distant land, on a mission of mercy.

Opinions were greatly divided on the nature of this illumination. Some supposed it to have been ignited matter, projected from Ætna, but the distance of that mountain, probably two hundred miles, rendered such a supposition highly improbable. It was conjectured, with more likelihood, to be some electric matter, generated in the neighbourhood of the volcano perhaps, and meeting in this place with a cause that developed it; the explosion, however, was not attended with any sound. It seemed to occupy a place very high in the atmosphere, far above the clouds, and so corresponded with those *dracones volantes* and grand meteors observed by Brydone and other travellers from the summit of Ætna. Several bright shooting stars were afterwards seen in the night, as Virgil observes, in the same place when the games were celebrating in Sicily—

> "Cœlo ceu sæpe refixo
> Transcurrunt, crinemque volantia sidera ducant."
>
> ÆNEID. lib. v.

This beautiful meteor was noticed in places considerably distant on the same night, and exactly at the same hour. It was visible not only in Sicily, but at Naples and other parts of Italy. The imaginations of various narrators assigned to it several accessories, according to their fancies; some accounts gave it the figure of a fiery dragon; some said that it exploded in thunder; and some dissolved it in a shower of snow; but it wanted none of these absurd exaggerations to make it one of the most beautiful and interesting phenomena that ever was witnessed in the heavens. The distant places, however, in which it was seen at the same time is at once a proof of its large dimensions and great altitude.

The next day the weather, as if this beautiful meteor was really the harbinger of good to man, became altogether lovely, and the day following, the 1st of December, it was balmy and delicious, like the temperate days of our finest summer. The boat was hoisted out for bathers; and as we became stationary, I tried the experiment of the bottle to ascertain the pressure of different depths of sea-water. It was well corked and secured with wire and wax, and let down to the depth of one hundred fathoms; the result of six experiments was, that when it went down empty, it came up full of sea-water, which the pressure had forced into it through every obstruction, in a high state of ebullition; when let down full of fresh water, it came up in the same state, the salt water not displacing it.

We were now under the shore of Sicily, where Virgil himself was said to have sailed, in order that he might describe the voyage of Æneas with more accuracy. We stood on deck with the Æneid in our hand, and can bear testimony to his fidelity. We passed the shoals of Lilybæum; at a distance I saw the low land terminated by

insular rocks, the *vada dura saxis Lilybeïa cæcis*. It is now of more importance than in the time of Æneas, and recalls the name of as great a hero. Like the district of Bronte, from which Lord Nelson takes his title, it yields the Marsala wine, or Bronte Madeira, which is in such request all over the Mediterranean. Towards evening, a high promontory appeared on the distant land, with a town on its summit very conspicuous. This was Girgenti, which Virgil represents as giving exactly the same object in the same place—

> "Arduus inde Agragas ostentat maxima longe
> Mœnia." Æn. lib. 3.

Early on the 2d of December we were entering the port of Valetta, and the first objects that presented themselves were the fortress of Ricasoli, with four men hanging in chains on a bastion. At first it was rumoured that they were so executed for breaking the quarantine laws, which at Malta are exercised with the strictest severity; I found afterwards that it was for piracy, under the most atrocious circumstances, which, perhaps, you have never heard of. A man of the name of Delano, an Anglo-American, commanded the William, bound from Liverpool to Smyrna. While taking in his cargo, he lay outside the Helen, bound to the same place, commanded by Captain Cornish, an elderly, respectable man; and as he had occasion to pass through his ship on his way to his own, they became acquainted. Delano was a man of very plausible manners, and the other confided to him all his affairs. Delano sailed first, but fell in with the Helen off Cape de Gata, on the coast of Spain, and, having spoken, they again parted company, wishing each other a good voyage. During the night, Delano disguised the hull of his ship, by drawing a strip of tanned canvas along his gunwale, mounted a false gun,

called a quaker, and the next morning brought the Helen to, and ordered the captain and his boat on board. While he was obeying this order, Delano's boat was pushed from the opposite side, and, rowing suddenly out, took possession of the Helen; and when the captain returned, he was seized, and confined, with his crew, in the forecastle. There were three Irish gentlemen, G. Brophy, W. Magennis, and J. Fitzpatrick, passengers, going to Rome to be educated for the priesthood. They, too, were shut up with the captain. The pirates placed a sentinel over their prisoners, and then proceeded to open the hatches and plunder the ship, with all the particulars of whose cargo they were already acquainted. It happened that one of the prisoners looked through the bull's-eye, which had been opened for air, and saw on the sail of Delano's ship the maker's name at Liverpool. This he incautiously communicated in the hearing of the sentinel, and it was immediately determined by the pirates to destroy them all. For this purpose they scuttled the Helen in several places, and, after taking out every thing that was valuable, returned to their own ship. The last person who departed was the sentinel. He told his prisoners he was going aft to sleep, and if they continued quiet he would return in an hour and release them. The pirates remained alongside till they saw the vessel sinking; they then made sail from her—they perceived her going down fast—the evening closed, and they saw her no more.

They now removed the disguise from their hull, and proceeded to Malta as if nothing had happened. They sold some of the goods which they had brought from Liverpool, on account of the owners, according to regular invoice; the plundered goods, consisting principally of bales of cloth, Delano said was the property of a friend in distress, and shipped on his own account the night before his departure.

The William was a frequent trader to the port, and Delano her captain, a well-known and respectable man; so these goods were purchased also without suspicion or inquiry, and the vessel departed with the perfect confidence and good-will of every one in the island. At Smyrna, what remained was disposed of in the same manner, a division quietly made of the proceeds of the plundered property, and they lay in perfect security in the harbour waiting for a return cargo.

But the watchful eye of Providence was over the innocent to preserve them as instruments to punish the guilty. The crew confined on board the Helen having waited a considerable time for the return of the sentinel, and finding everything still and quiet on board, began to suppose that the pirates had left the vessel; but having listened attentively to catch any sound, and hearing the water distinctly rushing into the hold, they found the ship was fast settling to sink, and the awful state in which they were suddenly rushed upon their minds. The hatchways, they knew, had been battened down, but providentially finding an axe below, and desperation giving them additional strength, they burst them open. Having proceeded cautiously on deck, they saw the pirate at some distance. They found that every precaution had been taken to insure their destruction; the pump-gear destroyed, to prevent their lightening the ship, the rigging cut to prevent their sailing, and the boat stove in to prevent their escaping. The gunwale of the ship was now at the water's edge, and they had not a moment to lose, so hastily wrapping a tarpaulin round the boat, they launched her at the off side, and kept the hull between them and the pirate as long as she remained afloat; by the time she went down it was dark, and they made their way for Malaga, where they almost miraculously arrived in their crazy boat.

From hence some of them embarked in the Spey frigate, which happened to touch there, and proceeded to Malta, where they landed a few days only after the pirates had left, and having told the story of the piracy, and the Liverpool mark on the sail, suspicion immediately fell upon Delano. Lieutenant Hobson of the Spey was, therefore, sent in a hired vessel, with an armed crew and the sailors of the Helen, and when they arrived they recognised the William lying in perfect security among the other traders. A boat was procured, in which the armed men, covered with a tarpaulin, were rowed alongside, and, jumping suddenly on board, the pirates were seized without resistance, in the moment of their fancied security. They were brought back to Malta, and, after a patient hearing of three days, they were convicted on the clearest evidence, and the captain, mate, cook, and smith were hung in chains on the bastion of Ricasoli, where I saw them. Others were executed and buried; one only was not taken—he had been on shore buying provisions previous to their departure from Smyrna. It was remarkable that all the persons concerned in this atrocious transaction had been persons of excellent character, up to the moment when it was perpetrated. Delano had been for eight years well and intimately known, and much respected by his employers. He was led to engage in some smuggling transactions, and was exchequered, by which he lost a large sum of money. From that time he said he determined to remunerate his losses by any means in his power, and he thought the act of piracy "neither a shame nor a sin."

As I know you prefer incident to description, I shall mention another circumstance of this Fort, which was told me on the spot, rather than give you a detail of its bastions. An officer obtained leave from the government of Malta to

raise a regiment for rank, and he enrolled a number of Greeks on the continent with a few Albanians and Italians, and they were placed in garrison at this fort of Ricasoli. In a short time they mutinied, seized upon the fortress, expelled the officers, and kept garrison by themselves. The fortress was attacked in the night by Captain Collier, of the British navy, taken by assault, and the mutineers punished with military execution. This was attempted to be performed in so hurried and slovenly a manner, that they made their escape in a body from the place of execution with their handcuffs and halters, but were pursued into different parts of the town, where they were shot and stabbed in the most revolting manner, whenever they were overtaken. Six of them, however, escaped, and under the command of a very extraordinary Greek named Anastasius Hieromachos, seized on the powder-magazine, and declared their intention of blowing up both it and themselves, if they were not allowed terms. They kept it for seven days, but being then reduced to the last extremity for provisions and water, they caused it to be intimated that, if they were not permitted to pass out before nine in the evening, they would put their threats into execution. The time arrived without the terms, and these desperate men blew up the magazine, with an explosion that shook the whole peninsula. Some time after, when the fort was repaired, and the affair ceased to be talked of, a priest was attacked by a robber on the road to Citta Vecchia. He fled, however, and gave the alarm, and the police having made pursuit, followed him to a cave, where they were astonished to find Hieromachos and his six men, who had been blown up in the fort. They had excavated the soft rock, and at the moment of the explosion had escaped through the aperture. They seized a scampavia, with the intention of escaping to Sicily, but were pursued by the owner, without his knowing who they were,

and obliged to fly into the country. Here they supported nature for some time, till they were compelled to rob for subsistence, and were discovered. They were led out again to be shot, but Hieromachos again escaped, and it is said was an active agent in the early part of the Greek revolution. I should be curious to know what was his ultimate fate. He must have "borne a life" more "charmed" than that of Macbeth.

The next object we passed was the fort of St. Elmo, recalling the memory of the most heroic achievements to be found in the annals of human contention. It is no exaggeration to call the Knights of Malta at that day the bulwarks of Christianity. The Ottoman empire was governed by Solyman, the greatest and most enlightened of all the race. He had extended his empire not only in the east and south, in Asia and Africa, but he had penetrated into Hungary, and so occupied the centre of Europe. He had taken from the Venetians the greater part of their possessions, had laid waste the coasts of Italy and Spain, landed his troops in Minorca and various other places, slaying and carrying off the inhabitants as slaves, and had filled all Europe with desolation and terror. But, above all, he had driven the Knights of St. John from Rhodes, their hitherto impregnable fortress, and he now determined to annihilate them in Malta, and, having made this island in the centre of the Mediterranean his stepping-stone, to overcome the south of Europe, and extinguish Christianity, as he thought, by deposing the pope, and making a manger of the high altar of St. Peter's to feed his Arabian horses. Meantime, the western church was, as the eastern had been, distracted by mutual dissension, and the most powerful monarch in Europe, but the most detestable bigot, Philip II., was massacring his industrious Christian subjects in the Low Countries by thousands, because they differed from him

in some speculative opinions. In such a state of things there was reason to apprehend that the western Christian church would fall before the Turks, as the eastern had done, and Solyman complete what treachery had begun. To this end, a fleet of two hundred sail, bearing an army of fifty thousand men, assisted by all the pirates of Africa, was sent against the devoted island, and there did not seem the remotest chance that it could afford any effectual resistance. In vain had the Knights requested the aid of their Christian brethren; they received promises and nothing more. The wretched Philip thought he was doing God more service by opposing heresy than Mohamedanism, so he continued to extirpate Protestants, and suffered the Turks to extirpate Christianity.

The Knights, amounting to seven hundred persons, thus left to their own resources, with a few gallant auxiliaries, whom zeal in the great cause had attracted, prepared, with about eight thousand men, to oppose this torrent. The siege, as detailed by historians, is the most gallant and interesting event to be found in the annals of human transactions. After incredible acts of intrepidity and devotion, the Turks were obliged to raise the siege, with the wretched and feeble remains of their vast armies, leaving the bodies of the rest weltering on the rocks about the town. The degree of fierce and unsparing carnage with which they mutually fought is unparalleled. One incident will suffice to illustrate it. When the Turks obtained a temporary possession of St. Elmo, they massacred all the Christians they found in the fort, by ripping up their bowels, and having gashed their breasts in the form of a cross, they tied them to planks, and sent them floating across the harbour, thus mangled, but yet alive, to their friends in the battery of St. Angelo, on the other side. This was avenged by an act as bloody. All the Turkish prisoners in the hands of

the Christians were brought to the ramparts, their heads cut off, and rammed into cannon of large calibre, and discharged against the Turks in the fortress of St. Elmo, and the pious Maltese used to show the impression made by those extraordinary bullets, stained with Mohammedan brains, which they said no rain would wash out. It is deeply to be regretted that such acts should really stain the cause which the knights defended. The Turks who remained prisoners in their hands were treated with the utmost brutality. It was resolved to build a new town on the promontory contiguous to this memorable fortress, and call it Valetta, after the name of the gallant grand-master who commanded during the siege. On this the Turks were employed as slaves, and such was the unrelenting severity with which they were treated, that long before the town was finished not one of them was left alive.

On the return of the remnant of this ill-fated expedition to Constantinople, the want of success against the Christians was attributed by the mufti and imauns to the neglect of the law of Mohamet by the faithful, particularly in their indulgence in the use of wine, which they had learned from the Greeks. To restrain this offence, and conciliate the prophet, Solyman issued a firman, that any man who was convicted of having tasted wine or rakee should have boiling oil poured down his throat, for which cauldrons were kept ready prepared. This law was rigorously enforced till his successor, Selim, repealed it, because he was himself fond of wine, and saw no prospect of taking Malta by abstaining from it.

Having passed St. Elmo, we anchored opposite the town of Valetta. We landed under the usual display, and found carriages to convey us to the palace, where we were to be quartered while we remained. I was delighted to find myself in this magnificent structure of the grand-masters,

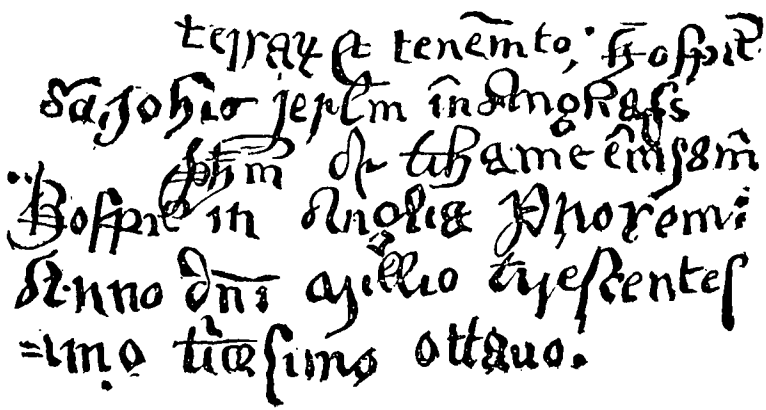
where everything about me would remind me of the gallant knights who preserved Christian Europe. The palace is situated on the summit of a ridge, on the only flat surface it afforded, having a small square in front, to which steep streets lead on three sides. After entering a grand quadrangle by a large gateway, we ascended a broad circular stone staircase to the galleries. From hence I was brought up to a square tower, where I was assigned a bed-room of enormous size. It measured twenty yards by fifteen, was flagged with marble, and, like the Spanish houses, without a ceiling; two large recessed windows opened upon the city, and commanded a magnificent view of the fortifications, and the sea that surrounded them. My bed was a small iron couch against the wall, surmounted by a lofty canopy, from whence descended green silk gauze curtains down to the floor, and inclosed the couch, the whole exactly resembling the section of a Turkish bashaw's tent. The aspect of such a large, cold, dreary place to sleep in, in the month of December, in England, would have made my teeth chatter, but here I found it very pleasant; I even ventilated it by opening the windows at night. While examining my apartment, I was startled by a sound which suddenly burst on my ear. On looking out, I found it proceeded from a large clock close beside me. The hours were struck like those of St. Dunstan's, but in a more remarkable manner. Five Mohamedan Moors advanced, and, raising their clubs, gave in succession the number of strokes necessary. The knights seemed on all occasions to keep up the memory of their hostility to the infidels, and took this method of being reminded of it every hour in the day.

From hence I wandered to the summit of the building, and found a flat roof, like that of all the houses in Malta, and flagged as the court-yard. Into this upper court sundry

doors opened from various apartments, and many staircases conducted, so that it is a common passage, and as great a thoroughfare as the yard below. It is a delightful promenade to walk those upper areas, and look down over the balustrades, either into the courts of the palace, or the streets adjoining. It presents the busy crowds below under a new and interesting point of view. From hence I descended into the great gallery, which runs over the arcade, and entirely surrounds the palace. This is a noble, spacious, and lofty avenue; the ceiling decorated with the arms, and the walls with the portraits of the knights, and the respective battles in which they were concerned. As this is the great avenue of communication, when I wanted to find any one who was lost in the trackless wilderness of the palace, I walked here as in the Strand in London, and I was sure to meet him. From this doors opened into grand suites of apartments, as magnificent, perhaps, as any in the world. The largest is the reception room, where the English governor now, and the grand-master formerly received visiters of state. A curious circumstance marks this apartment. A meridian line runs obliquely across the floor, formed of blocks of marble. On these are represented the signs of the zodiac. An aperture above admits the sunbeams, which fall at mid-day on this line, so that a circular spectrum, presenting a perfect image of the sun is seen every day in the sign of the zodiac, which corresponds with his actual situation in the sky, and as the line is graduated, it points out not only the month in the year, but the day of the month, with unerring accuracy, and was the calendar to which I always resorted when I wanted to find it. I thought this beautiful aud simple contrivance was unique in this palace, but I afterwards found a similar one at Rome. In the area before St. Peter's Church, the great obelisk forms a gnomon, the point of whose shadow

falls successively on the signs of the zodiac delineated on the pavement, and marks the different months in a similar, though by no means so beautiful a manner.

I made my way through large folding doors, and found myself in a noble library attached to the palace. This was collected originally by the knights, and proved that, notwithstanding the illiterate character of their order, and their deplorable ignorance and barbarism at the time of the Crusades, they had latterly become addicted *tam Minervæ quam Marti.* Every member had a private collection of his own, which at his death was added to the general stock. The library, however, had been augmented by Sir Hildebrand Oakes, not a Maltese, but an English knight. He greatly enlarged it, and it now contains more than thirty thousand volumes. The librarian, the Abbi Bellanti, I found very intelligent, and speaking English with great correctness. Among the books of the knights, he showed me one exceedingly curious. It contains an account of the priory of the knights of St. John, and of all the commendaries in England, according to the current value in the year 1338, which, as appears by the date, was that in which the book was written. The following is a fac-simile of the writing :—

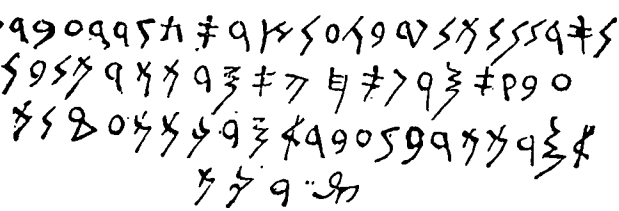


If this was valuable on no other account, it would be so from the antiquity of the MS., which, if genuine and original, it appears is five hundred years old.

They have collected here some remains of the early state of the island, and of the different people who possessed it. The most ancient were the Phæacians, who are recorded to have been a race of giants; but as this class of persons was never remarkable for intellectual endowments, it is not extraordinary that they should have left no literary records behind them. They were succeeded by the Phœnicians, who were of a different stamp, and yet what few remains these enterprising and intelligent people, including their descendants the Carthaginians, have left to posterity? even their language, I believe, is a mere matter of conjecture. In this library, the librarian showed me the remains of two candelabra, which had been dug up some time before in the island. On the base of one is a Greek inscription as follows:—

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΣΑΡΑΠΙΩΝΟΙ
ΣΑΡΑΠΙΩΝΟΣ ΤΥΡΙΟΙ
ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙ ΑΡΧΗΡΕΥΕΙ.

On the other are the following occult characters, supposed to be Phœnician:—



The inscription has been thus translated:—

Abdassar and Assaremon, sons of Assaremon, son of Abdassar, have made this vow to our Lord Melerat the tutelary divinity of Tyre;—may he bless them in their uncertain route.

Now, as I pretend to no judgment in the matter in question, I send it to you for the inspection of your Gaelic Society. Some ingenious member, perhaps, may decipher it otherwise, and add it to the passage in Plautus as a further confirmation of your Phœnician origin. The Greeks dispossessed the Phœnicians, about the year 736 before Christ, and called the island Melita, from its abounding in honey. Having held it for two hundred years, the Carthaginians took possession of it, and restored the language, till Regulus dispossessed them also, two hundred and forty-two years before Christ. To which of these eras the inscription belongs you must decide. The last is not much more than two thousand years ago. The present vernacular language of Malta is said to be derived from this origin. It is unintelligible out of the island. Mr. Somerville, a gentleman who has resided many years at Gozo, where it is most unadulterated, and whom I met on a subsequent visit, has made a collection of several thousand words, which he has reduced to the form of a dictionary, and the Bible Society have published parts of the Scripture in it for the use of the natives. He tells me it has more affinity to Arabic than to any known language at the present day.

From the library I proceeded to the church of St. John the Baptist. As he was the patron of the knights, they lavished all their magnificence on this edifice. The flooring is mosaic of the richest marbles, forming the escutcheons and crests of the different knights; the roof, supported on pilasters of verde antique, is decorated with the history of St. John. There are eight recesses between the pilasters, which are chapels dedicated to the different tongues or nations which composed the order; the English formed one, till the Reformation excluded them as heretics. The tombs of the several grand-masters who distinguished themselves

against the Turks, are noble specimens of sculpture, though not all according with the character of a Christian church. On one of them are the figures of two Mohamedans, a white and a black, chained at the base of the monument. The sculpture is admirable, and greatly admired; but the representation of one fellow-creature writhing in chains at the feet of another, is a revolting perversion of the precepts of the gospel, and a desecration of an edifice consecrated to Christian worship; though it may not be out of keeping with the ruthless religion of the times, and the principles of an institution, whose members, as followers of Christ, took a solemn oath never to be at peace with the followers of Mohamet.

Two precious possessions have rendered this church still more memorable. One was the grand screen, or chancel, of silver, which ran round the high altar, and was esteemed the richest in the world. This was the peculiar object of French cupidity, and they intended to coin it immediately into francs *en passant* for the army in Egypt, but instead of the glittering prize they found nothing but a mean railing painted brown; and as they knew not exactly where the silver was to be found, they ransacked the church in vain in search of it. When they surrendered the island to the English, the lost railing again appeared in the church. The good fathers of St. John, apprised, as they say, by their patron, of the intentions of the French, and not having time to remove the railing, were warned in a dream to lay on it a thick coat of paint. This they did, and effectually deceived their sacrilegious invaders, who, however, compensated themselves in another way, by converting other valuables of the church into money, as I was informed, to the amount of eighteen millions of francs. I was curious to see this screen, thus miraculously preserved, and they showed

me the railing round the high altar. It had a very dingy and tarnished appearance, though the paint had been removed; and instead of being of solid silver, was hollow, and sounded as if the metal was not thicker than a six-pence.

The other valuable possessions said to be in this church were the actual head of St. John, and the hand with which he baptized our Saviour. The first was shown to me, but it proved to be only of marble, though an excellent fac-simile, and very like a head of solid flesh recently cut off. The hand had disappeared, and they gave me the following account of it. It had been in the possession of the Turks, but on the gallant defence of the Isle of Rhodes, the Turkish commander presented it to d'Arbusson, the grand-master of the knights, as the highest token of his esteem for his valour. It was brought away by Ile Adam, when the island finally surrendered, and deposited in the church of St. John, when the knights took possession of Malta, where it was regarded for two centuries as the most efficient and infallible hand that ever worked a miracle. When the island fell under the dominion of the French, whose faith in such things had run into the opposite extremes, the relic met with little respect from them, so Hompesch, the last grand-master, was permitted to take it away with him at his own particular request; but in what favoured spot he has deposited it, my informant could not say.

From the church of St. John it was a natural transition to the cave of St. Paul; so, with a friend, I took a calise and proceeded thither. This is a carriage of very ancient form, and peculiar to Malta. It stands upon two high wheels without springs, and is drawn by a mule between two shafts. The driver never mounts, but holding the reins he runs beside it, and, with extraordinary speed and

perseverance, he keeps up with the mule at whatever rate you choose to go. Having passed through St. Florian, and out of the last barrier of those stupendous fortifications which I thought would never terminate, we entered on the open country, if that might so be called which had little appearance of a country about it. As far as the eye could reach, it seemed a collection of stones, sometimes scattered about, sometimes piled up in heaps, and exactly resembled what it has been not inaptly compared to, a large stone-cutter's yard. The island is formed of a light-coloured rock, scantily covered in a few places with a soil created principally by its decomposition. This rock is easily hewn into blocks, like Portland stone, which are formed into walls and buttresses, to support a small quantity of mould, which the rains would otherwise carry away, and they were the only objects that presented themselves to the view. Not a trace of vegetation was anywhere to be seen, except a solitary kharoob tree*, struggling for life on the earthless walls. This is the tree called St. John's bread, which St. Isidore, and some of the early fathers of the church, affirm to have been the locust and wild honey on which he fed in the wilderness; but whether the Maltese cultivated it in honour of the saint, I could not learn. It produces a large pod full of saccharine matter, like dark brown sugar, which is sold in the streets, and used by the common people as food. It is one of the extraordinary circumstances of this singular island, that, notwithstanding its apparent sterility, it supports more people than any surface of the same dimensions on the face of the globe; and the space of ground which maintains three men in Norway, and one hundred and fifty-

* Ceratonia Siliqua. The words of St. Isidore are, "Αι ἀκρίδες ἃς Ἰωαννης ἐτρέφετο, οὐ ζῶα εἰσιν, ὥς τινες οἴονται ἄμαθῶς, ἀλλ' ἀκρίμονες βοτανῶν φυτῶν. κ. τ. λ. S. Isid. Pelus. Ep. 132.

two in England, in Malta gives existence to eleven hundred and three. I found on a subsequent visit, at a different season of the year, that this Stony Arabia was converted into an Arabia Felix, and was covered with the most exuberant vegetation. Among the crops which filled it was the sulla,* which, with its abundant foliage and rich red spike of blossom, gave to the whole country the transitory appearance of a beautiful flower-garden. We saw the process going on by which this metamorphosis was effected. Peasants were breaking down the softer part of the stones, which were left to the air to pulverise, and thus acquired the highest powers of vegetation. Almost every field in the island was so formed. We passed through the gardens of San Antonio, which were thus elaborated by the hand of industry, about six miles from Malta, for the recreation of the Grand-masters. The orange-trees, even at this season, were loaded with the rich red fruit so famous out of the island, and which, they say, was originally produced here by engrafting them upon the stock of a pomegranate.

The Cave of St. Paul is at Citta Vecchia, the former capital of the island. We first entered a church which was built over it. We found the priests chanting a service. My companion informed me they were always so found by every visiter; that they take care to be apprised of the approach of strangers, and impress them with an idea that the service is never discontinued. One of them obligingly procured the keys and a torch, and we descended through the nave of the church by a flight of steps into the grotto. It is an excavation about nineteen feet high and fifty in circumference, in a soft white limestone rock, more friable than chalk. It is perfectly dry below, but you can hardly enter it without bringing up the marks on your clothes. In the

* Hedysarum onobrachys.

centre stands the statue of the Apostle on a pedestal. Every one takes away a fragment of the rock, and we did so too, at the request of our attendant, who informed me it was the practice since the Apostle was there. I expressed my surprise that the whole rock had not been carried away, and no cave left behind; he assured me it never had nor ever could alter the size or shape of the grotto, and he pointed to an inscription on the wall to confirm what he said. It stated that St. Paul having suffered shipwreck on the island, had been hospitably received in that grotto; and it concluded in these words: "Ne benè merentissimè unquam merentis memoria decrescat *excisis inde lapidibus* nec ipsa *decrescit.*" Whatever be the cause, it is certain that the effect is just as the inscription states it. A belief that the stone was indued with miraculous medical virtues, induced people to carry away large quantities of it during the sway of the Knights. When Brydone visited the cave in 1770, it was in the highest celebrity; not only every house in the island had a medical chest of it, but large boxes were sent to different countries in Europe, and even to the East Indies; but since the place has been possessed by the incredulous English, its virtues and consumption have greatly decreased. It possesses, I was informed, some of the properties of magnesia, and is still given as a purgative and sudorific to children in eruptive and febrile complaints. The miraculous power of not decreasing is still permitted to the rock, and I leave you to account for it. You will say, I suppose, with other sceptics, that the calcareous process of formation is still going on in the stone, like that of the stalagmite, but in a different way, and that the re-formation supplies the abstracted parts.

But some people carry their scepticism yet farther, and will not believe that St. Paul was ever in this island. In 1730,

a Padre Georgi, an ecclesiastic of Melida, in the Adriatic, first started doubts on the subject, and published a Latin dissertation with the following title: "D. Paulus, apostolus in mari quod nunc Venetus dicitur naufragus, et Melitæ Dalmatiensis insulæ post naufragium hospes." The object of the worthy man was to deprive the Mediterranean island of the honour and profit, and annex them to his own, by proving that the first was not, and that the second was, the real island. He was followed, notwithstanding, by Jacob Bryant, who, in 1767, published "Observations on the Euroclydon," in which he coincides in opinion with the Padre Georgi; and about the same time an ingenious Frenchman, without any communication with Bryant, or knowledge of his work, wrote an essay, adopting the same opinion. These gave rise to an host of controversialists, till it has become a *vexata quæstio*, equal to that of Hannibal's marching to Rome after the battle of Cannæ. All these I had read the day before in the palace library; and as you would wish to be spared the trouble of searching after them, even if you were so inclined, I will sum up the arguments in few.

The present Melida, on the coast of Dalmatia, was called Melita in the time of the Evangelists. What was denominated Adria, though sometimes including a part of the Ionian sea, never extended to the sea near Malta. The wind Euroclydon, or S. E., was not the Euroaquilo, or N.E., for it drove Acrotalus and Josephus, sailing, like St. Paul, from Judæa, up into the Adriatic. The name of barbarians, given twice to the inhabitants, which embarrassed Bochart and others, could not be applied to the inhabitants of Malta, for it was described by Diodorus and Cicero as having commercial harbours, linen manufactures, ivory ornaments, "antiqua opera et summâ arte perfecta," and

other marks of high polish and civilization, which could not belong to the obscure island called Melita by the Evangelist. There is no syrtis or quicksand near Malta, though there is a very dangerous one at the south-east end of Melida. There are no venomous reptiles at Malta at the present day, but they abound in Melida, which has a moist soil and humid climate, favourable not only for the production and support of those reptiles, but also for the "fever and dysentery," of which the father of Publius was ill; to say nothing of "the present rain and cold," which are little known in Malta, but the very temperature of Melida.

Full of these arguments, as a man is when he meets with anything paradoxical, and against received opinions, I was urging them to our conductors, particularly the last, which, as a physical property of the soil, I said was one of the unchangeable qualities of nature, and must be the same now as it was two thousand years ago; when, having found out that I was from Ireland, with which the Maltese ecclesiastics are well acquainted, from having met fellow-students from it in the colleges on the Continent, he asked me, if there were any serpents in Ireland? I answered, no; and he asked me, why? When I hesitated to answer him, because, indeed, I could not tell, he replied for me, that as St. Paul had banished them from Malta, so St. Patrick had from Ireland; and that their absence, so far from being an objection, was the strongest proof that he had been there to perform the miracle; and he triumphantly concluded, in the language in which we had been conversing, "Non decet Hibernum talia disputare."

Notwithstanding this reproof, I confess I am disposed to be sceptical on the subject. The most important circumstance to decide the question is, the nature of the wind before which the vessel *drove,* and in whatever direction it blew must

have been carried. Ευρος implied the wind, and the affix κλυδων, merely the violence with which it raged. When I afterwards visited Athens, I inspected the Temple of the Winds, which is an octagon edifice, having a face directed to the four cardinal points and the intermediate ones. Ευρος was between απηλιωτης, the east, and νοτος, the south, and must therefore have been the south-east, a wind which, as a skilful navigator afterwards informed me, could never have brought a ship driving before it from the west end of Crete or Candia, to Malta, but would have sent it directly into the Gulf of Venice. One of the controversialists affirms, that it could not be this wind, because the Evangelist says it rose *against* the south, which was blowing just before; but he took his opinion from the translation, and not from the original; it has κατ'αυτης, which cannot imply against the wind, but the ship whose course was not in that direction. Another objection is, that they proceeded to Syracuse, which must have been altogether out of their way from Melida; but the next verse serves to explain it. From thence, περιελθοντες, which we translate "fetching a compass," signifies returning by the way they came, or as the French say, *sur ses pas*, which is supposed to be the meaning of Homer, when he says that Achilles dragged Hector's body round the walls of Troy.* But what signifies, my friend, where these things happened, if we benefit by the instruction they convey? The people supposed St. Paul was a murderer, because the viper fastened on his hand, which teaches us that we ought not to judge of men from mere appearances. St. Paul was visited by shipwreck, not because of the trangressions of his past life, but that it might be the means of instructing a barbarous people,

* The word περι, some commentators say, does not mean entirely round the walls, but backwards and forwards before a particular part.

and propagating the truths of the Gospel: this teaches us that God has other ends in view than those which appear to our obscure vision, and that his present judgments are not always proportioned to our past offences. What does it matter whether these and similar moral and religious truths, written for our instruction, are conveyed to us from an island in the Mediterranean or in the Gulf of Venice? To my apprehension, it is not of the slightest import to either of us, whether you believe the one or I believe the other. That I might overlook nothing, however, which supports the claim of the Maltese, I visited a church near the grotto built over the house where St. Paul cured the father of Publius of a fever, and which is therefore dedicated to St. Publius. From hence we saw the bay where it was affirmed he landed, which we also visited. It was distant about four miles, and had nothing to distinguish it from any other bay.

Another object of my curiosity was the Giant's Tower, on the island of Gozo, which I visited on a subsequent occasion. We passed the strait, which divides it from Malta, in about two hours, and found ourselves in the island of Calypso. A tradition exists that the Phœnicians, when they were in possession of Malta and its dependencies, met Ulysses sailing between Scylla and Charybdis, and brought him to Ogygia, where, in a grotto, he met Calypso. The grotto is now called Melleha, and the island, by an easy corruption, Gozo. The surface has the same denuded appearance as Malta, but is somewhat more fertile. Near the centre stands the town of Rabatta, and not far from it, on an eminence, the object of our search. The Phæacians, who were the first reported inhabitants, were a race of giants, and a large heap of rocks, piled upon each other with a regularity more than accidental, formed a mass which had been always attributed to those rude but powerful archi-

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GIANTS TOWER, ISLAND OF GOZO.

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tects. It was not, however, till the year in which I first visited the island that any attempt had been made to investigate it. Lieutenant-Governor Beyer was then in Gozo, and he commenced an excavation into this heap of stones. He was followed by Colonel Otto and Mr. Somerville, who procured for the purpose a number of convicts, and they proceeded with such assiduity, that the whole interior was cleared out to the wall which enclosed it and the flags which paved it; and like the removal of the ashes from Pompeii, revealed edifices of equal regularity, but of much more singular structure and much more remote antiquity.

The rude and irregular heap of rocks, which rose like a natural mountain on the outside, was found to be a vast wall, which enclosed within it two buildings. The huge stones of which it was built were laid lengthways and crossways, like the wallers and stretchers of a modern mason. They were imposed, however, without any cement to keep them together. They appeared to have projected one over another, till they formed a dome, or hemispherical canopy, supported on the principle of an arch, but the apex had long fallen in, and left the area filled with the ruins. The interior exposed, when this rubbish was cleared away, two temples, of similar structure, separated by a very thick wall, through which there was no communication. The shape of each was an ellipse, divided into five semicircles, in all of which were what appeared to be altars; but they differed from each other in the finish and preservation of the different parts—that on the left hand was the most perfect. The door at the entrance was formed of broad upright blocks of stone, which were well worked and squared at the angles. They were ten feet high and five deep, leaving a passage of six feet between. This passage was floored with broad regular flags, and led up to the further extremity of the edifice. The doorway was entered by a step, and on passing into

the interior two semicircular tribunes stood at each side of the flagged way. That on the right was well preserved: it was separated from the common passage by a parapet of sculptured stone, of which a volute, somewhat resembling that on an Ionic capital, was still very perfect. On the interior side was what had been an altar. It consisted of four square upright stones, surmounted by others laid horizontally, flat, regularly cut, and squared; behind were niches, in one of which stood a small pillar, in the form of a cone, about three feet high and one in diameter. On the side opposite was a corresponding semicircular recess, similar in its parts, but not so well preserved, and encircled with square blocks of stone lying about it. Having passed these, another door presented itself, like that at the first entrance, and ascended also by a step. In the uprights, which formed the doorway, were two circular perforations, capable of admitting a large cord, and which seemed a substitute for rings to fasten a victim about to be sacrificed. Close beside it was a large stone, with a shallow cavity about nine feet in circumference, which was found full of ashes, apparently the remains of the burnt-offerings of the victims. Three semicircular compartments formed this interior, which seemed the sanctuary, in one of which was a very perfect altar. In a recess formed on the side was a great quantity of minute bones, exactly like those of mice, in high preservation, which seemed to be laid up with great care, as if the animals to which they belonged had been of peculiar consideration. On the other side of the great partition wall was an edifice, similar to this in all its parts, but much more dilapidated. What seemed to mark the extreme antiquity of these temples, beside, their shape, was the rudeness and simplicity of their structure. There was no trace of mortar or any cement in uniting the large blocks together, or of iron, or any other metal, for cramps or bolts; and

though the artists had some notion of sculpture, they seemed to have none at all of the ordinary science of architecture, and their edifice remained together principally from the pressure of the ponderous materials of which it was composed. My friend the Abbé Ballanti wrote a long and learned dissertation on this temple,* which he was so good as to give me a copy of; but it throws very little light on either its uses or its builders. Two circumstances only afford a glimmer for conjecture, the pillar and the mice bones. The first, rising in the form of a cone, κονοειδος χιων, was the emblem of the sun, who, it appears from Homer, was called Σμινθευς, because, as Eustathius observes, he destroyed mice; and in the city of Chrysa was a temple dedicated to this Apollo Smintheus, and under the statue of the god a mouse was represented as a symbol*.

Before we left Gozo we visited the celebrated Hagira tal Gernal, or Fungus Rock, of which so many accounts have been given. It appears that, from a period so early that no memory can ascertain it, a fungus was produced, indigenous to the soil of a particular rock, and endowed with peculiar virtues, which were highly prized on the island. In the year 1674 Boccone visited Malta, and published a treatise on this fungus, when its properties became more generally known, and its fame expanded beyond the limits of the island. He communicated the particulars in a letter addressed to Sir J. Hoskins, Bart., London. After him Michaëlis describes it, in a work printed at Florence in 1728, and called it *cynomorion*, from its resemblance to a part of a dog. Linnæus, in his "Amœnitates Academicæ," adopted the name of Michaëlis, enumerating many particulars of the plant, and gave it the trivial name of *coccineum*,

* Eustath, in lib. i. Il. fol. p. 73.

from its bright red colour. Honet, a Frenchman, visited the island, and published a "Voyage Pittoresque," in 1787, and is minute in his account of this plant; and Zerapha, a native botanist, in his "Floræ Melitensis Thesaurus," describes it. They all represent it as a species of fungus, growing on an insulated rock at Gozo, and found nowhere else, endued with extraordinary medical properties, universally used by the natives, and so highly prized in foreign countries, that the Grand Masters, after reserving as much of the precious vegetable as the morbid state of the island required, sent the surplus to the different crowned heads of Europe for the use of their subjects, as the most salutary and valuable gift they could bestow.

Induced by these reports, which greatly excited our curiosity, we resolved to visit the rock, and examine this extraordinary plant *in situ*. The Knights had guarded the place with strict vigilance; and the English Government succeeding to the rights of this precious mushroom, adopted the same precautions. A guard, or custode, who has a salary, watched the rock, and it was necessary for a stranger to obtain permission to visit it. This we procured, and availed ourselves of it. The rock lies on the side of Gozo farthest from Malta, so it was necessary to traverse the whole island. When we arrived at the extremity, we saw before us an insulated precipice, detached from the shore, presenting very steep and inaccessible sides, in some places impending considerably over the sea, so that the base seemed less than the summit. It stands on the verge of a noble circular basin, formed by surrounding cliffs, into which the sea enters by two wide chasms at each side of the rock—the whole presenting the aspect of the crater of a volcano extinguished by the waters rushing in through the ruptures made by these chasms. As it seemed altogether impossible to climb its sides from the sea

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FUNGUS ROCK ISLAND OF GOZO.

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below, it is rendered accessible by a very curious expedient. Two strong parallel cables are stretched across from the opposite promontory to a projection about three-fourths up the rock, to which they are made fast. Between them is slung a kind of box, capable of containing one person in a contracted sitting position. On the sides of the box were four pulleys, which ran on the cables, and at each end was fastened a very long cord, by which the machine was pulled backwards and forwards as might be required. When I arrived on the summit of the cliff, from whence this strange apparatus was launched, it looked to me a very formidable thing to trust myself to so small and fragile a machine, to cross a gulf of some hundred yards in breadth, with the sea boiling at what appeared the depth of Dover Cliff below me. A Maltese peasant, however, entered the box, and launching himself on the cables, he speedily drew himself across, and then taking his station on the cliff, and holding one cord in his hand, the flying car was drawn back by the other, and I entered it. When I found myself detached from the land, and suspended at such an immeasurable height, as it appeared to me, above the boiling surge, I felt sensations of alarm that were at once sublime and awful; but I had not much time to analyze them, for I was shot across with the lightness and velocity of a bird, and found myself in a moment perched on the stupendous cliff at the other side with my companion: thence we climbed the remainder of the precipice by the aid of rude steps which the rock presented.

The summit was an irregular plain, with an area of about half an acre in circumference, covered with a slight surface of mould, in which several marine plants were growing, particularly the *cheiranthus incanus*, in great luxuriance and beauty. My guide, after some search,

pointed out to me several plants of the fungus, protruding themselves just above the soil; they were of a dark ferruginous red, and exactly resembled knobs of rusty iron driven into the ground. As they were not sufficiently ripe to gather, they were carefully covered up in a mysterious manner by the guide, and we proceeded in our search till we found some in sufficient forwardness. Beside them grew a large plant of the atriplex genus, and on pulling it up we found the fungus growing as a parasite on the fibres of its roots, and the rudiments of several young ones forming. Having had permission to take up a few specimens, I prepared to do so, to the great horror of the man, who seemed to think it a kind of sacrilege committed by unhallowed hands; but, finding me positive, he acquiesced, and then carefully covered up the roots of the remainder, and we returned.

This curious fungus is not cryptogamic, as all the rest of its tribe, but is placed by Linnæus among the phænogamous plants, in the class monœcia, and the order monandria. It is of a cylindric form, about four inches long, and two in circumference; the lower part covered with imbricated scales, the upper with minute flowers, having each one stamen; the substance is a fleshy pulp. It is an annual, first appearing above the ground in April, and flowering in May; when ripe it is the colour of carmine, if fresh, but it dries into a ferruginous brown. When immersed in ardent spirits, it tinges them bright red. When used in medicine, it is exhibited as a powder, prepared by first toasting and then pulverising the plant; half a drachm of which is a dose for an adult. It is sometimes used also in the form of a tincture, when it resembles in taste and colour, as well as quality, tincture of kino. With respect to its medical virtues, it has nearly lost all its repu-

tation. The coming of the English seems to have destroyed many of the *speciosa miracula* for which the island had been famous, and their baneful influence has bereaved this celebrated and mysterious plant of its virtues. In conformity to ancient usage, it is still grown and gathered, and a certain portion of the harvest sent to the hospitals of the island; but no crowned heads in Europe ever think of now sending a special messenger for their reserved share. It is never used out of the island, and but one physician in it ever gives it to his patients. Dr. Muscat, a native practitioner, still thinks it possesses some valuable astringent qualities; and informed me, that he exhibits it with success in uterine hemorrhage, when all other medicines have failed, and that it has a peculiar and specific action on the uterus itself; but in hæmoptosis, dysentery, and other fluxes, on which it formerly used to act like a charm, it totally fails.

But the circumstance which must always render it a great botanical curiosity is its singular habitat, and the circumscribed limits of its vegetation. It is said, in botanical works, to be found in other places; but I have been informed, and have reason to think, that the genuine plant exists nowhere but on the summit of the Hageira, and is limited to a sphere of a few yards in circumference. The stone of which this insular rock is composed is calcareous, and of a peculiar quality. It is so porous that it greedily imbibes moisture, particularly the acid of sea-water, so that a single drop falling on a block of the stone is diffused through it like water through a lump of sugar, and in a given time it breaks down and dissolves in the same manner. From this quality the islands of Malta and Gozo are daily diminishing, and roads or beaten tracks are found terminating abruptly on the edge of some precipice, and one of them I saw on the coast, not far from the Hageira. The same process, no

doubt, insulated the rock, and, as it is every day going on, will finally destroy it. Already the summit overhangs the base, which the acid of the sea-water is continually dissolving and undermining. At no distant period the whole will probably be precipitated, and bury in the deep its mysterious fungus, which will then become an extinct plant, there being nowhere else to be found a specimen of that curious vegetable, which for several centuries had excited the interest and admiration of all Europe.

The town of Valetta is exceedingly well built: the ground everywhere affords most excellent stone for the purpose, which is easily wrought, like Portland stone, when first taken out of the quarry, and then hardens on being exposed to the air. The Maltese are excellent architects, and perform all the operations of building by their eye, in a manner as accurate and perfect as with the best instruments. The front of every house in Valetta is of hewn stone, generally ornamented with sculpture, so that the private houses resemble palaces. But it is the stupendous fortresses that excite the highest admiration: they are nine in number, viz., Valetta, St. Elmo, Recasoli, St. Florian, Bormula, St. Manule, Vittoria, and St. Angelo. These are all formed out of the solid rock, projecting into the different harbours, and covering one another in such a way as to render the place the most impregnable fortress that perhaps ever was in the world; and induced Bonaparte, an excellent judge, to tell the French, on leaving them there behind him, that "they had nothing to do but to turn the key and keep within." To man them properly requires a garrison of 30,000 men, and an ordnance of 1000 pieces of cannon. The French had but 7000, yet they kept the place for two years, and only surrendered it for want of provisions.

On my first visit, the irksome sameness of these vast walls

was relieved by a very beautiful vegetation. The caper-shrub had taken root in the interstices of the stones, and hung down over the faces of the bastions in very elegant wreaths and festoons, the dark flexible branches covered with their rich ruddy blossoms. On a subsequent visit, I proceeded to the bastions to contemplate what had struck me before as no less curious than beautiful; but I could not find a single plant. It seems, that an apprehension was entertained that the growth of the roots would dislocate the masonry, so they had been all torn out; and no Irishman will again entangle himself in a duel, by calling them anchovies. It struck me that the castor-oil tree, which clothed the rock of Gibraltar, and the caper-tree, which covered the fortifications of Malta, might have been turned by us to some profitable account; but I could not learn that any use had been made of either.

The island yields to the inhabitants the means of subsistence for only six months; the rest is supplied from Sicily, which Government take an excellent way to preserve, in order to guard against a deficiency. In passing through an open space in Valetta, I was struck with the appearance of several circular stones, cemented to the rock with mortar round the edge, which seemed to stop some apertures below. Presently, a guard of soldiers came, and with some ceremony raised one of the stones, which displayed beneath a large excavation filled with corn, which they proceeded to draw up for distribution. Every day are to be seen those subterranean harvests issuing, not from the soil but below it; and I found, on inquiry, that the whole rock on which I stood was so excavated into different chambers, where a quantity of corn, sufficient to supply all the inhabitants for three years, is kept perfectly dry and sweet. The bottom of the pits is lined with wood and

straw; and it is supposed that grain will continue sound in them for an indefinite period. One of them had been forgotten, and on being opened, the corn was found exceedingly good, though it had continued enclosed for one hundred years.

When any epidemic rages, and intercourse is cut off between the country and the town, the peasantry are supplied from this granary by means of spouts or shoots. These are placed in an inclined position, projecting over a bastion; the peasants assemble in the fosse below, and the quantity of corn necessary for their supply is shot down to them. Many of these shoots were yet remaining.

Notwithstanding the natural salubrity of the island, it is often visited by pestilential diseases, which make horrid ravages among its exuberant population. About eight years before my first visit, 20,000 people had perished by the plague. This occasions at all times a strict quarantine, which is established on an island behind Valetta, and is the most rigidly observed and the best regulated perhaps of any in the world. Notwithstanding this, during my last visit, the small-pox committed great ravages; and its malignity was such as to defy all the supposed protection which guards against it. It was brought by a Greek boy from the Morea, in the Asia, ship-of-war. He was sent to the lazaretto, where he died in ten days. He had given some clothes to be washed at a casal or village in the neighbourhood, where the disorder burst out suddenly, and rapidly spread over the island.

Dr. Davy informed me, that, from March to December, 7296 persons were attacked by it, and of these 2407 had been vaccinated; but there was no certainty of their having had the regular disease; 301 had the genuine cow-pock, and 91 had the small-pox before: 1051 of those attacked

died, of whom 110 had been vaccinated, 25 had had the genuine cow-pock, and 9 had had the small-pox, before.

The circumstance which most strikes a stranger in Malta is the dense population, and next, the crowd of beggars. Though the people are exceedingly industrious, and have elaborated the sterile rock of the island to an incredible degree of fertility, still the supply is by no means equal to the demand, and every second person seems to subsist by begging. The intelligent natives with whom I conversed lamented the extinction of the Knights as a great calamity. These men, holding large possessions in different countries in Europe, drew all their revenues from home to expend them in this place in various ways, improving the island, and ameliorating the condition of the people. The noble aqueduct which conveys water from Citta Vecchia to Valetta was built at the sole expense of one of those rich and patriotic Knights. Since their extinction, not only no revenue comes from abroad, but a large sum is raised in the island for expenditures from which the Maltese derive no benefit: much of it goes in salaries, to support what they consider useless offices; and even, as they say, men are sent from England to have offices in the island created for them.

The better classes are very intelligent, and seem to have much facility in learning languages; most of those with whom I conversed spoke English and French well, besides Italian, which is the general medium of conversation, and the oriental dialect of the peasantry. This capability seems a general faculty. Many of the common people of Valetta speak English, and it would seem not a difficult thing to make it universal.

The dress of the men, of the lowest class, consists of a light jacket and pantaloons of blue cotton, with a coloured handkerchief tied round their heads; they generally go bare-

foot. The women are more particular; the humblest female wears her *faldetta,* that is, a cloak like a black silk petticoat, tied about the waist, and then turned over the head. It half conceals the face, and gives to the wearer, however poor, a neat, and at the same time a genteel and modest air. Both male and female of this class are gentle, inoffensive, and well-conducted.

In no place, perhaps, is the influence of the Catholic religion more powerful; and the number of their clergy seems to bear a large proportion to the population. They are distinguished, as in other Catholic countries, by the dresses of their different orders; but the most usual habiliment is a close cassock of blue stuff, and a small sharp-cocked hat. As this dress is worn by all candidates for the priesthood, and sometimes by very young boys, half the people you meet in the streets seem to be ecclesiastics, or intended for such. During Passion-week, all the incidents of our Saviour's death were represented by statues and processions, with great pomp; and among the personages was St. Veronica, holding the handkerchief on which was left the impression of Christ's face; with others no less apocryphal. The display was closed by a ceremony more revolting than impressive. A number of persons were led along as penitents; they were dressed in white sheets bound with cords, manacled and fettered with heavy chains. As they walked groaning along, the chains were dragged after them, and sounded very loud over the flags of the church, reminding one of so many felons clanking their fetters over the pavement of a prison. They were known, in fact, to be rude, robust fellows, hired for the purpose, who return to the wine-houses to spend their earnings, and make amends for their penance. When the procession was over, the crowd about them seemed greatly amused by their affected sighs

and groans. It is our policy not only not to offend the vulgar ceremonies of any people among whom we may be cast, but even to comply with them and join in their observance. To this liberal and conciliating spirit there can be no objection, provided the things be indifferent in themselves, and not repugnant to the sense of religious duty entertained by any individual. But to compel any person to join in ceremonies, which are not only revolting to his feelings but to his conscience, seems an ultra-liberality, and directly opposed to that tolerant spirit of which we wish to exhibit and impress an example. Yet this has been done.

We visited a convent at St. Floriana, and were introduced to very extraordinary company. One of the apartments has a long, vaulted, white-washed room, and close to the wall, at each side, were arranged the brotherhood, in their vestments, bending forward and waiting, as I supposed, to receive us. When we approached and saluted them, we found they were all dead men. In the wall was a number of shallow niches or recesses. When a brother dies, he is dressed in the robes of his order, and deposited in a standing position in one of them. The soil and air of the place are perfectly dry, and sometimes the moisture is so dissipated, that the corpse remains but little changed. The worthy monk who attended me was a sallow man, with a parchment-looking countenance, attenuated by age and abstinence. He pointed out to me one of his brothers, in a niche, recently deceased, for whom he had a great regard. On contemplating the two countenances I thought I could discern but little difference between the living and the dead. Others, however, were greatly decayed, and mere skeletons. My conductor informed me it was a favourite promenade with some of the brotherhood, who here hold visionary communion with departed friends, and in ima-

gination discoursed with them of "death and judgment." It is impossible that such solemn topics can be discussed in a more awful manner, or in more appropriate company.

Of the lay ecclesiastics there is but one existing on the island, the last surviving relic of his celebrated order. I met him in a large company, with which he is fond of mixing. He is a little aged man, with the manners of the old French school, and not at all like one of the warriors who repelled the Turks. But though the Knights are no more, you meet everywhere their representatives; almost the only silver coin in circulation are scudis, coined by the several Grand Masters, and bearing their "image and superscription." I received twenty of them in change at one time, and eight or nine were the coinage of different Masters. Their copper is base and scarce. There is, however, one copper piece of the Knights sometimes met with, in better preservation, and it is rather a curious one. When Valette had begun to build his new city, after the expulsion of the Turks, he found his works suspended for want of funds to pay the workmen. He therefore coined bits of copper, of various sizes, to which he gave the value of silver; and in order to obtain for them greater credit in circulation, he impressed on them the head of their patron, John the Baptist, in a charger, with the legend, *Non æs sed fides;* intimating that the metal was not brass, if they had faith to believe it silver. This transubstantiation was received with implicit confidence, and the legend was adopted, with other devices, by future Grand Masters, when they wanted money. They continued in circulation till the island passed into the hands of unbelievers; those that remain are taken at the value only of English halfpence and farthings, which are now the general copper coin of the island.

CHAPTER III.

Singularities of Malta—Magnificence of Ætna—Conversation between distant Ships—Anecdote of a Shark—Aspect of Corfu—Why compared to a Shield—Furnished America with an Argument for Revolution—Classical Names restored—Free Constitution—Gardens of Alcinoüs—Judas Iscariot—Jews persecuted—Christianity first introduced—Legend of St. Spiridion—Jovian's Temple—Recent Discovery—Great Age of Trees—Society at Corfu—Turkish Fleet in a Gale—Santa Maura—Zante—Extinct Volcano—Pitchy Wells—Earthquake—Extraordinary Hail-stones—Rupture of a Mountain—Inundation—Awful State of the Island—Sir P. Ross.

On the 8th of December we again weighed and left this artificial island, which you would suppose was raised from its foundation in the bottom of the sea by human labour; where nothing on the surface bears traces of the hand of nature, but everything of the hand of art; where the harbours are excavations in the solid stone, and the country a uniform flat, slightly covered with earth, brought in baskets and shaken on the bare rock; where not a blade of grass is to be seen, but in its place an irksome sameness of whitish clay, separated into small compartments by walls of loose stone seven or eight feet thick, having here and there a starved goat or ass shut up in them as if they were in a parish pound; where the water is saved in the pits out of which the people dig the foundations of their houses; where their food is raised under the ground, and their corn is not seen on the surface of cultivated fields, but issues from subterranean cavities in sterile rocks; and where 120,000 people contrive to live on a space of land which supplies subsistence only to 326 persons in some countries of Europe who live in the usual way on the natural produce of their soil.

The next morning we were coasting along the eastern shore of Sicily, and soon saw the celebrated city of Syracuse, and before it lying the island of Ortygia, and its fountain Arethusa:—we were now crossing the subterranean river Peneus, who, as you know, fell in love with the Fountain Nymph, pursued her under the sea, and overtook her in Ortygia, where they mingle their waters to this day lovingly together. I do not envy Peneus his happiness, for it appears, as I afterwards found, that the nymph is now one of the most negligent and dirty drabs among the whole sisterhood. The next morning I was awoke very early by my man, to let me know that the officer of the watch had sent him to inform me that Ætna was in sight, if I wished to look at it. You may be sure I did, and went on deck before sunrise. I cannot describe to you the magnificent object the mountain presented at the distance of forty miles. It seemed to rise so much higher into the air than any land I had ever seen, that I thought it must be an optical delusion. As it became illuminated with the rays of the rising sun, it began to display its mighty contour, with an outline as distinct as if I was only a mile from it; and its three regions were very traceable. The lower was clothed with wood, and spots which appeared like scattered villages. The next was the Regio Deserta, striping the middle of the mountain like a black belt. Above all was the vast summit of snow, dazzling white, and strongly reflecting the glittering sunbeams. The whole was crowned with a conical brown cap, without snow, from which there issued occasionally wreaths of white smoke, curling round the point of the cone in the most graceful and beautiful manner. This was the great crater; but, either in consequence of the heat no snow would lie on it, or it was covered by a recent eruption of ashes. The astonishing distinctness with which every

part of this mighty mountain was seen at our present distance made me a convert to Brydone's assertion, of which I had been rather incredulous. He affirms that it could be clearly discerned at Malta, distant 200 Italian miles; and that during some eruptions the island was illuminated by its light. Though I was not so fortunate as to see these things myself from the same place, I yet now think them very possible.

We here fell in with the Spey frigate, which had left Malta the day before, and was bound to the same place; so we kept company together. She was distant from us about eight miles, and we wished to speak with her; and how do you think we managed? A locker in the stern was opened, and twenty or thirty flags were poured out on the quarter-deck, rolled up like balls: one of these was hoisted on the mast-head, where it immediately expanded. A midshipman took his station on the poop with a telescope, and a gun was fired. I also took a telescope, and saw that another flag was hoisted on board the Spey. This was the signal of intelligence, and a familiar conversation by means of flags commenced, and was carried on for half an hour with as much ease and certainty as if the ships were close alongside. One of the questions asked by us was, "Will you give up your advantage of the wind, bring-to, and dine with us?" The answer was, "We are too fortunate to give up our advantage; thank you though for your invitation." I inquired afterwards from the officers of the Spey, and I found the conversation was taken down by them verbatim as it had been by us. When you consider that all this is effected by stripes of red, blue, and white serge, and that at such a distance that I could not distinctly see the other ship without a telescope, we may not despair that the inhabitants of passing planets may yet converse.

We were now followed by a shoal of fish, striped like

zebras. These are supposed to attend on the shark as jackals on the lion, and are therefore called his pilots; and it is the only fish the shark never eats, unless he has reason to be angry with him. As the sailors knew I was curious about all such sights, whenever anything of the kind occurred, I was called by some of them to look at it. On this occasion our gunner, an intelligent man, sent for me, and assured me that he had let down an iron hook with a bait for a shark, which followed the other fish, who appeared to be leading him. The shark took the bait and hook, and it was hoped he would be drawn on deck, but he escaped by tearing his jaw; he seemed to shake his head, and turning about immediately, snapped up his pilot fish, who had kept such a bad look-out, and went off in high dudgeon.

We now approached the island of Corfu, passing between it and the small island of Paxo, and we saw the memorable and unfortunate town of Parga, in a valley of the mountains of Albania, just before us. You know the history of these Parganotes, which has made such a noise in England. The sites of four Christian towns were pointed out to us among the mountains along the coast, which had preserved their independence against Ali Pasha, in whose territories they stood. By force or fraud he got possession of three of them and massacred the inhabitants. Parga alone held out till he obliged them to give up their town, when they all assembled together, man, woman, and child, collected the bones of their ancestors, and passed over to Corfu; and when Ali and his Turks entered it, they found a solitude of houses without anything remaining, not even a dog. The town presented to us a most interesting spectacle, surrounded by majestic mountains, which seemed formed by nature to be the very asylum of liberty and independence; while the emigration of the inhabitants to a neighbouring island,

abandoning their homes to preserve these invaluable blessings, reminded us forcibly of the best times of Greece, when the Athenians passed over to Salamis rather than submit to the Turks of their day; and Mardonius, like another Ali Pasha, found nothing but empty houses. This was the first time I had seen anything connected with my classical recollections of the Greeks; and I felt, I confess, a glow of satisfaction that this Christian community had not degenerated from the best qualities of their Pagan ancestors. We now sailed up between Corfu and the coast of Albania, with Virgil still in our hands, and found that 3000 years had not altered the face of nature, which presented the same aspect as it did to Ulysses and Æneas. The centre of the island is occupied by lofty mountains, which Virgil calls *aëriæ arces*, and Homer ὄρεα σκιόεντα. He afterwards compares it to a shield lying on the surface of the water, an expression which has puzzled commentators so as to suggest another reading;* but it evidently applies to the Umbo or Boss, which rises in the centre like a hill. It was the mountain of St. Salvador, the ancient Ithome, 3500 feet high. This boss was now shadowed in mist. It was impossible to imagine a stronger contrast than between the island we had left, and that at which we now arrived. The former presented the aspect of a dull, monotonous flat, where everything was formal and artificial: the latter was a magnificent sport of nature, where everything was wild and romantic—hills broken into deep valleys and ravines, clothed with olive trees and wild shrubs, with fantastic-looking Grecian hamlets scattered over and hanging on the sides of almost inaccessible precipices.

* By a very forced amendment σκιόεν is substituted for σῦκον, as if the aspect of the island resembled a fig-tree! But a fig-tree, they say, implied shadowy, and was an epithet of the island! An actual view of a thing suggests a true reading better than the most learned commentator.

As there was no extensive palace here, as at Malta, to accommodate the embassy, we were located on shore where we could find accommodations, dining occasionally at the palace with Sir Thomas Maitland, and so enjoying as much as was agreeable of the company of this clever, but very eccentric man.

The island of Corfu has in all ages been celebrated, even before the Trojan war; but without ascending higher than the times of Homer, it was by him called Phæacia, and famed for the polish of its inhabitants and the elegant hospitality of its king Alcinoüs, who so kindly received Ulysses after his shipwreck. It was next colonized by the Corinthians, and became the cause of the Peloponnesian war, which destroyed Athens, and furnished the Americans with a justification of their revolution. "Every colony," said the Corcyrean Deputies at Athens, "whilst used in a proper manner, payeth honour and regard to its mother state; but when treated with injury and violence, it becomes an alien. They are not sent out to be the slaves, but to continue the equals of those who remain behind."* It next fell into the power of the Romans, and on the dissolution of the Empire put itself under the protection of the Venetians, who made it the bulwark of Christendom against the Turk, who besieged it under the celebrated Barbarossa, without effect. On the fall of Venice it came into the hands of the French as a dependency, and in 1798 was taken under the joint protection of the Russians and Turks, and a constitution was actually drawn up for it and the other Ionian Islands, and the name of the Septinsular Republic assigned to them. These framers of free constitutions, however, handed over their protegées to Napoleon, a greater despot than ever themselves, in 1807; and in 1814 they were finally ceded t

* Thucydides, lib. i.

the English, and the Convention at Vienna confirmed the cession. The English actually realized what the Turks and Russians promised. A constitution was given to them—accepted and solemnly ratified on January 28, 1818, and published in two volumes, in Greek and Italian. It consists of a legislative body, of forty members, eleven of whom are integrant, and twenty-nine elected in certain proportions out of the different islands every five years by and from a body of men in each island, called συνκλητος; and from the bosom of the legislative body are taken six, who are to form ἡ βουλη, senate, or separate chamber. These legislative assemblies meet in March, and continue their sittings for three months; but they may be called together at any time, and continue, in cases of emergency, to sit as long as may be necessary. When assembled, the body is called "the Parliament of the United States of the Ionian Islands," and it is convoked and dissolved by the Lord High Commissioner and Sovereign Protector. The project of a law may originate either with the Senate or Legislative Assembly, and must have the sanction of both, with that of the Lord High Commissioner, for its final adoption. The religion of the state, which under the Venetians was Catholic, is now that of the orthodox Greek Church, though all others are tolerated and protected, and the stipend paid to the Catholic clergy still continued till the present incumbents die. The established language is the Greek; and the article further states, "that it is of the utmost importance that this national language should become as soon as possible that in which all the acts of government and the judicial proceedings should be transacted; and in fine, that it should be recognized as the only tongue used in any official writings."

Accustomed as I had been to consider the Greek as a language long since dead, I felt a strong sensation of pleasure mixed with surprise to see it, as it appeared to me, suddenly

called to life. The streets were all labelled with the characters of Homer and Herodotus: the placards affixed to the wall were called κηρυγματα, and expressed, with little variation, in the language of Demosthenes. The money in common circulation was neither Venetian nor Turkish; those modern barbarisms had disappeared, and a new coinage was substituted called an οβολος, with the legend Κρατος Ιονικον round it; and a newspaper was put into my hand, which was headed by a circle of emblematic figures designating the islands which composed the Septinsular Republic, by their ancient names and emblems. Thus, Cerigo was called ΚΥΘΗΡΑ, with Venus in her conch floating on the surface of the sea—Zante ΖΑΚΥΝΘΟΣ, with Apollo sitting on a rock—Santa Maura ΛΕΥΚΑΣ, with Bellerophon mounted on Pegasus, (which some of us, by-the-by, supposed to be St. George and the Dragon)—and so on of the rest. Whatever may be the actual value of such things to the people, I assure you it was no small gratification to a Philhellene to see those modern Greeks, after the obscurity and oppression of centuries, thus emerging into the dignity of their ancient state, and restored to their language, emblems, and free constitution by the British Government.

With these impressions on my mind, my first curiosity was to gratify my classical recollections, and I inquired for the gardens of Alcinoüs, whose existence some sceptics have deemed fabulous. I was therefore accompanied by a Greek gentleman, who undertook by local facts to remove any incredulity I felt on the former existence of those gardens. A large bay penetrates into almost the centre of the island, distant about three miles from the present harbour and town. This bay dilates itself into an expansive lake, surrounded by rich level shores, having behind an inclosure of lofty mountains. The very first glance at this place would convince you it had been a garden from time immemo-

rial. The sheltered situation, the exuberant fertility of the soil, the singular beauty of the distant landscape, and the greater part of it at present under horticulture, bear strong local evidences of its ancient appropriation. In some parts of this spot, now uncultivated, but

> "——— where once the garden smiled,
> And still where many a garden flower grows wild,"

my companion pointed out to me in a state of nature many of the most beautiful plants which we cultivate in our parterres. What would you think of finding large full anemones of the richest colours, irises of all hues, blue and red lupins, evergreen roses in full blow, and an infinite variety of others blooming among rocks and thickets in the open air on the 20th of December? It at once strikes a man with any particle of imagination that these must be the remains of the "smiling beds of ranged flowers."* Not far off a romantic fountain burst suddenly into light from under the canopy of a rock, and meandered along with a broad and limpid stream, as if it was that one of the two fountains mentioned by Homer which watered the garden. It is now called Kressido, a corruption of the former name Χρυσιρροον. The tradition of the island is, that it was the fountain at which Nasicaa, the king's daughter, was washing her clothes when Ulysses appeared before her. At some distance, in front of the harbour, is the rock into which the ship of Ulysses was changed, on her return to Phæacia. It had a strong resemblance from where I stood to a galley arrested on her entrance into the harbour, and fixed to the spot, as Homer says,

> "Rooted down an everlasting rock."†

That nothing might be wanting to give interest to those

* Κοσμηταὶ πρασιαὶ ἐπηετανὸν γανόωσαι. Odyss. lib. vii. l. 128.

† Λαᾶν ἔθηκε καὶ ἐρρίζωσεν ἐνέρθα. Odyss. lib. xiii. l. 163.

Homeric details, a complete series of medals have been dug up in the island, and are now in the possession of Dr. Gengadi, which he was so good as to show me. On the earliest are impressed a representation of those famous gardens of Alcinoüs, which emblem was preserved on the coins of Epidamnus, and other colonies of the island on the continent, as imperishable evidences of the poet's accuracy.

To come down to details of comparatively more modern times, my companion pointed out to me on my return the site of a house in which Judas Iscariot had lived. How they traced him to Corfu I could not learn, but they keep up the memory of the fact, by particularly exhibiting him in Passion-week, with all the circumstances of his treachery. This would be a harmless superstition did it not lead to the most serious consequences. There is a number of Jews in the island, who have been persecuted with more bitterness and hostility by the Christians here than in any other part of the world. They inhabit three or four streets, where they are distinguished, as elsewhere, by their habits and manners. They were encouraged by the Venetians, in consequence of their industry and wealth, of which this clever commercial people knew how to avail themselves; but when they were transplanted to Corfu the Greeks could not conceal their hatred. When Della Valle visited the island in 1614, there was an unfortunate Jew, who was said to be a lineal descendant of Judas, and to be living in his house; he of course was an object of peculiar insult. The man publicly denied his ancestor and his family residence, and Della Valle says, with great naïveté, "deve haver ragione."* During Passion-week, in particular, the Christians entered the Jews' quarter with

* Viaggio, p. 62.

bludgeons, assaulting and hauling up and down every Jew they could meet. Several laws were made to restrain the fanatic violence, both by the Venetians and French, and some enactments of Napoleon rendered them secure and independent. This was humanely followed up by the English, who went so far as to employ a Jew in some inferior department of the Commissariat. But this last act excited to the highest pitch the jealousy and rancour of the Greeks. On a day in Lent, a body of peasants, armed with staves and bludgeons, entered the Jews' quarter at a time when the poor people thought themselves in perfect security, and committed such outrages on them and their families, that it was necessary to send an armed force to disperse them. Several wealthy Jews immediately left the island with their property; but as an effectual and rigid police was now established, it was hoped they would return.

Christianity was first introduced in the reign of Caligula, by two saints, held in high reverence in the Greek calendar, Jason and Spiridion. They were seized on by the authorities, nailed up in a box with some serpents, and cast into the sea. The sea with reverence deposited the precious box on the shore, and on opening it the snakes were found converted into stone, and the bodies pure and untouched. They were burned by the peasants, according to the usage of the times, but the body of Spiridion would not consume, and it is preserved to this day in a glass case in his church, where I saw it. It is on his festival in December exhibited for eight days to the public, who pay for looking at and kissing it. The custody of it is retained by particular families, who affirm they are lineally descended from the peasants who found it on the shore, and it yields them a certain revenue of 12,000 dollars per annum.

There is another account of this Spiridion, which is less

suspicious. He was the son of a peasant of this island, and was afterwards appointed Bishop of Cyprus, in the reign of Constantine the Great. He was called to assist at the Council of Nicæa, where he strenuously opposed the Arian heresy. This is matter of history. But the account further adds, that his body lay uncorrupted at Constantinople for 1000 years, till that city was taken by the Turks. It was then laid with that of the pious Theodora on each side the back of a mule, one balancing the other; but to the eyes of the infidel Turks the precious burden appeared only provender, so they let it quietly pass:—

> "And each did after swear and say,
> There only passed a wain of hay."

Whether this legend of St. Spiridion suggested to the author of "The Lay" the above lines, he has not mentioned.

But a much more interesting monument of the early introduction of Christianity exists in the actual temple built by Jovian when he revived the religion of Christ, which his predecessor Julian had attempted to extinguish. This really interesting and genuine relic stands in a valley at a short distance from the town. It exhibits a façade, consisting of a cornice and entablature, supported by two Corinthian fluted pillars, between which is a high arched doorway, and over it a tablet, having the following inscription in good and legible preservation:—

ΠΙCΤΙΝ ЄΧΩΙΝΒΑCΙΛΕΙΑΝ ЄΜΩΝ ΜЄΝЄΩΝ CΥΝЄΡΙΘΟΝ
CΟΙΜΑΚΑΡΥΦΙΜЄΔΟΝΤΟΝΔΙЄΡΟΝЄΚΤΙCΑΝΗΟΝ
ΗΛΗΝΩΝΤЄΜЄΝΗΚΑΙ ΒΩΜΟΥCЄΞΛΛΛΠΑΞΑC
ΧЄΡΟCΑΤΟΥΤΙΔΑΝΗCΙΟΒΙΑΝΟCЄΔΝΟΝΑΝΑΚΤΙ

I, Jovian, having powerful faith as the auxiliary of my attempts, have built this sacred temple to the blessed Ruler on high!—overturning the heathen altars and shrines of the Greeks, I present this offering to thee, oh King! with an unworthy hand.

The modern Greeks of the island have neither taste nor feeling to restore this venerable edifice to its sacred use. It is now, I believe, a cow-house, or store for some agricultural purpose; and while splendid temples are erected to legendary saints, this Christian church is neglected and defiled because it is dedicated only to God. I suggested to a member of the Government, since the Greeks made no use of it, to convert it into a Protestant chapel. What an interesting thing it would be, my friend, to hear the pure and apostolic service of our liturgy performed in this ancient temple, hallowed by such early associations, where the doctrines and discipline restored at the Reformation had been those alone which formerly were used in it; while every other in the island is debased by the superstitions of the Greek or Latin church, and commemorate only "eremites and friars, white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery."

With the exception of this Christian, and comparatively modern, temple, there are very few architectural remains of the ancient state of this celebrated island. A discovery, however, was soon after made that proved it to have other fine edifices besides the doubtful palace of Alcinoüs. On a rising ground near the present city, which is covered over in several places with fragments of pottery mixed with the soil, is a spring, which had supplied the shipping with water; but it became dry, and an engineer was employed to ascertain the cause by digging to its source. In the progress of the work they discovered a Doric column, in its proper site, and this led to further investigation, till by degrees the whole plan of a Doric temple was uncovered. The columns on the land side were still in their regular order; five were standing on the south side and two on the north, but in an imperfect state. On the side next the sea they were all destroyed, for as the cliff that had supported

them had been removed, they fell into the water. No inscription to ascertain its date had been discovered, but from some peculiarity of the intercolumniation which corresponded with that of the temples at Delos and Cnidos, it was supposed to be about the era of Philip of Macedon, just subsequent to the Peloponnesian war, when Corcyra was in its highest political importance.

The island of Corfu is thirty-five miles long and fifteen broad, and is separated from the continent of Albania by a channel not more than two miles wide in some places. The first objects that presented themselves to us were white cliffs like those of Dover; hence the promontory which appeared was called Levkimo, from λευκος, the upsilon being pronounced as *v*. It is called by the Italians Bianco. The most conspicuous point in approaching the town is the Acropolis, at the base of which the town is built. We ascended to it through the fortress, and from the summit commanded a most extensive and romantic view round the island, and across the mountains of Albania as far as Souli and Yanina. Ali Pasha was holding the one against the Turks, and had just driven the inhabitants from the other, who were received and quartered in Corfu, and filled the square below in their Albanian costume; and the Turkish fleet, sent to relieve Ali, were sailing in the channel between the island and the main. All these associations gave much interest to the scene, by presenting to us a group of objects which then engaged the attention of all Europe.

The general aspect of the country is rocky and denuded, but occasionally the face of nature is embellished with extensive groves of dark green. These are the "lofty trees"* of different fruits, which Homer mentions, and are still to be found here, particularly the "blooming olives,"† which

* δένδρια μακρά. † ἐλαῖαι τηλεθόωσαι.

are spread almost over the island, and seem of so exceedingly ancient a date as to almost induce us to think they were the individual trees growing on the island when Ulysses visited it; and if we are to believe the extraordinary stories of the longevity of trees by some modern botanists, the fact would be almost credible. They affirm that the duration of trees is limited only by disease or accident, and that no limits can be assigned to the existence of those which escape them. Picani asserts, that an olive tree was growing at Pescia, near Genoa, which from certain data was calculated to be seven centuries old*. Chateaubriand goes farther, and says, *l'olivier est immortel;* and he proves that those which are now growing on the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, must have been there in the time of the Greek Empire †. But a Mons. Candolle goes yet farther; he calculates that a lime tree, near Friburg, was 1230 years old; and the platanus on the Bosphorus, three times as aged as common calculation makes it, that is 2160 years‡! Surely, if any credit can be attached to such calculations, the olive tree may yet exist from which Noah's dove plucked the branch, and to which those of Phæacia must be comparative infants. But, in fact, these olive trees have immense trunks, knotted and gnarled in a very remarkable manner, twisted, and perforated with large cavities, so as to appear quite *effete* from extreme old age. I was informed that an old entail tenure existed, by which they could not be cut down, and that they were many centuries old, far beyond any tradition of their plantation; yet they were as vigorous and productive as ever. The branches were broken and strewed all about, as if torn by a violent storm. This appearance proceeded from the manner in which

* Œcon. Olear., lib. ii. p. 79. † Itin. Jerusal., vol. ii. p. 260.
‡ Phycol. Veget., vol. ii. p. 988.

the olive was gathered; the trees are beaten with long poles, and the branches as well as the fruit are frequently dashed to the ground. This I mention because you recollect it is in direct opposition to the opinion of the ancients. Pliny says, the most ancient law of the olive-gatherers was not to beat the tree, which injures it and destroys the fruit of the next year*. The modern Greeks dissent from this, and affirm that the more the tree is beaten the better it thrives; and certainly these veterans, that have been thus flogged for centuries, are some proof that they are right in their discipline. They yield at this day 800,000 jars of oil every year, and are the staple of the island; and the export gives employment constantly to 3000 sailors. The wine, however, is thin and bad, and principally supplied from Zante for the table of the better classes. Among the fossil productions of the country are coal and salt: the Venetians discovered a vein of the former, in repairing some fortifications, but it was never worked; and there are three pits of the latter in different places, from whence Italy is in a great measure supplied.

The society of Corfu is agreeable, for which the natives are said to be indebted to the Venetians. The Greeks, either from Turkish oppression or oriental usage, were much indisposed to mixed society; but the Italians introduced casinos and other clubs, which bore the stamp of Catharine's first efforts to humanise the Russians. Women were originally excluded, and when they were admitted, men were prohibited from smoking in their company. Among other introductions was a taste for music! that of the unmixed Greeks of this day is the most barbarous and dissonant that ever tortured the ear, as I afterwards found; but the first night I slept on shore I was awoke by the

* Perticis discutiunt cum injuriâ arborum sequentisque anni damno, quippe olivantibus lex antiquissima fuit, Oleam ne verberato nec adversos percute ramos.—*Hist. Nat.*, l. xv. c. 3.

sweetest serenade that ever was heard. Some minstrels had collected in the piazza, and were saluting a lady in the neighbourhood; and, if ever a heart could be touched by "concord of sweet sounds," I thought hers must. Few persons in good society are without a title; that of count was profusely conferred by the Venetians, as a reward to any man who had rendered a service, however trifling, to their state. That of doctor also was very common: in the neighbouring island of Cephalonia it is the usage to make every second son of any opulent family a doctor, who proceeds to some Italian college, and returns with his degree, which entitles him to practise exclusively among the peasants of his family estate. Many retain the title without the practice, and proceed to the other islands. During the short time I remained in Corfu, I reckoned three counts and four doctors among my limited acquaintances; two of these latter were very intelligent. Dr. Gengadi had made an extensive collection of the coins of the island, of which he seemed to have a very accurate knowledge; and Dr. Pieri had explored the plants of the country, and published a large volume on the botany of Corfu, of which he was so good as to give me a copy. The ladies were very amiable and agreeable, indeed so much so, that the English of rank were beginning to pay them the highest mark of their esteem and respect, by selecting them as their wives. Sir Frederick Hankey had married one, and Sir Frederick Adam another, whom I had the honour to know. The latter was as beautiful as she was amiable: I never felt before how natural elegance could give a grace to the most ordinary things, and the least susceptible of it. She told me she had just begun to learn our language, which she was very anxious to acquire. When I complimented her, of course, on her progress, she replied, in very im-

perfect sentences, but with an inimitable *naïveté*, which seemed to divest the expressions of all incorrectness.

The day before our departure, the Count or Baron Theotoki, I think the President of the Senate, gave us a grand ball, at which the whole beau monde of Corfu, Greek, Catholic, and English, were present. I had here an opportunity of witnessing how mutual intercourse rubs off asperities, and wears down the particles which compose the mass of society into similar shapes. Every person present seemed to dress and act nearly alike, and were only distinguished by their language, and even in that they were fast assimilating.

On the 24th of December, we again embarked, and left the romantic hills of Corfu behind us. The wind, which had hitherto so favoured us, now blew with great violence directly against us; we beat up and down between the island and the coast of Albania, among the Turkish fleet which was blockading Ali Pasha in Yanina, and we expected, every moment, their awkward ships would run foul of us, in a strong gale and a narrow passage. On the southern extremity of a promontory, we were close in with one of their vessels, which was just wrecked there; she was lying on her side, and looked awfully dismal, her masts and timbers dashing about on the surge, and her dark ribs appearing against the white rocks like a decaying skeleton in a vast charnel-house. Though sore beset ourselves, we lay-to, and fired a gun as a signal that we would lend any assistance in our power; but, after waiting for some time, and no answer being returned, we concluded that the unfortunate crew were all drowned; so we passed on, with a kind of mysterious foreboding of something sad awaiting ourselves. From hence we stood over to the coast of Greece, and were soon in close contact with many of the

interesting scenes of that country. As we passed Santa Maura, we saw the promontory of Leucate, from whence the unfortunate Sappho precipitated herself. It resembled the face of your Bilberry Rock, where it looks down upon Mount Misery; and the more particularly so, as poor Sappho, when she stood upon it, had just such a prospect before her. Between this and Cephalonia, we perceived on the horizon the rugged Ithaka, rendered still more interesting to us as we passed, since it was then intended to be the site of a new university, which was to render the modern Greeks as wise as the sage Ulysses. We coasted along Cephalonia, the largest island of our septinsular republic, and on the 27th arrived at Zante.

The island of Zante is by far the most beautiful and fertile of the Ionian islands. It retains to this day the epithet of "woody," bestowed upon it by the ancients from the earliest time*; presenting to the approaching stranger a rich scenery of leafy verdure, very different from the bleak and rugged sterility which marks all the other islands, both in the Ionian and Ægean seas; and hence it is justly called by the Italians,

Zante verdeggiante
Fiore di Levante.

It lies 47° lat. and 38° long., opposite the ancient town of Elis in Peloponnesus. Its circumference, according to Strabo, is one hundred and sixty stadia; but modern measurement makes it about fourteen miles long, and eight broad. Its climate is exceedingly mild and balmy; flowers are in bloom all the year, and trees twice bear ripe fruit—in April and November: but the productions for which this island is most remarkable are currants and peaches; the first—

* It was called Δασεῖα by Homer, and Nemorosa by Virgil.

though called currants because they originally came from Corinth, of which their present name is a corruption—are sent all over Europe principally from this island; and the latter are so large as to weigh ten or twelve ounces. It had been occupied like Corfu at various times by various people —Greeks, Romans, Turks, Venetians, Russians, French, and finally, in 1809, by the English; and it now forms one of the seven islands of the Ionian Republic.

Notwithstanding its having been possessed for so long a period by the polished Greeks and Romans, and lying between them both, few objects of art have ever been discovered, and still fewer remain at the present day; but among its natural curiosities there still exists one that has been noted from the earliest times: this is the pitch-well. In a valley near the sea is a vast depression, shallow and circular, resembling the crater of an extinct volcano. Scattered through this are various wells, from the bottoms of which there is a continued ebullition of petroleum—a substance exactly resembling vegetable pitch, and used for all the same purposes. So early as the time of Herodotus this was employed and sought after as at the present day. "I saw," says he, "with my own eyes, pitch emerge from a lake of water in Zacynthus, of which there are many in the island. They collect the pitch by means of a branch of myrtle tied to the end of a lance. It forms a fragrant bitumen, more precious than Persian pitch*."

A circumstance, connected with the natural history of the island, has given to these wells a singular interest. Tradition says that the site which they occupy had been a volcano; but the sea, having burst through one of the sides, had extinguished the fire. Before that period this and the

* Herod. in Melpomene.

neighbouring islands had been free from convulsions, the elastic gases, generated by the inflammable matter, having escaped through the aperture of the crater as through a safety-tube; but since that time they have been pent up under the superincumbent mass till, acquiring an expansive power which became irresistible, they forced their way through every obstruction, rending open for themselves various spiracula, or breathing apertures, and in their potent progress shaking the islands to their very centre. Of these passages the pitch wells were the permanent indications; the petroleum and other inflammable substances were formations of the volcanic matter still existing in the interior, and their communication with it was ascertained by the singular fact, that every shock of an earthquake was preceded by the more violent ebullitions of those wells, which always indicated to the inhabitants, like natural barometers, the rise and fall of those dangerous gases, and warned them of the approach of the earthquake. This was the case, the inhabitants say, in the violent concussion which shook the island in 1514, which was so terrible that it split the mountain at the back of the town, on which the fortress was built, from top to bottom. Since that time there have been, besides minor shocks, seven great earthquakes, and at such intervals as to form something like regular periodical events; so that the Zantiotes affirm that they expect the return of a violent earthquake about every forty or fifty years*, which period it takes for the explosive gases to accumulate.

* The recorded periods of violent earthquakes in Zante are as follow:—1514, 1593, 1664, 1710, 1742, 1767, 1791, 1809. Paolo Mercati, a Zantiote writer, suggests, that among other investigations of the phenomena of earthquakes, the bubbles of pitch, and the sulphureous smell, which issue from these pits should be particularly watched—al momento dei terremoti piu forti, che tante volte fecero palpitare questa populatione.—Saggio Storico Statistico della Isola de Zante.—p. 21.

My first object of curiosity was to visit and examine those wells. I set out the next day on horseback with some friends, and we proceeded across the promontory of Scopo along the sea-shore at the other side. The aspect of the country was very beautiful. Olive groves and currant vineyards clothed the smiling valleys. White asphodel, now in full blossom, though the depth of winter, covered all the hills, and made a very rich and flowery scene. We were attracted by a large and glittering mass, which shone resplendent at a great distance. We found it to consist of agglomerated fragments of selenite, or sulphate of lime, formed into very brilliant crystallizations, having a rich metallic lustre. This fossil abounds in the island.

As we approached the site of the wells we were particularly struck with the aspect of the surrounding scenery. The valley inland was the segment of a circle, surrounded on three sides by abrupt and rugged ridges of hills; on the fourth, the remainder of the circle could be traced by rocks rising above the water, as if the sea had, at some period, burst in and destroyed the continuity, leaving, at intervals, the larger and stronger masses, and carrying away those which had made less resistance. Within this circle the ground was nearly level, consisting of a marshy soil, abounding in aquatic and palustric plants, but appearing to be stained and dark, as if from some mineral exhalations or impregnated waters. In this marsh were several wells or pits, of which we examined one. It was about nine feet in diameter, and surrounded by a dwarf wall. The water was two feet below the edge, and one foot deep; the surface covered with a scum, which reflected various iridescent colours, of which the blue and green were very vivid. A dark, black substance was continually forcing its way from the bottom, and boiling up in large globules, which, as they ascended,

enlarged, till near the surface, and then burst, liberating a quantity of gas, which the peasantry informed us was highly inflammable; but we had not the means of trying. Sometimes the globules were transparent, and assumed a singular brilliancy, rising to the top and bursting, while a coating of dark, bituminous matter, in which they were invested, was thrown off. This dark substance was the petroleum, or rock-pitch, which, being specifically heavier than the water, remained below, covering the sides and part of the bottom. The brilliant globules disengaged from it were pure naphtha, or rock-oil, which formed a light oleaginous stratum above, reflecting various beautiful colours. The intervening water was sweet and fit for use, but strongly impregnated with a taste like tar-water, and it is prescribed in various dyspeptic complaints. They had discontinued the practice of Herodotus. The myrtle was laid aside, and the pitch collected, with large spoons, into a pit adjoining the well, and thence thrown into barrels. The best time for gathering it is summer, when it is exuded in the greatest quantities; and they annually fill about one hundred barrels, which is used for smearing the bottoms of ships and similar purposes. A circumstance which marks the extensive ramifications of those wells, and that their source is not confined within what remains of the present crater, is, that on the surface of the sea, at some distance, the same substances are found within a circumscribed space, as if they had issued from a similar well at the bottom of the sea, or had a communication with those on the land, by subterraneous passages.* The ground on which we stood did not appear firm; but, when we stamped on it, the whole surface seemed to shake and

* This circumstance was also noticed by Herodotus, who says that the substance flows through subterraneous passages, and is seen to emerge from the sea, not far from the shore.—Herod. in Melpomene.

tremble for a considerable distance. What we particularly watched was the rising ebullitions. Every stranger, who comes to Zante expects to feel the shock of an earthquake, of some degree, before he leaves it, particularly if it be near the periodic time; and he consults frequently those wells to ascertain the approach of it. The ebullition now was very considerable, but we departed with a feeling that we should not experience any thing of the kind during our sojourn.

On our return we dined at the hospitable mansion of the Governor, Sir Patrick Ross. As the palace was very small, the gentlemen in the suite of the embassy were lodged in different houses, and I and another were located in the Palazzo di Forcardi, belonging to a Zantiote nobleman, who was attending his duty in Corfu, as a member of the legislative body of the Ionian Republic, leaving his large house vacant for our accommodation. The town of Zante is extensive and populous, containing about 16,000 inhabitants and 4,000 houses, generally large edifices, built by the Venetians, of hewn stone, with dense massive walls. That in which we were placed was of considerable size, consisting of a court-yard, through which was the approach, by a broad flight of marble steps, to a gallery which opened into a long and spacious apartment, or saloon, running the whole length of the building, and terminating, at the other end, in a balcony which opened on the parade. At one side, doors led to several rooms occupied by the numerous domestics; on the other, to a drawing-room and two bed-chambers, assigned to our accommodation. The whole was on a grand scale—the walls of great thickness, the lofts ceiled and stuccoed with deep mouldings and ponderous cornices, and a variety of large grotesque figures in alto-relievo, suspended, as it were, by their backs from the ceiling. We dressed and went to dinner; and in the evening found a

large party assembled in the saloon to meet the ambassador. We had music and singing. We amused the company with our observations on the wells, and laughed at the various speculations they afforded of an approaching earthquake; and, having thus enjoyed a most festive and delightful evening, we parted at midnight, and returned to our quarters. It was a bright, star-light night of uncommon brilliancy—the air calm, the atmosphere clear, the sky serene; everything harmonized with the festivity we had just left; our minds were in unison with the feeling; the very heavens seemed to smile on our gaiety; and we laughed, as we had often done in the course of the evening, at the thoughts of an earthquake.

When the servant led me to my room he left a large brass lamp, lighting on a ponderous carved table, on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this island, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures above were a source of amusement to me; and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out fancied resemblances to many persons I was acquainted with. The next sensation I recollect was one indescribably tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places: presently they were detached from above, and, with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me, and about the room. An indefinable, melancholy, humming sound seemed to issue from the earth, and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to

side as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness; while, at the same instant, the thick walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became, for a moment, visible through one of the chasms. I now threw off the bed-clothes and attempted to escape from the tottering house; but the ruins of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage that I could not open the door; and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlid, to protect it from the falling fragments.

Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance, that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it, but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occurred which caused the truth at once to flash on my mind. There stood, in the square opposite the Palazzo, a tall, slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; these now began to jangle with a wild, unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation. I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of was actually come; I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroys thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. O God!

I cannot describe my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason more than once to familiarize me to his appearance; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way: the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever.

But this horrible convulsion ceased in a moment, as suddenly as it began, and a dead and solemn silence ensued. This was soon broken by the sound of lamentation, which came from below; and I afterwards found it proceeded from the inhabitants of an adjoining house, which had been shaken down, and had crushed to death some, and half buried others who were trying to escape, in the ruins. Presently I saw a light through the crevice of the door of my chamber, and heard the sound of voices outside. It proceeded from the servants, who came to look for me among the ruins. As they could not enter by the usual door-way, which was choked up, they proceeded round to another; but, when they saw the room filled with the wrecks of the wall and ceiling, some of which were lying on the bed, one of them said, "Sacraménto! eccolo schiaccato. (There he is, crushed to death!") and proceeded to remove the rubbish, and lift the bed-clothes. I was lying unhurt, buried in thought; but the dust caused me to sneeze, and relieved the apprehensions of the good people.

I immediately rose and dressed myself, and proceeded with them about the Palazzo, to see the damage it had sustained. The massive outside walls were all separated from each other and from the partition walls, and left chasms between, through which the light appeared. Providen-

tially, the room in which I slept had the bed against a partition, and nothing fell on me but pieces of the ceiling and cornice; had it been on the other side, next the main wall, I could not have escaped, for it was entirely covered with masses of masonry, which had smashed and buried under them every thing on which they fell. I had repined that I had not been able to escape by the door when I attempted it, but to this circumstance also I now found I was indebted, under Providence, for my preservation. A wing of the house had fallen into the court-yard, through which I had intended to make my way; and, no doubt, had I done so at the moment I tried, would have buried me under it.

It was now past four in the morning, and we proceeded, with intense anxiety, to the Government-house, to see if any of our friends, whom we had left so well and cheerful a few hours before, had escaped. The weather had totally changed. The sky seemed to partake in the convulsions of the earth: it blew a storm, driving the dark clouds along with vast rapidity. The streets were crowded with persons, hurrying in different directions, but all in profound silence, as if under some awful impression, and rushing into the churches, which were everywhere lighted up, and full of people. The priests were in their vestments singing solemn dirges, and the congregations on their faces, prostrated in the profoundest reverence. We found our friends all assembled, with Lord and Lady Strangford, in the dining-hall of the palace. To this room they had run in their night-dresses, as to a place of more security, being a ground-floor detached from the rest of the edifice, and having no building over it. Here we sat till it was light, telling our several escapes; and then I went out into the town, to see the state in which it was left. Nearly the whole of the 4,000 houses of which it consisted

were split open in different places, and many from the foundation to the roof. About forty were lying prostrate, and obstructing the passage of the streets. The front walls of many were separated from the sides, and hanging over the way, seeming ready to fall every minute upon the passenger. This tendency of the walls to fall out saved many lives; but there was another circumstance to which their safety was attributed by the Zantiotes themselves. The night had been the vigil of their great patron-saint, Dionysius, and almost the whole population were watching in the streets or churches, and so out of their houses, when the shock came on. The churches were of immense strength, and, though all shaken and shattered, none of them fell; which the pious people universally attributed to the interference of the saint whose rites they were celebrating. Not more than thirty dead bodies were found in the ruins. It appears, by the concurrent testimony of several, that the whole duration of the earth's motion was not longer than fifty seconds, or a minute; yet, if the time were marked by the passing sensations of different people, that brief space appeared to be hours.

The elements of the earthquake seemed to have mingled themselves with the heavens. The very face of nature was changed from its mild and calm aspect to that of a perfect storm; and it was in vain we attempted to hold communication with the frigate, which we ardently wished to get on board of. Nothing could be more comfortless than our situation: the inclemency of the weather would not suffer us to remain abroad, and the tottering state of the houses did not invite us in, particularly as every hour some slight shock informed us that the convulsion was not over, and was likely to prostrate what remained of the shaken city. There was now formed a solemn procession to St. Dionysius, which I joined, with the Governor and some of his officers, as is usual in

the Ionian Islands on the festivals of the natives. But we were interrupted by a phenomenon more extraordinary and as awful as that of the night before. Just as we set out, the sky became as dark as pitch, the storm increased to a hurricane, and we perceived the sea close to the shore boiling as if in a cauldron. Suddenly a shower of *ice* burst on us from the skies, and fell with such violence as to prostrate several persons whom it struck! The fall of these congealed masses was generally broken by the roofs of houses, whence they rebounded, shattering the tiles, and rolling along the streets like cannon-balls! The procession crowded into the church, as a protection against these terrific "stones," which were certainly similar to the awful hail of the Scriptures. While engaged in solemn prayer, another violent shock of an earthquake shook the church in the midst of the storm. I never saw the effect of awe and fear more strongly depicted. The whole congregation remained as still as death, but burst into a silent flood of irrepressible tears.

With all these impressions on my mind, I was called on by the Governor and the Ambassador to read a thanksgiving service at the palace for our escape. I had no time to prepare, as I could wish, for such a solemn occasion, but there was no need to seek for appropriate words. During the prayers another storm came on, and another shock of an earthquake nearly caused the book to fall from my hand, seeming to rend the house asunder. My congregation, like those of the procession, were deeply affected. It was the voice of God himself that seemed to address them.

Immediately after I was called on to visit a sick man, whom I had formerly known. His family, hearing I was on the island, had sent for me, and requested my attendance, as they supposed him past recovery. In all my professional duties I never witnessed so awful a scene. The man

was dying, and he was surrounded by his family, in the deepest affliction. The house had been shattered by the earthquake just before, and it was expected that every fresh shock, of which there were every moment some indications, would prostrate it. The storm of wind, thunder and lightning, was raging without; the portentous hail-stones were battering the roof and dashing in the windows; the awful tremor of the earth, with the dismal and ominous sound that accompanied it, seemed like some warning voice that issued from a grave; and in this appalling commotion of the elements, the soul of our brother was about to leave its mortal tenement! In a few minutes afterwards he died.

I had met the day before at the palace some of the officers of the 36th regiment, to which I had been formerly chaplain, and I promised to dine this day with my old messmates. Colonel Cross now called on me, and I went with him to see their mess-room. It had been a Venetian palace, built of hewn stone, ornamented with a pediment and portico, and finished in the most massive manner. It now seemed, as it were, upturned from its foundation; the marble steps of the grand staircase stood all on their ends; the stone floors were broken up, as if by some implements, and all the parts of the edifice were inverted, intimating that the shock had come from below, and had acted perpendicularly upwards. Had the earthquake postponed but a few hours, till we had assembled at dinner, what a sudden destruction would have fallen upon us all! At the time it happened there was no one in the building.

As the *ménage* of the palace, and of almost every other house, was in confusion, we went to dine with a gentleman at another part of the town, which had not suffered so severely. The hail was now succeeded by thunder and deluges of rain, and when we were returning at night we

found all the streets inundated. In wading across one of them, my legs were impeded by something from which I could not extricate them. A light was brought from a neighbouring house, and it was with horror I found myself entangled with a corpse, several of which were floating through the streets. I next day learned the cause of this new catastrophe. The town of Zante is built at the base of a hill, and rises up the sides. The summit of the hill presents the appearance of a ridge, which slopes gradually down to the right; but nearly over the middle of the town it seems broken into a chasm, from whence it descends to the left, very abrupt and irregular. It at once strikes an observer that the two hills on which the town stands were originally one, but were cleft in twain, like Eildon-hill, by some convulsion; and this was the fact. In the great earthquake mentioned before, the hill was riven in two, and part of the ancient city, with the inhabitants, buried in the chasm. From the vast quantities of rain which fell the day before, the water had accumulated in this rent. A strong mound of masonry had been made across, which served as a bridge to pass from one side of the ravine to the other; but this had been so shattered by the earthquake, that it could no longer support the weight of water that pressed against it. Below was a suburb of the town, which had also suffered from the shock, on which the water, bursting from its confinement, violently rushed. The houses all gave way, and the wretched inhabitants, who had retired to rest, anxious and harassed with the events of the night before, were now swept out of their beds by the inundation. They were soon suffocated, and, with no covering but their night-dresses, were carried through the lower part of the town, and found next morning on the beach in different states of nakedness. It was one of these unfortunate people in his shirt that I felt

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TOWN OF ZANTE.

with the Mountain ruptured by an Earthquake

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entwined round my legs, and it was their bodies that had encumbered the inundated street. I went to see the place. The desolation was very dismal; the hill seemed as if recently burst open; the valley was strewed with the wrecks of houses covered with mud; the poor people were digging in the wet rubbish in search of their friends; and the inhabitants on the side of the hill were looking in terror out of their cottages, expecting every moment that another convulsion would prostrate their houses, and another inundation carry them away.

The accounts which now arrived from other parts of the island were equally disastrous. The beautiful town of Latakia, which we had observed smiling on the brow of a romantic hill near the pitch-wells, was entirely destroyed, as if its vicinity to this ancient crater had caused it to be visited with a more violent concussion. Every other place on the island had suffered, and no spot was exempt from its share in the calamity. We afterwards learned that the effects had extended to the Morea and Italy, and even as far as Malta, expanding with more or less violence over a circle of perhaps 1000 miles in circumference, of which Zante was the unfortunate centre. The effects were not confined to the land, but were sensibly felt by the ships on the water. On board our frigate a noise was heard like that of a cable running through a hause-hole, and the vessel seemed raised out of the sea, and thumped as if she had been driven on shore. The master and officers rushed on deck in their shirts greatly alarmed, supposing she had slipped her cable in the storm that had just commenced, and was bulging out her bottom on the point of Krio Negro. But they found every thing safe, and were still wondering what could have been the cause, when accounts at length reached them from the shore.

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If anything could alleviate this awful calamity to the sufferers, it was the conduct of the governor, Sir Patrick Ross, and his excellent family. In the midst of their public and private distress, they not only never relaxed in their kindness and attention to their guests, and in their cheerful endeavours to alleviate the sense of evil, but their zeal and active humanity seemed to provide everything necessary for the poor sufferers. I never witnessed benevolence, under such trying circumstances, so enduringly and effectually exerted; and I am happy to add my poor testimony to that of general report, which speaks so highly and justly of this excellent family all over the islands. It is such characters abroad that endear the name of England to its dependencies, too often rendered odious by the harsh and revolting conduct of some of the governors we send them.

On the 30th, as soon as ever the storm at all abated, and a boat could live on the tremendous surge, we hastily put off, and with some difficulty got on board the frigate. The ambassador, instead of departing with the usual accompaniments of noisy honours, left the island silently and without pomp; deeming, very properly, that any such display would be altogether inconsistent with the melancholy events which had occurred. There never were, perhaps, greater horrors effected by the agency of nature than those of one short day in the island of Zante. We witnessed during that period the most tremendous phenomena of earth, air, and water: we found it smiling in its beauty, with everything that presented itself of a gay and lovely aspect; in a moment all was changed—the ground was rent open, a large city shattered to fragments, and the bodies of the inhabitants, crushed into every misshapen appearance, lying dead and weltering among its ruins; deluges of water burst open the sides of mountains, and swept

away whole streets, with all their inhabitants naked from their beds, into the sea, which boiled with a preternatural heaving like an immense cauldron; and, above all, the sky poured down large stones of ice, of a fearful magnitude, smashing whatever they struck, and bruising and wounding the terrified people, who were afraid to seek the shelter of their tottering houses, which a continued succession of shocks threatened to prostrate, and to bury them in the ruins.

I wrote you an account of all this on the spot, while the melancholy events were yet going on in the midst of the dismal scene, and while the impression was recent in my mind; and now taking a retrospect of them when the memory of them is beginning to fade, and other scenes and events have been mixed up with them, I do not think I could have exaggerated. It was a thing of the kind to make the deepest impression and excite the strongest interest. I never could conceive before the possibility that any but a painful emotion could arise from a strong sensation, when excited by horrible objects—yet so it is with my recollection of these events; I would not willingly encounter them again, yet, you will hardly credit me when I say, I had rather even again hazard the perils, than not have witnessed them. If you account for this on some of Rochefoucault's selfish maxims, I cannot help it; I am willing to attribute it to the gratification of an inordinate curiosity, which is stronger in me sometimes than fear, and absorbs in my mind every other consideration.

The wind continued contrary, and blew with such violence all the next day, that, though we lay at anchor, we were compelled, as a measure of precaution, to lower our yards on deck and strike our topmast; we also prepared another anchor and cable, expecting every moment to part those we had

already out, and run on shore, as if Fate had decreed that we should not quit this portentous shore. Another night closed in with a view of the ruined city before us from which we had just escaped, and a prospect that, before morning, the ship and all her crew would be driven into it;—and thus closed the year 1820.

CHAPTER IV.

Shores of the Morea.—Present State of Cerigo, the Island of Venus and Helen.—Modern Treatment of Turtle-doves.—Gate of the Arches.—Pirates.—Carabusa.—Cape Malæa.—Aspect of the Cyclades.—Milo volcanic Island.—Discovery of a new Venus.—Beautiful Amphitheatre.—Conjecture as to the Time of its erection.—Dreary Appearance of the Country.—Dress and Manners of the Ladies.—Singular Notions of Beauty.—Noble Act of Meliote Women.—Singular City.—Queen Caroline.—Ægina and Salamis—Present Employment of their Heroes.—Piræus.—First Impressions of a Turk.—Ambassador's Entry into Athens.—Unostentatious appearance of Lady Strangford.—Company at Consul's.—"Maid of Athens."—Lord Elgin's Dilapidations unjustly calumniated.—Compensation highly acceptable to the Turks.—Temple of Theseus.—Revolting Employment of Modern Greeks.

THE new year commenced with brighter auspices: the sea had gone down, a clear north-east wind summoned us to weigh anchor, and we left the portentous shore as eagerly as Æneas did that of the Cyclops, though we did not, like him, actually cut our cable. We were soon abreast of Pylos, the country of Nestor, and were shortly after close in with the Strophades, looking out for harpies; but the race has become extinct, at least among birds. The next day we were under Cape Matapan, the southern extremity of the Morea, and saw the situation of the *Tænariæ fauces*, where Orpheus descended in search of his Eurydice. I longed to land and explore the spot, but I suppose I should have found this tremendous entrance into Hell not much more awful than St. Patrick's purgatory, which we visited in Lough Dearg, a place to the full as much celebrated by the superstition of modern, as the other of ancient times. Close

to this promontory is Cerigo, the last of the Ionian Islands, the ancient Cythera. You have no doubt a magnificent conception of this birth-place of Helen, and favourite residence of the Goddess of Love. You have seen one of the Orkney islands at the northern extremity of Scotland, and so you will spare me a description of this the most dreary, sterile, and desolate-looking little spot on the surface of the ocean. I am so pleased with the quaint description of Spon and Wheler, who visited it a century ago, that I will quote it for you. "The greatest part of it is a most barren rock, and can brag of no plenty, neither corn, wine, nor oil; which undoubtedly made Venus change her country for Cyprus, and Helen so willing to be stolen and carried to the pleasant plains of the continent." It is about seventeen miles long and twelve broad, and contains 4000 inhabitants, among whom is a garrison of fifty English soldiers. These sons of Mars are sadly disappointed in this island of Venus, where they find no remains of her except flocks of turtle-doves, which they not only kill without mercy, but salt in casks and send to their friends. Think how the shade of Anacreon would shudder if he was conscious of this treatment of his favourite bird—"his nimble messenger of love." The fact is, they are birds of passage, and, in their periodical transit, light in immense quantities on this southern extremity of Europe, when they become the common food of the inhabitants, both fresh and pickled.

We now entered the gate of the Arches. This is the passage between Cerigo and Candia, the great communication between the Mediterranean and the Archipelago. It has been at all times the terror of unprotected merchantships. The Mainotes at one side, and the Candiotes at the other, are all pirates, and swarm in this passage, where

they are always lying in wait for unarmed vessels. It was here that the gallant ship which now bore us was afterwards destined to be lost. The pirates had made the little island of Carabusa, which we saw from hence on the distant horizon off the east of Candia, the depôt of their plunder and the harbour of their mistícos and scampa vias. The nuisance became so intolerable that the Cambrian was sent to disperse and punish these robbers, and destroy their stronghold. This was effectually accomplished, but in returning through a narrow passage she herself struck upon a reef of rocks and went down.

From hence we stood across to Cape St. Angelo, formerly the promontory of Malæa, one of the three great southern projections of Peloponnesus. From its situation, running so far into the water, and the boundary, as it were, between the Mediterranean and the Ægean, the surges of both seas break on it at each side; and it has been noted from the earliest times for its turbulent waves, which run on it, following one another in long succession, like the swell on the Race of Portland, and hence Horace calls them, with great propriety, *undæ sequaces*. It seems to have been for this reason an object of much alarm to the timid navigator, and this gave origin to the proverb, *Si ad Malæam deflexeris, obliviscere quæ sunt domi.* When we approached it towards evening the wind began to blow fresh, and the *undæ sequaces* came on so thick and tumultuously, that our vessel laboured very much, and the modern landsmen on board became as sick of it as the ancient. I can answer for one, who immediately took to his bed.

The next morning we found ourselves among the Cyclades. These islands are so called because they are collected together in a circle or cluster, and to distinguish

them from others that are more widely scattered over the Ægean. They exactly resemble the Hebrides, both in their distant aspect and when you approach them. They display a rugged barren surface, without a single tree or anything green: I almost doubted if there was a blade of natural grass in all the Archipelago. The mountains are covered with deciduous prickly shrubs, one or two feet high, not green like our furze, nor purple like our heath, but of an irksome grey, like naked rock; and the valleys, which produce corn in its season, are at other times, and particularly at this season, a wet mass of lime and sand, of the colour and consistence of mortar, in which I sunk up to my ankles at every step. This is not covered with a spontaneous growth of green vegetation, like our fallows when suffered to lie idle, but it remains a sterile surface, as bare as a turnpike-road in winter, except where but rarely a long straggling weed stretches out of it, and some large bulbous root swells above the ground. In fact it is hardly possible to conceive a stronger contrast than between the Grecian islands of the Ionian and Ægean seas. Those on the west, generally speaking, are of a lovely romantic aspect, covered with vineyards and olive groves, and exhibit a fertile and refreshing verdure. Those on the east are rugged, without being romantic, having a dismal but not a retiring aspect, and look so dreary and barren as to excite wonder how they could ever attract inhabitants, or if they did, how they could ever support them. Yet there is not one of these barren rocks that did not swarm with people, and every step presents you with evidence, that they had attained to the highest state of civilized life.

The first of these islands which we touched at was Milo. It lies not far from the entrance into this insular wilderness, and ships generally take from it a pilot to direct their way

through it. Though usually visited from this motive, it is seldom so from any other. Its name is less celebrated in the historic or classic annals of Greece; few tourists have been induced to land on it, and still fewer to describe it. Close beside it is a little rugged spot called Anti-Milo. Anti was a term by which the Greeks distinguished a small island which accompanied a larger one, like a satellite attendant on its principal planet. This was nothing but a shapeless rock. The aspect of Milo itself was singularly rugged and barren. Its broken faces were stained and discoloured with different shades of red ochre, some of them rent and shattered, presenting sharp serrated edges. Conspicuously above the rest shot up the rock on which the Acropolis was built. On the very summit of a very steep and circumscribed cylindrical pillar of stone were houses in the air, overhanging the rocks below, and to which there seemed to us no possible access on any side, except by ropes let down from above. The entrance into the bay is very narrow, and not more than a mile across. The water as we advanced became a dark blue, and indicated a great depth: it suddenly dilated into a magnificent circular basin, enclosed in a wall of steep rocks, and forcibly striking you with the idea of an extinct volcano: in fact it has all the aspect of the island of Amsterdam or St. Paul; a circular ridge, in some places so narrow that the seas almost meet, while puffs of smoke were issuing from the rocky cavities, indicating the existence of a still unextinguished fire; and though I could not learn that the inhabitants boiled their fish in the hot water that issued from them, as in the former island, yet an egg buried in the adjoining sand was cooked in a short time, and the air was so very warm in some of them as to afford powerful vapour baths, impregnated with sulphur, alum and other minerals, supposed to

be the certain indications of volcanic fire. It was impossible to sail over the dark blue expanse of this basin, where the water was so deep that the ground could not be reached with a line of 140 fathoms, without a strange sensation that there was a time when the element in which you moved was not water but fire.

A short time before our visit a circumstance had occurred, which rendered this hitherto despised place of considerable interest to the antiquarian. A peasant was digging in his field, and discovered under the mould some masses of marble, which seemed to extend a considerable way. This circumstance was made known to Baron Haller, I think, then at Athens. He came to the island, and at a venture purchased the fee-simple of the ground from the proprietor, and began to excavate. In a short time he laid open a beautiful amphitheatre of the purest Parian marble, in the highest state of preservation; and among other monuments he unearthed two statues, standing in a niche, so beautiful and natural, that the Greeks he employed ran away in terror, supposing them to be living objects, and something supernatural. The Baron unfortunately died while prosecuting his researches, but the more perfect of his statues came into the possession of the Marquis de la Rivière, then the French Ambassador at Constantinople, who presented it to the King of France, by whom it was placed in the Louvre at Paris. It was at first supposed that it represented one of the Muses, but the French chose to designate it otherwise, and named it Venus Victrix, implying thereby, I suppose, that their statue excelled in beauty her famous Italian namesake. It was in much the same state of mutilation when discovered, wanting the right arm and a part of the left. It was, however, more modest, being clothed in drapery from the waist downwards.

As no savans had visited the island since the death of Haller, and much yet remained to be explored, we were in great hopes we should make some further important dis coveries. To this end His Excellency had ordered on board the frigate spades and other implements for making a search. The general impression was, that the two statues discovered were really two of the Muses, and we had good reason to expect that we should find the other seven. The theatre is situated on one of the promontories that form the mouth of the harbour, and we proceeded thither in boats, a part of the crew, armed with picks and shovels, having accompanied us as pioneers. I was really astonished at the beauty of those remains, which, from having been covered up for so many centuries and now first exposed to the air, are as pure and fresh as they were left by the chisel of the artist. They consist of eight rows of circular seats, rising one behind the other, with a large area in the centre. The seats are ornamented with semi-circular mouldings in front, and hollowed behind, that the feet of the spectators who sat in the rear might have room. Among the scattered fragments were the circular pediment of a doorcase, and sculptured ornaments of vine and ivy leaves, executed with great taste and beauty. The theatre stands on the side of a hill, overlooking a valley, which, though the site of the ancient town, is now wild and solitary. This beautiful work, therefore, the highest proof of a numerous people and polished life, is the more striking in such a place, where there is no other indication of human existence near it. It has all the appearance of an edifice that never was completely finished. The benches are of pure white marble, not having the smallest marks of erosion or attrition, and look as if they had never been sat on. The angular mouldings are as recent and sharp as if the chisel

had just struck them: in fact it looked as fresh as if the workmen had only just gone away to their dinner, and you were to expect them every moment to return and put the last hand to their work. In this respect I believe it differs from all other remains of Roman or Grecian antiquity hitherto discovered. The hand of time is visible on them all, and not only the union of their parts, but the very durable parts themselves, are mouldering away under the consuming power of antiquity; but this alone has suddenly emerged fresh and beautiful, and looks to an observer like the work of yesterday, though I should suppose that at least 2000 years have elapsed since its erection.

The island of Melos was very flourishing at the period of the Peloponnesian war, and was able to furnish a large male population capable of bearing arms. The Athenians wished to engage them, along with the other islands, in their contest with the Spartans, but they refused; and as no neutrality was ever allowed to their own citizens or others, they sent an army to punish them, which was repulsed; a second expedition was more successful, when the Athenians, with their usual barbarity, put to death all the young men capable of bearing arms, and made slaves of the women and children. It was this atrocious deed of barbarity and injustice, that caused Diagoras to become an atheist, because he doubted the existence of a superintending Providence that would suffer it, and the Athenians punished him for the consequence of their own acts. Having thus nearly extirpated the original inhabitants, they sent over an additional force and kept the island for themselves. As a colony of the Lacedæmonians, the Meliotes took no interest in theatres; but their conquerors were the most theatrical people in existence, and, like the French, were attended by companies of comedians. Is it too much to suppose that

they were the builders of this theatre when other evidence is wanting on the subject? The first object of ancient architecture usually discovered is the amphitheatre, because it was the most conspicuous and the most used of any public edifice; but the memory of this had so completely perished, that Lord Sandwich, who visited the island a century ago, states that there existed no trace of antiquity but some remains of a wall and fragments of a granite pillar.

Having stayed for some time, watching the progress of the excavation, and expecting every moment that some sailor's shovel would strike against the head of Thalia or Melpomene, I left them to their work, and proceeded to visit the more modern places. The face of the country was most melancholy, sterile and desolate: the soil was limestone, in a state of solution, which formed hillocks covered with tragacanth and other thorny shrubs. The ground was arable in small patches, and these were divided into very narrow and irregular compartments, forming crooked beds of vegetation, eight or nine feet wide and three or four yards long, rising up the sides of the hills and supported with mounds of loose stones, with here and there a solitary fig or olive straggling through them. The limestone was everywhere soft like dissolved chalk, so that I sunk over my ankle at every step. In some places it was eaten into holes and caverns, filled with muddy water, which was generally that which the inhabitants used, the springs being impregnated with sulphur and other mineral ingredients. It certainly presented a most dismal specimen of a Grecian landscape, and a most comfortless abode for any people at any period.

The town above, which we had seen perched on the summit of the pillar-like rock, was called Castro, and I

prepared to climb up to it. The entrance was by a large gateway. The first aspect was that of edifices like pigeon-houses, the door of one generally opening on the roof of another. The streets, or rather ladders, leading through them, were so narrow that two persons could hardly pass without squeezing, and resembled steps of broken stairs, in many places very dirty and slippery. The roofs of the houses were flat, composed of layers of prickly shrubs, covered with a coating of cement, forming platforms for the inhabitants of the houses above to walk out or sit on. In some places there was no front wall, but the abode was a kind of excavation in the face of the rock, and the inhabitants lived as under a shed. The interior was generally whitewashed, fresh and dry.

The women were all at home, engaged in different operations of manufacturing cotton, either spinning or weaving at small looms. Their dress almost universally was white, and their own manufacture; a large bandage of it was wrapped round their heads, and came under the chin, so as to envelope the whole face; this was covered by another, which bound it, and fell behind in broad lapels. Their coat and petticoat, or rather drawers, were of the same materials; the latter scarcely covered their knees. Their stockings hung loose about their legs, and their feet were thrust into slip-shod sandal shoes. The whole dress was generally clean, but singularly careless and slovenly. As the greater part of their time is spent in knitting stockings, so their great pleasure is in wearing them—some of their belles on gala days envelope their feet in all they possess, till, as the French Consul assured me, they put on ten or twelve pair, drawn one over the other, and their legs appear as thick as their bodies. The το καλον, or idea of beauty, as Voltaire justly remarks, is very varied, and

this custom of the Miliotes may be classed with black teeth and blue cheeks. Lord Sandwich also says, they consider thick legs a beauty, and for that reason make them appear as clumsy as possible. From whatever motive the practice was adopted, it was universal.

Their manners were perfectly free and easy. They invited me in with such perseverance, that I was obliged to visit every house in my way. They all spoke at once, asking me various questions, without waiting for an answer, and examined me very freely, either turning me about or walking round me. I confess to you, my friend, these first impressions of the descendants of the beauties of ancient Greece, whose mothers had graced the theatre I had just left, were not very favourable either to their persons or manners. I looked in vain for the models of those statuary representations which they have handed down to us: they were as much like them as your Indian squaws, and were I to judge from what I now saw, I would say their sculptors modelled only from imagination, and had as much contributed to the character of *Græcia mendax*, as their poets and historians.

Yet it is but justice to detail what Plutarch has said to the credit of these ladies. Their husbands were suspected by the Lacedæmonians of holding correspondence with their Helots, with a view of seizing on Sparta and destroying the constitution of the state. They, therefore, arrested them all, and cast them into prison under a strong guard. Their wives came in a body to the prison, and by much entreaty obtained permission to visit them. When they gained access every woman persuaded her husband to change clothes, and the whole of the prisoners went out without suspicion in a mass as the others had entered, leaving their affectionate wives to abide the

fierce resentment of the Spartans. From this peril they were afterwards rescued, but Plutarch justly enumerates the achievement among "the virtues of women," and certainly such an heroic sacrifice to affection was one, which has conferred immortal honour on some amiable individuals in modern times, of our own and other countries.

I at length made my way to the summit of this singular town, and entered the house of Michel, the principal pilot of the island. Here I was received in a neat room, hung round with the pictures of Lord Nelson, Sir Sydney Smith, and others of our naval officers. I could not account for this partiality to our nation, till I was informed, to my no small surprise, that the Queen of England had passed a day in this room, and sat on the very seat I then occupied. She had been three days in the island of Milo. The people spoke of her with great good-will, and wondered how any king could find fault with her. They were particularly charmed with her affability. She made no distinction of persons, but sat down to dinner with the pilot and his family, and seemed as happy, they said, as if in her own palace—poor lady, I imagine she was much happier! Michel had been sent for to England on her trial.

On the loftiest spot, and just above the pilot's house, was a small Greek church, in which service was performed for the inhabitants. Here I saw the priest perched upon the highest point of this rocky pillar like another Simon Stylites, and, like him, I was informed he never descended into the plain below, but from a different cause; he imagined the air was so unhealthy there that he would immediately die if he breathed it, and I learned from him the cause of building a town in such a place. The usual one in the Levant, is to be secure from any sudden landing of

the numerous pirates that swarm here; but the people of Milo had another reason. The former modern town, built by the Genoese, stood at the bottom of the bay, about two miles inland, on a plain overflowed by a salt marsh. A century ago it contained 10,000 houses and 30,000 inhabitants, sent out 190 vessels of different sizes, and was one of the commercial wonders effected by that enterprising people on a barren island. It was, however, suddenly afflicted with a malaria of so pestilential a character, that in the course of a short time the greater number of the inhabitants died, and those that remained hastened out of a place so mortal; and thinking to choose another as dissimilar to the former as possible, they climbed to the summit of this rock, and there established themselves. I afterwards visited the old town, and found it accorded with this report. It consisted only of eighteen or twenty decayed houses, inhabited by a few Albanian shepherds, who looked exceedingly pallid and sickly. The whole number of persons now on the island does not amount to 2000.

After a fruitless search of four days for the lost Muses, and afraid of displacing and dilapidating the fair edifice, like Lord Elgin, without having his acquisitions to justify us, we proceeded on our voyage, and found ourselves one lovely morning entering the ancient Sinus Saronicus. In a little time we were abreast of the island of Ægina, now called Engia with slight alteration, which gives its modern name to the gulf. It was with no small feeling of respect and surprise that I viewed this insignificant circumscribed spot, not because it was the birth-place of Æacus, one of the judges of Hell, but because it was once so powerful, and brought so many ships to the common cause of Greece against the Persians, that Herodotus says

the first honour of the battle of Salamis was due to the Æginetans, and the next to the Athenians. Now, my friend, if you were to contemplate the rocky speck that raised and supported the number of ships assigned to it, and was a principal agent in destroying the naval power of the greatest and most extensive state at that time in the world, you would be greatly inclined to doubt the historian who told you a thing so apparently incredible. The island is about thirteen miles across, and is noted at present for nothing but its vast abundance of partridges, which is so great, that the poor inhabitants are obliged carefully to crush their eggs, to prevent the total destruction of their corn. In a short time we passed Salamis, now called Colouri, which resembled the former in size and sterility, and even exceeded it in its classical recollections, for the particulars of which I beg to refer you to the competent authorities, merely remarking, *en passant*, that it is at present famous for its manufacture of soap, and the heroes of former times are now tallow-chandlers.

The Piræus at length opened on us with all its interesting concomitants. The Acropolis rose magnificently in the background projected on the horizon, with such distinctness, that we could discern in the clear atmosphere all its edifices, though at ten miles distance. The intervening country was a level plain, covered with olives, out of which the Acropolis seemed to rise. This appearance of the approach to Athens is singular, and unlike any other city. It gave an additional interest to the scene, and filled the imagination with temples, amphitheatres, and all the splendid achievements of ancient art, and rendered us exceedingly impatient to land and explore them.

The entrance into the harbour was between two abut-

ments of stone, and seemed narrow and dangerous, but in reality very safe, having a considerable depth of water close by the shore. The scenery inside more accorded with an English landscape, than any we had yet contemplated since we left it. The ground sloped in a gentle acclivity, covered with a green sward, to the water's edge, resembling our rich pasture land; various groups of black cattle were grazing on it, and some of them were standing at the edge or in the water, as they are seen on the shores of English lakes; houses appeared among scattered trees, on green promontories, and both their sites and their style of building harmonized with the other English features: no remains of antiquity were seen to destroy the delusion. The celebrated statue of Leona*, which for so many centuries had, as some say, commemorated the conspiracy of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and given its modern name of Porto Leone to the harbour, had been for some time removed to Venice, and nothing remained of the temples and other edifices of the Piræus but a few heaps of rubbish. This celebrated port, which was the last great improvement of the Athenians, and which Pliny says was capable of containing 1000 ships, is now probably as large as ever it was; yet it could not conveniently hold, as the officers of our ship informed me, thirty English frigates, and the Cambrian was probably the largest that ever entered it.

We had scarcely anchored, when the French Consul came on board, accompanied by a Janissary. As this was the first Turk I had seen, he was an object of much interest. He had all the air and appearance of what I had supposed to be the character of his tribe. He was plump and corpulent, with rather a comely face, but a remarkably thick

* Another statue, erected to Læna or Læena, was at the entrance to the Acropolis. It was a lioness without a tongue.

neck, resembling that of a bull. He carried on his head an enormous white turban, composed of many yards of muslin rolled together, forming with his huge scull a mass, that seemed to require his robust neck to support it. He wore a short vest, with the sleeves turned up with fur, displaying his brawny arms, and a sash with a pair of highly-ornamented pistols thrust in at each side, the handle of his yatigan sticking up between, and ready for immediate use. In fact there was something so coarse and robust in his person, and so sneering, vulgar and cruel in his look, that he seemed the very fellow who would beat, plunder and abuse a poor Greek peasant in the very wantonness of authority.

Shortly after a procession was seen moving down to the shore, consisting of a group of foot and horse, and five Turks embarked and came on board. The principal was a young man, with a very hooked nose; he had on a turban of dark blue velvet bound round with green silk folds, a very bright scarlet cloak, and yellow slippers. He wore in his girdle a hanjar, with a large bright gold handle, and whenever his cloak covered it, he always cast it aside to display it. His companions were clothed in flowing pelisses of different bright colours, and the whole group formed a dazzling display of oriental costume. They were the young Bey, just married to the daughter of the Vayvode of Athens, who came, attended by his officers, to visit the Ambassador. We went on shore with them, and found several horses on the beach, richly caparisoned. On these the Ambassador, in full dress, and his suite, were mounted. The procession was joined by an irregular group of Albanians, and in this way we set out to the celebrated city. We passed between the μάκρα τειχῆ, or long walls of Themistocles, which still can be traced from the Piræus to

Athens, and when we entered into the broader part of the space they enclose, some Turk or Tartar darted forward at full speed, and was followed by another; a mock combat ensued, and after various evolutions of attack and defence they returned and were succeeded by others, evincing a curious and dramatic display of oriental manœuvres for the entertainment of the Elchi Bey, as they called his Excellency. As we approached Athens, a great crowd was collected of Turks and Greeks. The cannon thundered from the Acropolis, which had a magnificent effect from the plain below; the venerable pile, with all its temples, were enveloped, and seen, after every discharge, gradually emerging from an atmosphere of flame and smoke.

In the rear of this barbaric display of rude magnificence came Lady Strangford. The only carriage which Athens could produce for her accommodation, was a common basket-work cart of the country; and in this humble vehicle she sat, with her maids and her children, without pomp or splendour, but exhibiting, even in the eyes of the eastern multitude, a more interesting object than the whole display. The groups, particularly of Turkish women, seemed greatly struck by the appearance of the wife of the Ambassador so humble and unostentatious; they pointed her out to each other as she passed, then laid their hands on their breasts, and bowed down to her with great respect, mingled at the same time with looks full of pleasure and benevolence.

The Ambassador's family were lodged at the house of the English Consul, a Greek, and his suite betook themselves wherever they could find accommodation. We returned to dine at the Consul's, where we found some company. One of them, a magnificent-looking Turk, with a turban and long beard, asked me to take wine with him. I was astonished at this deviation from the law of the Prophet in a Mohamedan,

and still more that one of so dull and ignorant a race should speak a foreign language so well. The Turk, however, proved to be a respectable English gentleman, a Mr. Fuller, who had adopted the costume as a convenient habit in prosecuting his travels in oriental countries, an account of which he has since published. Next me sat an elderly gentleman, in a European dress, exceedingly talkative and communicative. He conversed in French, and seemed well pleased to give me every information, of which he was full. He was Lusieri, the artist employed by Lord Elgin, and had aided him in his acquisitions. His habits of life had all the eccentricities of genius, and his death shortly after was of a similar character. He lived by himself, and allowed no one to sleep in his house. The old woman who attended him, having one morning knocked in vain to obtain an entrance, clambered up to a window of the room where he used to sit, and, looking in, saw him lying beside the table on which his frugal supper stood untouched. It was supposed he was suddenly attacked with apoplexy, and having excluded all attendance, he died alone and unattended amid his unfinished pictures.

Among the company assembled in the evening was the celebrated "Maid of Athens," to whom Lord Byron addressed his poem, which has rendered the poor lady no temporal service, though it has insured her immortality. Her name is Theresa Makri. She is one of three sisters, who are very amiable and respectable in their conduct, though reduced by the death of their father to support themselves by letting lodgings. She was once very lovely I was informed by those who knew her, and realized all the descriptive part of the poem; but time and, I suppose, disappointed hopes preyed upon her, and though still very elegant in her person, and gentle and lady-like in

her manners, she has lost all pretensions to beauty, and has a countenance singularly marked by hopeless sadness.

The next day a young Athenian called on me, to conduct me through the beauties of Athens. His name was Pietro Ravalaki. He was Cancellier to the Consul, and was specially appointed to be my conductor, as he was actually engaged in writing a history of his native city. He was an intelligent young man, amiable and gentle, and had all that amenity of manner for which his ancestors were so celebrated. Though very mild, and apparently timid, he was intrepid, and on subjects where his country was concerned his ardour would sometimes rise to enthusiasm.

The city contains about 1500 houses, of which 1000 are inhabited by Greeks. We first traversed these, and perhaps you would wish to have a general idea of their appearance, though it is not easy to describe a town where you see neither streets nor houses. Conceive, then, a mud wall, or one not much better or stronger than that of a parish pound, enclosing an area of about two miles in circumference; conceive this area to be filled and intersected with long, crooked, narrow, dirty lanes, not half so wide or so clean as those of the worst fishing-town in England; conceive these dark and winding passages, enclosed by high mouldering walls, in which there are gates like prison-doors, hammered with nail-heads, opening in the middle, and always fastened by an iron chain, passed across through two large rings on the outside, as if the master, like a gaoler, had taken care to lock up all the prisoners when he went abroad; conceive every thing silent and lifeless in these lanes, except at long intervals a savage dog uttering a dismal howl, a solitary Turk loosening or fastening a chain to let himself in or out, or a woman cautiously

peeping through a crevice beside the gate; and this will give you a general impression of the present city of Minerva. It is not to be imagined what a contrast exists between its actual state and what you expect to find it. Modern Rome, so sadly degenerated from its former appearance, yet still bears marks and evidences of its pristine grandeur; but Athens is a miserable mass of hovels, among which you scarcely can discern a trace of its ancient glory; the few fragments of it that remain are to be sought outside the city, and for these I refer you to the details of more competent travellers.

After disentangling ourselves from the intricacies of this most mean and filthy town, we clambered up to the Acropolis, which looked down upon it. The first object that struck me, was a specimen of the depredations of Lord Elgin. Beside the Parthenon is a small temple, supposed to be that of Erechtheus, the front of which was originally supported by six noble Caryatides; three had disappeared, but three yet remained; the most perfect of these his Lordship removed to the British Museum, and unhappily supplied its place with a rude pillar of brick. If he wished to exhibit his dilapidations in the strongest point of view, he could not have taken a more effectual method than by this mean and unsightly substitute; even my mild companion could not contain the bitterness of his gall at the aspect it presented; and Lord Guilford, it is said, was so shocked at its deformity, that he proposed to convert the brick into something like the other supporters. On advancing, however, a little farther, I became entirely reconciled to his Lordship, and I hope you will be so too.

You will recollect that the Parthenon was first destroyed by the Persians, and though it was afterwards rebuilt by Pericles, still it is an edifice which was repaired 2300 years

ago. You will recollect that to the erosions of time are to be added the convulsions of nature and the shocks of accident; situated on a rock and in a fortress, it has been shattered by earthquakes, beat down by the shells of the Venetians when they besieged the Acropolis in 1686, and blown up by the bursting of a Turkish magazine. After suffering such things, you may conceive that it could not have been in a very perfect state; in fact it was, and is, little more than a heap of ruins, which all travellers agree are every day crumbling to pieces.

When Lord Sandwich visited the place in 1739, he found several broken statues lying about; some of the pillars, which it appears by his diagram were then standing, are now prostrate, and what remained of its sculpture was so fast decaying, that it was probable in a few years it would all have disappeared among a barbarous people. At this critical moment Lord Elgin came, rescued from destruction what remnants the hand of time and accident yet had spared, and placed them in the safe custody of the British Museum, where they will now continue everlasting memorials, protected from further violence or decay. It appears to me, therefore, that posterity is much indebted to the care of this calumniated man, whom every one thought he had a right to abuse; even my friend Pietro Ravalaki could not contain himself. It was amusing to hear him, as we clambered over the heaps of rubbish, which are every day tumbling from the tottering walls, that storm, earthquake and war had been prostrating for centuries, with his head on one shoulder and his hands and fingers extended, whining out in Attic French, "*Ah! le barbare, que Milor Hell-again!*" Immediately after he seized me by the arm, and dragged me out from among the walls. It appeared that the Turks were going to fire a salute, and the worthy Athenian was actually afraid that

the whole of his mouldering temple would tumble over our heads by the new explosion.

But whatever opinion may be entertained by others, the Turks at least are well pleased by the exchange they made, and expressed themselves to me highly gratified by what he has left at Athens as a compensation for "the stones" which the firman permitted him to take away. The Turks, like all idle people, are anxious about the lapse of time, in proportion to the little use they make of it; every man therefore that has a watch is continually looking at it, and asking his Frank neighbour what o'clock it is by his time-keeper, in order that he may regulate his own by it; Lord Elgin, therefore, to the astonishment and delight of the Turks, erected in the only open space near the market-place, on the face of a square tower, a town clock, and commemorated the act by the following inscription:—THOM. COMES DE ELGIN ATHENIEN. HOROL. D.D. S.P.Q.A. EREX. A.D. MDCCCXIV. This was the first public clock, I believe, ever erected in the Turkish empire, and I know of no other now, except one at Shumla, subsequently set up. You cannot appreciate the value of this gift to the people, unless you passed by, as I did, while it was striking; the attraction of St. Dunstan's giants was nothing to it. Just opposite was a Turkish coffee-house, on the benches of which was always a collection of Turks half asleep. When the clock began to strike, they were roused from their lethargy, and every man pulled out his clumsy watch to regulate it. It was set according to Turkish time, and saved them a world of puzzling calculation, which was always necessary when they consulted a Frank. When they saw me looking at them, they never failed to nod to me with looks of great pleasure and approbation.

From the Parthenon my companion conducted me to

the Temple of Theseus, which is in a much better state of preservation. It is built in a low situation and near no fortress, and therefore has escaped all the accidents which have dilapidated the other. It is singularly perfect, and really recalls all the ideas of the former state of the city; but it displayed a sad spectacle of the degraded condition of the descendants of those who built it. On the marble steps, and just under the beautiful colonnade, were some Greeks, the most dirty and squalid I had yet seen. They were preparing the intestines of some animals to make catgut, and striking them on the flags, and against the columns, to separate the fibres of flesh from them; beside them, defiling the fair marble, was a heap of putrid entrails, to undergo the same process; and the persons of the men, and the ornaments of the temple covered with greasy offals, and exhaling a foul odour, were the most revolting objects I think I had ever witnessed. Over them, but at a little distance, two lordly Turks were strutting about, occasionally approaching and directing their operations; they were showily dressed in scarlet pelisses, which flowed with dignity round their portly persons, and formed the strongest possible contrast to the squalid and miserable-looking figures over whom they were exercising an imperious control. The Turks looked down on their slaves as we passed, with significant glances of ineffable contempt, drawing back their heads at the same time to evince their disgust at the loathsome occupation, while the Greeks bent forward with subdued humility, and seemed quite reconciled to it. Such was the state of the Athenians in their own city, and such was the use to which their most perfect and beautiful temple was applied.

CHAPTER V.

Lantern of Demosthenes.—Present occupant.—Temple of the Winds.—Use to which it is applied.—Mean edifice, but conveys important information.—Keramikos.—Exhumation of ancient tomb-stones.—Modern Greek Cemetery.—Emblems on Monuments.—Plain of Marathon.—Tradition of Pausanias.—Interesting remains.—Penthelic Quarries.—Mount Hymettus.—Attic Bees.—Plant on which they feed.—Theatric representation.—Departure from Athens.—Some early particulars of the insurrection.—First attack on the town, by whom, and how.—Barbarities of the Greeks.—Respectable families fly.—Maid of Athens and her sisters escape to Corfu.—Reception there.—Greeks receive an unexpected supply of arms.—Their habitual terror of the Turks.—Fate of Pietro Ravalaki.—Athenians retire to Salamis on the approach of the enemy, as in the Persian war.—Barbarous retaliation of the Turks; they again retreat, and leave the Acropolis to its fate.—Sufferings of the garrison.—Surrender.—Massacre of prisoners.—By whom perpetrated.—Humane sympathy of the Athenians.—Preservation of the Parthenon and Temple of Theseus.

Among the objects of curiosity which particularly interested me from description, were the Lantern of Demosthenes and the Temple of the Winds, and we now went to visit them. We were kindly received in the first by the Padre Paolo, an Italian ecclesiastic, who has a small chapel adjoining it, for a congregation of about forty Catholic residents in Athens. The Lantern stood at one angle of his own apartment, and formed his little library. It does not appear that Demosthenes ever used it for this purpose. It was called φαναρι, from its form resembling a lantern, and in fact is not very much larger. It is a small circular tower, of pure white marble, surmounted by a dome, supported by six channelled Corinthian columns. On the summit is a receptacle, said to have been for a lamp, but it is, more probably, the base of some fallen statue. It is encircled by a frieze, adorned with minute figures,

very beautifully sculptured in relief; and it appears, from the words AKAMANTIΣ ENIKA in the inscription, still legible, that it was erected to some man of this name who was conqueror in the games. We found its occupant a very amiable and intelligent old man, and full of local anecdote. He was the Padre Paolo, a friar of the Franciscan order, and the pastor of a small congregation of eighteen or twenty residents of the Latin church. He had a chapel and dormitory attached to the edifice, and had converted the temple into a library, and composed his orations there, if Demosthenes did not. When Lord Byron was at Athens, he paid him an almost daily visit, and took pleasure in passing his time in the lantern, looking over such books as the Padre had collected there. When he was departing, he requested some little gift which he said he would keep as a memorial of him and his library. The Padre bade him take from among his few moveables what he liked best. Lord Byron fixed upon a small crucifix, which the good Padre presented to him with great pleasure; and as they often talked of Greece and its then hopeless prospects, he said, on giving it to him, he hoped that the cross would be a pledge between them, that his Lordship, if ever an opportunity occurred, would assist in liberating his fellow-Christians from the yoke of the infidels. This cross Lord Byron prized as a keepsake of an amiable old man. A friend informed me, he afterwards displayed it at Missolonghi, and mentioned the circumstances under which he had received it.

From hence we proceeded to the Temple of the Winds, which we found also occupied by ecclesiastics, but of a very different description. It is the temple where the Dervishes perform their religious dances, and we saw these extraordinary priests twirling about at their devotions, as if every

gale of the temple was issuing forth at the same time, and blowing them round in a whirlwind. Of those persons I shall have occasion to speak again. My attention was now occupied by the edifice. Though built in the best days of Grecian architecture, according to Vitruvius, it is a very plain and inelegant structure. It consists of an octagon tower, having eight faces directed to the four cardinal and four intermediate points of the compass; and it is so far valuable, that it puts an end to all controversy as to the Greek names of the winds, by pointing out at this day their several directions, and also the character of the weather they brought with them. On each face is a very clumsy figure, holding in its arms an emblem of its effects. BOPEAΣ, or the North, is a fierce, bluff-looking person, gathering up a garment floating about him, as if to clothe men when he blows, and protect them from the cold. KAKIAΣ, or the North-East, is pouring olives from a vase, as he generally blew when that harvest was ripe: from the etymology of his name, κακὸς, the ancients thought, like the moderns, that the wind that comes from the north-east

"Is good for neither man nor beast."

ZEΦYPOΣ, the West, is a youth, gliding gently along and scattering flowers. ΛIΨ, the South-West, is crowned with a garland of flowers; and so on of the rest. But that which interested me most was, EYPOΣ, the South-East, as it at once gave the direction of the wind before which St. Paul was driven, and, as far as that is evidence, seemed to decide the controversy.

I was here found by a Janissary in search of me: he came with a message from his Excellency to join him, so I followed the Turk. He led me to the Κεραμικος, or ancient burial-place of the city. Κεραμικος implies the same as Tuileries in French, a place where they originally

made tiles and pottery,* and the Athenians, like the Jews, converted "a potter's field" into a cemetery. This is the etymology of Paulmier, though Pausanias derives it from King Ceramus. The French author adds, with some truth, "*Les Grecs par vanité ennoblissoient les moindres choses, en leur donnant une origine illustre.*" It is here that frequent excavations are made in search of monumental antiquities, and I found his Excellency, with Lusieri and eight or ten workmen, in the act of disinterring an Athenian tombstone. It was a marble slab, about five feet high and three broad, resembling in shape and size the head-stones of our churchyards. The summit was crowned with a scallop-shell, admirably sculptured, beneath which was the following very perfect inscription.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΜΑΧΗ
ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ ΑΧΑΡΝΑΝΙΩΣ

Below the inscription were three roses, and under them a tablet, containing two figures in basso relievo, representing a female in a languid attitude, sitting on an armed seat, and a male figure bending over her and holding her by the hand, probably the husband or father taking his last leave of his dying wife or daughter. The execution was not of a very high character, and probably the work of an inferior artist, but the design was simple and the subject very affecting, evincing a taste and feeling to which our similar tomb-stones have not the least pretensions. The Spartans were prohibited by the laws of Lycurgus from erecting πολύμυθον τάφον, a talkative tomb-stone, and were not permitted even to sculpture the name of the person; but the Athenians were of a different character, and carried their ostentatious and expensive erections to such an extreme,

* ἀπὸ τῆς κεραμεικῆς τειχῆς.

that Demetrius Phalereus had a law enacted, that no tomb should consist of more than one slab, and that not exceeding three cubits, or about five feet in height*. It is probable that this monumental stone was erected after that law was passed, and in conformity to it. His Lordship had it conveyed to Constantinople, and set up under the shade of an ancient and venerable tree in the palace-garden.

From the Keramicos, my way lay through a burying-ground attached to a Greek church, and I contemplated the tombs in the hope of discovering some similitude to those of their ancestors. They were generally of marble, resembling that which we had disinterred in shape and size, with some attempts at rude sculpture. The inscription was exactly the same as our own, commencing with Ενθαδε κειται, "Here lieth," &c., but they were generally marked with the implements of a trade, to intimate the profession of the deceased; some had a scissors, to imply that he had been a tailor, others an inkstand, to notify a scribe. This, it appears, was the usage of their ancestors, and is as old as the days of Homer. On one stone was the oar of a boat. Elphenor requests Ulysses to place an oar on his tomb†. On another was a square and compass. That of Archimedes, you will recollect, had a sphere and cylinder.

Having seen every thing interesting that remained in the city and its vicinity, my companion invited me to make a tour of Attica, so we set out on horseback, accompanied by another gentleman. We crossed the romantic mountains covered with myrtle, and arbutus, now full of ripe fruit, which we ate in abundance, and found as mellow and well-flavoured as strawberries. We descended to the sea-coast on the other side, where the plain of Marathon lay before

* Cicero de Legibus, lib. ii. † Odyss. xi. 75.

us. We lodged at the hut of a shepherd, and slept on the floor among the goats, with our feet to the fire, and covered over with the thick and shaggy capotes of the herdsmen, which, I am sorry to say, did not add to our repose: they swarmed with all manner of creeping things, in such a way, that I was compelled to get from under them and walk about till morning. This is a nuisance so general, that travellers in this country feel it more than any other annoyance. Pausanias mentions an extraordinary fact of this place. People heard in his time "every night the neighing of steeds and the shouts of the combatants: those who accidentally listened to them were suffered to pass uninjured, but those who went thither for the express purpose, were maltreated by the offended manes of the slain*." I was one of the latter: I listened attentively, but could hear no sounds, nor was I injured by the demons for my curiosity, unless the swarms of insects were their agents. It seems the peasants had some superstition of noises being heard, but could refer them to no cause: possibly this tradition of Pausanias still existed.

There is no place noticed in ancient history which possesses so many local marks to ascertain its identity as the plain of Marathon. It is a level tract, between the mountains and the sea, about one mile in breadth and seven or eight in length. At the northern extremity is seen distinctly the island of Eubœa, from whence the Persians crossed over, and on the southern the marsh in which they were entangled and defeated. Opening into the plain is the defile from which the Athenians issued, and across it are still the remains of the low wall they raised, to prevent their being attacked in the rear by the Persian cavalry. In the midst of the plain was the τάφος, or mound raised

* Pausan. Attic., lib. i. c. xxxii.

over the slain Greeks, called at this day, by a slight corruption, *tepé*; but the στηλαὶ, or pillars, mentioned by Pausanias, which stood upon it, with the names of the dead inscribed according to their tribes, have disappeared. While contemplating those most interesting and undoubted evidences of the truth of history from the summit of the tomb, our companion was seized with an uncontrollable enthusiasm, and, with an energy and eagerness altogether different from his usual quiet and diffident manner, he made an oration over his fallen countrymen, as if it was an event of yesterday, at which he himself had been present. As we walked over the plain afterwards, he surprised me by sentiments which I thought it impossible he could entertain. He said that the time was near at hand, when his countrymen would no longer crouch under the dominion of the Turks, no more than his ancestors under that of the Persians, and their object was to establish a free constitution, similar to that of the Ionian islands, and, if possible, under the protection of England. At this time the most distant rumour of such an event had not transpired; I supposed what he said was the chimera of a heated imagination, excited by the place in which we stood, and I little thought that a few weeks would realize it.

We returned by the Penthelic mountains, and visited the quarries which furnished marble for the edifices of Athens. They are difficult of access, on the summit of a rugged mountain, and the grooves on which the machines ran which conveyed the blocks down from the quarries are still to be traced on the sides of the ravines. From hence we crossed a part of Mount Hymettus, which is still as famous for its honey as in days of yore. The bees feed on a species of satureia,* with which the mountain is still

* Satureia Capitata. Thymum Capit. Dioscoridis.

covered, and yields that aromatic juice which the insect concocts into a singularly fragrant honey. We breakfasted on it every morning, and were of opinion that the bees were the only beings which had not degenerated in this country. After rambling some days over Attica we returned to the capital, and found every thing prepared for our embarkation.

As a farewell to the Athenians, we treated them to a long intermitted, but once favourite amusement, a theatrical representation. The deck of the Cambrian was fitted up, so as to form a very neat theatre, and the parts of a play were filled by some of the officers with great spirit. I forget what it was, but I wished it had been one of Sophocles or Euripides, as more appropriate to the place. The Greeks, however, seemed to enjoy it as much as if it was the production of their own tragedians. We had taken up at Malta the Indian jugglers, who were so much admired in England; they were going to Constantinople, to try their fortune before the Sultan and his harem. Their feats of dexterity on the deck of the Cambrian now formed an amusing addition to our entertainment.

We had not long left Athens when the Greek insurrection burst out there, and perhaps you would wish to hear some of its local details, which I afterwards learned from eye-witnesses who were present at it. The population consisted of 11,000 Greeks and 2000 Turks, of which latter 500 were well-armed soldiers. The town occupies a semicircular space, directly under the Acropolis, which rises in a steep precipice above it, and entirely commands it. A wall encloses the town, running from the face of the precipice till it again meets it: this is furnished with gates, which the Turks carefully closed every night, and in some places with ramparts and loop-holes for musketry, but is so inefficient

as a defence, that I more than once climbed over it, when I wished to make a short cut. When the rumour of the insurrection in the country began to spread, the Turks collected all the valuables they possessed in the town below, and removed them, with their women and children, into the Acropolis. Many of the Greeks of the city had retired to the islands in the Gulf of Engia; they feared that the Turks of the garrison would take vengeance on them, according to their usual policy, for the offences of their countrymen, though they had not joined in them. By this migration more people were crowded on the islands than they could support; the greater number were obliged to return, and as they were afraid to enter the city, they concealed themselves in the olive groves with which it is surrounded. Here they were joined by scattered fugitives from other places; so they called a tumultuary council, and came to a resolution to attack the Turks in Athens. The Greeks had long been disarmed, and were not suffered, under any pretext, to keep a weapon: while every Turk you met, whether military or not, carried a brace of pistols and a yatigan stuck in his girdle, the Greek had but a short chibouk or a brass inkstand. An English gentleman had left with the Padre Paolo, in the Lantern of Demosthenes, a fowling-piece, which he lent to a Greek to shoot game on Mount Hymettus; it was instantly seized by the Turks, and the Greek punished for having it in his possession. It thus happened that the only arms they carried to attack the city were sticks cut from the olive-trees, and some implements of husbandry by those who could procure them.

They collected for the enterprise about 3000 men, and at four in the morning on the 5th of May, 1821, made an attack on the walls, which they endeavoured to break

through, but a few of the more enterprising were raised on the backs of their companions, and having leaped down at the other side, were joined by some of the townsmen and rushed to the nearest gate. The Turks, finding their enemies had got inside, immediately withdrew from their different defences, and retired to the Acropolis, having lost ten or twelve men, whom the Greeks had knocked down and dispatched. The gates were now opened, and the insurgents rushed in and took possession of the town. The first use they made of their victory was stained with cruelty. They found in the Turkish houses some unfortunate negro women-slaves, whom their masters had left behind in their haste, or did not think worth encumbering themselves with: these were instantly sacrificed by the Greeks, whose rage was fiercely kindled against every thing that had appertained to their enemies. Among these was a poor harmless fool, whom I recollect to have seen about the Bazaar, and a woman with a child at her breast: they, with others, were left to welter in the streets, no one thought of removing or burying them; the infant lived for a day on the body of its dead mother, till the dogs, which swarm there, as in all Turkish towns, tore them both to pieces with the rest of the bodies. From these horrid scenes every one whose circumstances permitted them escaped. The English Consul and his family proceeded to one of the islands, and the Maid of Athens, with her two sisters and respectable mother, placed themselves under English protection at Corfù. Here they were received and treated with the respect due to their blameless character and interesting story. A subscription was entered into and delicately conducted, for the relief of their pecuniary embarrassments, and the governor and all classes vied in paying them attention. Soothed by these acts of kindness, they recovered

the cheerful gaiety of their native character, which misfortune seemed to have subdued. They frequented assemblies, introduced the Romaic dance, with several Attic games of amusement, and became the lions of all public and private entertainments.

The Greeks were now furnished with a sudden and unexpected supply of weapons. A Dutch vessel was proceeding to the Black Sea with a cargo of arms, for the use of the Turks of Trebisond, and at this critical period entered the harbour of the Piræus for water and other necessaries. She immediately disposed of the arms intended for the Turks to the insurgent Greeks. They had no money to purchase them, but the Dutch were glad to establish a valuable barter, and they took in return silk and cotton, and every man pressed forward to exchange all the property he had for arms and ammunition.

Nothing could more strongly mark the habitual feeling of inferiority which possessed the minds of the Greeks than the terror which seized them at every rumour of the approach of the Turks, even when provided with equal arms. It had always been the practice of mothers to still their refractory children by telling them a Turk was coming, and this early impression seems to have grown up with them to the age of manhood. An incident occurred at this time which strongly exemplified it:—3000 men were well armed, and had their enemies shut up in the fortress, round which they formed a blockade, but at a considerable distance. Between them and the gates was a field of green corn, and a few of the negro slaves of the garrison were sent out, under the protection of the guns, to cut it down as fodder for some cattle they had shut up in the citadel. As soon as ever the negroes appeared at the gate, a rumour was spread that the Turks were about to make a sortie, when instantly

the besiegers, terrified at this sound, were running off and dispersing in all directions. The Padre Paolo was passing by at the moment, and, seeing the cause, he immediately called to the fugitives and reproached them for their cowardice. He represented to them that they were now equally armed, and much more numerous than their enemies. It was with difficulty he could persuade them to trust to the evidence of their own senses, that they were not a host of armed Turks, but a few defenceless blacks; and at length the panic-struck crowd, with anxious looks, were induced to resume their former position. From hence they fired on the negroes, and, after wounding many of them, compelled them to return to the Acropolis. The commander of the division thanked the Padre for his interference, and assured him it was the first time he ever saw them brought back, when they were once seized with terror.

Among the first who supplied himself with arms, was my friend and guide, Pietro Ravalaki. He disposed of his possessions, which I believe were not many, for a sabre and pistols, and offering himself to the commander of the insurgents, he was appointed his aide-de-camp. In this capacity he rendered service by his superior intelligence and his capability of reading and writing, which but few of his brother officers had attained to. He entirely changed his apparent character; he laid aside his natural diffidence and timidity, and became daring and intrepid even to rashness. He headed a body of insurgents in an attempt to surprise the Acropolis, but in scaling the rocks he was struck by a Turkish ball and precipitated into the town below, where he was taken up much bruised and severely wounded in the side. After languishing for some time, without surgical assistance, he was conveyed to the island of Zea, where the state of his wound became hopeless, and

he died in great distress, supporting, however, to the last an enthusiastic spirit, and regretting only that he was not permitted to live to see the entire liberation of his country. He had assumed the name of Miltiades, whose deeds and character it was his highest ambition to emulate.

The Turks on one occasion displayed an instance of more ingenuity than they usually get credit for. There stood at the entrance of the Acropolis a coffee-house, with a guard-room attached. Here a small body of Turks were posted to watch the approach to the citadel; the Greeks taking advantage of a dark night attacked this out-post and easily surprised it. Some of the guards were killed on the spot, some escaped into the gate of the Acropolis, but the greater part missed their way, and found themselves under an inaccessible part of the rock. They could not climb up to their friends above, nor escape from their enemies below, who surrounded them at a distance beyond the range of the guns of the fortress, and intended to starve them to death. From this dilemma they were extricated by an ingenious expedient. A bed was fastened to a cable and let down from the fortress; in the cradle thus formed, they placed themselves, and were drawn up one after another in safety. The Greeks, seeing their victims thus escape through the air, commenced a distant fire upon them in their ascent; but the bed which formed the cradle protected them, and the balls which struck them harmlessly rebounded.

The Greeks now erected a battery on the hill of Philopaphus, and mounted on it three guns, with which they were supplied by a Hydriote brig. From this they bombarded the Acropolis, which returned the fire, so that a continued discharge was kept up on both sides, but without effect. At length, after keeping possession of the town for two months, they were compelled to retire before a body

of Turkish cavalry, commanded by Omer Vriones, who approached to the relief of the Acropolis. The whole of the population withdrew, with all the effects they could collect, to the Piræus, and embarked in boats provided for them; and the Turks, like the Persians, found an empty city. They immediately pursued the fugitives as far as the tomb of Themistocles, from whence they saw the whole population of Athens passing over to Salamis, as in days of yore. On their return to the city they completed the work of destruction which the Greeks had begun. A number of poor children had lost their mothers in the confusion and crowd, and had wandered back to the city in search of them. These were found by the Turks, crying and straying about the deserted streets, and they sacrificed every one of them. They then set fire to the town, so that, with the exception of the houses of the foreign consuls, not one was left standing. However revolting such things are at the present day in western Europe, where humanity has tempered even the usages of war, we should recollect that in those countries it has been always so, and the Greeks, even at the most polished period of their history, perpetrated the greatest cruelties both on each other and on strangers, and always expected and suffered a similar retaliation.

After a short period the Turks were compelled to retire and leave the Acropolis to its own resources. The Greeks again returned to the ruins of their city, and commenced the siege of the fortress with some regularity. They were aided now by German and French officers and other soldiers of fortune, whom the report of the revolution had attracted from different parts of Europe, and formed a regular besieging army of 4000 men. They got possession of the first gate, and made a lodgment under the

second, and out of the range of the cannon of the fortress, and ran a mine under a bastion which would leave a large and practicable breach in the strongest part of the fortress. Meantime the Turks were reduced to the last extremity; their supply of water was scanty, and the little that remained was most putrid and unwholesome; close beside them was an ancient well, afterwards discovered, which would have afforded them an abundant supply, but they never had the sagacity to find it. Their store of provisions was entirely exhausted, and they endeavoured to support nature on the grass, weeds and vegetable matter which they pulled from the old walls about them. Their physical strength was so reduced, that they ceased to return the fire of the besiegers, and quietly suffered the Greeks to rebuild and inhabit part of the town below.

In this state of enduring and silent resistance they obstinately continued, and it was supposed they would so remain till they all sunk under it, and that they would be found dead on their posts; at length, however, they were persuaded by the European Consuls to accede to terms of a capitulation, which would be guaranteed by them. They came forth, to the number of about 1000 persons, so wan and attenuated that they resembled spectres, and were placed in a separate part of the town under a guard of Greeks while ships were preparing to convey them to Smyrna. The Greeks had been at this time reinforced by crowds of desperate fellows of all nations, and among them were about 500 from the Ionian Islands, who affected to form an independent corps, and to come merely to assist their countrymen in establishing the freedom of their common nation. They were fellows of the worst and most uncontrollable character, and every thing was to be apprehended from them. Before the ships could arrive they

became impatient, and expressed, by their scowling looks and muttered curses, as they prowled like wolves round their emaciated prisoners, their bloody purpose. At length they could no longer be restrained, but, bursting suddenly through the feeble guard which protected the Turks, they rushed in among them, and before any effectual resistance could be afforded, they massacred in cold blood 600 persons. It is generally admitted that no blame in this atrocious act can attach to the people of Athens, who were well aware what an injury such a violation of faith, as well as humanity, would do to their cause. It is known that their sympathy was strongly excited by the aspect of their patient prisoners when they saw their feeble and emaciated state, and they passed the whole night in bringing them pitchers of water to allay the raging thirst with which they were tormented from such a long privation of wholesome drink. About 400 were safely conveyed to Smyrna, but it is remarkable that some of them, particularly women, preferred staying behind, and again occupying the houses in which they were born, which they were permitted to rebuild.

Such was the fate of this celebrated city, and the conduct of its inhabitants, on the first explosion of a revolution which is destined to restore to it some of its ancient consideration. There is no probability that the people were at all aware of the great event that was about to take place, and it is certain that they had not made the smallest preparation for it. The revolutionary views of the Hetairia were confined to a very few, and many were members of the society who had no idea beyond its avowed and ostensible objects. A general wish and undefined expectation of such a thing had possessed all the Greeks, and a determination to avail themselves of the first opportunity that presented itself; but since the at-

tempt excited by the Russians, to which they were basely sacrificed, their views were turned to England, and many of them hoped that some event would place the whole of Greece under its protection, in a state similar to that of the Ionian Islands. The wild project of Ypsilantes was as unlooked for as it was hopeless, and its unfortunate issue was such only as could have taken place; but it was as a spark thrown upon combustible materials, and the extensive blaze it produced was as unexpected as it was sudden.

With respect to the remaining monuments of art in the city, it was generally supposed their doom was fixed, and that none of them would escape the convulsion. Within the walls of the Parthenon the Turks had erected a mosque, and within the Temple of Theseus the Greeks a Christian church, in the precincts of which some travellers had been buried, particularly Mr. Tweddell, who died at Athens. There was every reason to apprehend that the violence and bigotry of the contending parties directed against the places of worship of their opponents would infallibly cause the destruction of the edifices in which they were respectively situated; but this was not the case. Lord Strangford, whose judgment and feeling in every thing that relates to the fine arts are well known, exerted his influence at the Porte on this critical occasion, and procured a firman, directed to the Turkish commanders, that they should permit no violence to be offered to these temples, but carefully preserve them from injury. It is to the credit of the Turks that they have strictly complied with these orders, and to the Greeks that they have followed their example: these venerable remains have been preserved, though the combatants have had alternate possession of them; and it is not too much to say, that as the arts have been indebted to one of our Ambassadors at Constantinople for

the preservation of part of them at home, so they have to another for what remains of them abroad. The Turks did indeed enter the Greek church, but they only opened the graves of the buried travellers, particularly that of Tweddell, in search of some treasure, of which they had heard a rumour, and supposed it was buried there; but they left the rest of the church and temple untouched. The only ancient edifice, I believe, which sustained any injury, was the Lantern of Demosthenes. The Catholic chapel, built against it, took fire in the conflagration, and part of the external sculpture of this beautiful little edifice was destroyed.

CHAPTER VI.

Ports of Athens.—Cape Colonna.—Falconer's Shipwreck.—Kranaë of Homer. — Cyclades. — Classical recollections.—Land at Paros.—Guide.—Veined Marble of Nausa.—Statuary remnants at Parechia.—Convent of Caloyers.—Inns of the Islands.—Quarries.—Singular Sculpture.—Lychnites Marble.—Arundelian Records.—Female admitted by the Monks.—Singular exclusion.—Consul in a Greek Island.—Passage to Antiparos.—Grotto.—Supposition of Tournefort.—Strange Inscription of French Ambassador.—Comfortless Houses.—Mycene.—Consul's Wife.—Preponderance of Female Population.—Ancient prejudice.—Levity of Women not immoral.—Painting in Chapel.—Naxia.—Celebration of Games.

On the 17th of January we left the harbour of the Piræus, and having little wind we worked slowly along the coast, passing in succession the Phalerean port, and the Munychia, which marked the gradual progress of the Athenian navy from small beginnings, till it was able to destroy the greatest naval power at that time in the world. The Munychia is a little circular basin, seemingly not larger than one of the Liverpool docks. We now passed Cape Sunium, with all its classical recollections on our mind, where Ægeus watched the return of his son, and Plato taught his disciples; but what conferred on it its greatest interest, were the seventeen white marble pillars of its temple which still stand, and form a distinct object all over the Archipelago. It is now called, for that reason, Cape Colonna; and was the scene of Falconer's "Shipwreck." To hold in your hand a local description, and gaze upon the place as you read it, gives it an indescribable interest; so at least we now thought. We had just left behind us the island of St. George, past which

the ship was driven with such velocity, the crew viewing with agonised mind the refuge they could not avail themselves of.

> "And now Athene's mountain they descry,
> And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high;
> The rugged beach in awful form appears,
> Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears.
> Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
> As dumb with terror they behold this last."

Indeed, nothing could describe with more graphic precision the dreaded position of Cape Colonna from this place; it stretched across their course, barring all further progress, and presented to the driving ship inevitable destruction. At the extremity of Cape Colonna, and rising over it, was the island of Macronisi, the Kranaë of Homer, where Paris stopped with Helen in their way from Sparta to Troy, and to which he afterwards alludes with such a vivid recollection, as induced Spondanus to call him "*Mollis, effœminatus et spurcus ille adulter.*"

From hence a chain of islands stretches to a considerable distance south, leaving openings between them for vessels proceeding to the east. It was our intention to pass through the first of these openings, called the Bocca Silotta, but the wind changed to the north-east, and blew such a gale, with thick and hazy weather, that we got entangled in the inextricable cluster of the Cyclades, with a ship almost as large as some of the islands by which we were on all sides surrounded. We, therefore, bore away for Paros, and were so fortunate as to enter the harbour of Nausa before the night set in. Over against us lay the island of Naxos: it was here that Theseus so cruelly abandoned the woman who had saved his life, and left her father's house to accompany him. He was so agitated and confused at his own base conduct, that he forgot to change the colour of his sails, and so he occasioned the death of his

father also. No author has assigned this as the cause, but I am willing, for the honour of human nature, to suppose that this celebrated hero had so much feeling. That night the mist dispersed and the stars shone out very brilliantly—"the most conspicuous was Ariadne's crown, which was suspended glittering directly over the island, as if to mark the spot where she was forsaken by a perjured man and rescued by a god.

Close beside us lay the island of Delos, very distinctly seen with one of the islands to which Apollo tied it, but not the other. The cause assigned for the god fixing it to a particular place is rather singular. He always had to search for it, the poets say, and he wished to avoid the trouble.* This, for so clear and far-seeing a deity, was certainly a strange reason; nor do the islands he selected to fasten it to, seem very judicious.† Mycone is separated from it only by a narrow channel, and lies sufficiently convenient, but Gyaros, now called Jouro, is at a considerable distance, with Scyros interposed, and just calculated for mooring the other end of Delos. Why the poets did not select the nearer and more convenient island, it is not easy to conceive, when, in all other cases, their mythologies were founded on the natural position of objects and places.

The historians, however, are more accurate than the poets. While contemplating the mountain of Mycone, a fire suddenly burst out on the side of a hill, and spread over it. This is a usual occurrence among the islands at the present day. When a spot which they wish to convert into a vineyard or pasture is overgrown with timber or shrubs, they proceed, in a summary way, to set it on fire; the

* Et assiduam pelago non quærere Delon.—Theb. lib. i. 834.

† Quam pius Arcitenens oras et littora circum
Errantem, Mycone celsa Gyaroque revinxit.—Æn. lib. iii. 73.

flame soon expands on every side, and beautiful thickets and groves of myrtle, arbutus and pine, become, by this improvident mode of agriculture, a black and scorched waste, leaving nothing to be seen, for some time, but burnt stumps. This process formerly was fatal to one of the greatest heroes of antiquity. Miltiades was sent, after the battle of Marathon, with a fleet of ships, to chastise the islands which had sided with the Persians, and particularly Paros. While he besieged the town, a fire burst out on Mycone, which the Athenians supposed to be the approach of the Persian fleet, so they precipitately abandoned the island and returned home, and Miltiades was punished for his supposed treachery. As we now lay in the same place, and saw a similar fire suddenly blazing from the same spot, as described by the historians, the coincidence was particularly striking. I am afraid, my friend, I tire you with the repetition of these classical details, but school and college recollections come upon a man with irrepressible interest, when he actually finds himself on the very spot where the events are said to have happened. Even the cold and passionless moralist, Johnson, could not repress this feeling of enthusiasm in himself, nor pardon the want of it in others, when he stood upon ground hallowed by such reminiscences.

My first object of curiosity on landing was to visit the quarries. On the beach I met the Vice-consul, who procured for me what he called a guide. He was a Corfuote, and as wild and ill-looking a fellow as ever committed an assassination, or said Stand! to a true man. He was tall and bony, more than six feet high, with a thin visage, sharp red nose, and black mustachios; his hair floated out behind from under his conical cap. He had a ragged fustian jacket and trowsers, very foul stockings, and old sandals of raw hide,

bound over his feet with cords. He carried over his shoulder a large stick shod with iron, like a pike; and he stepped on before me with the erect and determined air of a man who seemed to feel his superiority over another, whom he had entirely in his power, among wild mountains. I desired one of the lieutenants to look at him before we parted, and if I did not return at night to require me at his hands. In fact, I afterwards learned that he was one of our septinsular subjects, who, finding his residence at Corfu not very safe, had absconded, and become one of that numerous class which spread the insurrection through the Greek islands, and contributed to stain it with a very dishonest and sanguinary character.

The quarries lie about six miles from the harbour of Nausa. We passed through the little town of that name, which stands at one extremity of the bay. It consists of one hundred and fifty houses, surrounded by a wall and entered by arched gates. The streets are very narrow, and the doors of the houses are high up, approached by a flight of stone stairs or wooden ladders on the outside; in some places they are supported, and the streets crossed by large arches. It is of modern date, built, like most others, by the Genoese or Venetians. It stands upon a rock of white marble veined with blue, which gives it a characteristic feature. The whole surface of the island seems composed of a stratum of marble reposing on a base of granite—the latter, like the rude frame of a picture, appearing everywhere round the sea-coast, and the former displaying itself within it, in variously coloured tints. It here presents a singular and beautiful appearance; it is not oxydized or encrusted with any carbonated matter to dim its lustre, but the whole exposure in some places looks fresh and bright like the surface of one of our fine chimney-pieces. All the

walls of the houses and enclosures are built with it, and in one place it is hollowed out into a basin in the solid rock, beautifully veined, filled with limpid water. The whole appearance at once strikes you, that you are in the celebrated Island of Marble.

From hence we proceeded to the town of Parechia, the modern name for Paros, the ancient capital of the island. This old town exists as it did in the time of Miltiades and the Persian war, but under a somewhat different modification. As you enter it, the walls on each side are formed of the mutilated legs and arms of statues, stuck in endways, like the waste of cows' horns, which you may see forming hedges about tan-yards in England. Mouldings of sculpture adorn the doors of hovels, and marble pillars support pig-sties. I assure you there is little exaggeration in this; it was the town where Phidias and Praxiteles were born, and after an interval of more than 2000 years, it still seems to retain marks of their handiwork. The new town looks as if it were built out of the old, but with little regard to the location of the materials. In passing along, I stumbled over some obstruction in the miserable pavement. I turned about to see the stone that tripped me, as a man usually does, and I perceived it sculptured. I picked it out, and found it to be the broken stem of a candelabrum of the whitest and purest marble, as sharp and fresh as when it was sculptured. I brought it away under my arm, and keep it as a proof that other towns besides your Kilkenny were paved with marble. All that was worth the trouble has been picked out by former travellers, and what remains are fragments too much defaced to be of any value.

In about two hours we traversed the mountains, and arrived at the celebrated *Marpesiæ Cautes*. I first proceeded to a convent of Caloyers, or Greek monks, one of

which is to be seen crowning every eminence in the Cyclades. These are large square edifices, built exceedingly strong, and forming a quadrangle, which encloses a large area, in which there is a church. The door is usually a small aperture in the thick wall, about three feet high, which you must stoop to enter, and the windows above are slits or loopholes, like the embrasures of a castle; in fact, they are fortresses, to which the people retire on any sudden incursion of pirates or other foes, and indicate a dismal state of insecurity. They are the only inns to which a passenger can retire for sleep or refreshment, and nothing can be more chill and comfortless than the accommodation they afford. Unlike the festive board and warm hospitality which travellers find in similar establishments in the Latin Church, these exhibit a melancholy picture of the state of social life. The traveller who wishes for accommodation stands before the door, and waits till he is seen by some one within, who cautiously comes forth to address him. He is then invited to no refectory, mixes with no intelligent and cheerful hosts, and partakes of no comfortable fare: he is led by a man with a long beard, and a loose blue cotton gown, into a damp, solitary cell, where he is served by himself with a platter of tasteless curds, a few burnt figs, a piece of hard brown bread, and a mug of sour wine. If it be winter, he has no fire to temper the intense cold, and his only remedy is a pipe of tobacco, to correct the chill humidity of the air, which he is obliged to do by filling his cell with smoke. His bed is a coverlet of quilted cotton, which has imbibed moisture like a sponge, and which makes him shiver with a cold and clammy feel when he wraps it about him. In all my travelling, when I have suffered many privations, my recollection of the entertainment of these Greek convents is the most disagreeable. I did hope, however, that in their

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ANCIENT SCULPTURE

on the face of the Rock in the Marble Quarries of Paros

LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY BOMBAY BRANCH

libraries some book or MS. might be found which would compensate for the defect of entertainment, and I seldom failed to inquire for the βιβλιοθηκη; but I never met a Caloyer who understood the word, or indeed had ever heard of it before. In about three hundred convents of this kind, scattered over the Greek islands, I have been informed there is not to be found a room in which a collection of books is deposited, except in Patmos, where there are a few moulding in decay, because the monks are not able to read them, or indeed anything but their missals, which is the utmost extent of a Greek Caloyer's learning.

On being apprised of my wish to visit the quarries, a caloyer procured lights, and led me to the back of the convent, where they are situated. The first we visited was a large excavation, with a semicircular roof, like a natural cavern. It had been pushed but a short way into the mountain; the surface of the rock had assumed a ferruginous hue, like that of most of the buildings at Athens. One circumstance, however, particularly distinguished this quarry. On the face of the rock, at the left hand side, as you enter, was a very ancient sculpture, in three compartments, about four feet long and three feet high—the upper representing Silenus, a very corpulent man, with a large belly, and beside him a figure with a bull's head, with sundry others; but what renders it of singular interest is, that it existed in the time of Pliny, who mentions it as a prodigy found within the rock when it was split open.* It is still in good preservation. Beneath it is a very perfect inscription, which does not appear to have existed in the time of Pliny,

ΑΔΑΜΑΣ ΟΔΡΤΣΗΣ ΝΤΜΦΑΙΣ

by which it should seem that Adamas, a Thracian, dedi-

* Sed in Pariorum (scil. lapidicinis) mirabile proditur, gleba lapidis unicis cuneis dividentium soluta, imaginem Sileni intus extitisse. Lib. xxxvi. cap. 5.

cated it after its discovery to the Nymphs. Such miraculous sculpture, fabricated by preternatural hands, in the interiors of rocks, were not uncommon among the ancients. Cicero * mentions, that the head of a Paniscus, or little Pan, was found in a cleft rock in Chios; and the venerable Origen † states, that in his time the effigies of phocæ and fishes were discovered at Syracuse, and laurel leaves deeply bedded in a rock at Paros. These last, which are now found every day, were certainly no miracles, though the evidences of a very stupendous one.

From hence we proceeded to the second excavation, still nearer to the convent. As this penetrated to a considerable distance into the bowels of the rock, it was necessary to kindle a fire, and light our lamps; and quantities of a dry, prickly shrub, ‡ the only fuel the island affords, was collected and set in a blaze. We each took one in our hand, and the flame threw abundance of light through the cavern. I cannot tell you the feelings of respect and interest I felt when I thus found myself in the womb which conceived and brought forth the Venuses, the Apollos, the Herculeses, and all the magnificent statues which still astonish the world; and I thought I saw the embryos of others yet unborn, still lying in every block. As the Turks inhibit the working of the quarries as unlawful, lest they should produce images and bodily representations, as heretofore, and so they should be accessory to idolatry, they have remained quite undisturbed in modern times; and, in fact, they seem to be pretty much in the state in which Phidias and Praxiteles left them.

The entrance formed an irregular arch, supported by a pillar, suffered to remain during the excavation. Inside,

* De Divinat., lib. i.

† Lib. Τῶν φιλοσοφουμενῶν.

‡ Poterium spinosum.

the arch formed the quadrant of a circle, twenty yards high, one side being perpendicular, and this form it observed to the depth of 150 yards, which it penetrated into the mountain. On one side the rock was worked in a very clean and regular manner, the marks of the tools being distinctly traceable; the other was not so, but blocks of marble were in many places piled up to the roof, like a wall. Towards the extremity, the passage turned at an angle, and the arch became low, and here commenced the distinct evidence of the antiquity of the working. The surface of the walls and arch was covered with a dark coating of lamp-black, effected by the oil of the lamps, which were constantly burning at this distance from the mouth, where it was impossible to work without such light, and this procured for the precious marble of this quarry the name of Λυχνιτης.* The surface of the arched roof was partly covered over with a thick incrustation of calcareous matter, deposited by the water which dripped through it, but it was not difficult to remove it: and when we broke open a portion of this dingy crust, the whiteness of the marble imprisoned within, burst upon us with a dazzling splendour, rivalling the *Glyceræ nitor splendentis.*

The marble of these quarries was used for all their celebrated works, by the ancients, from the earliest times—the Labyrinth of Egypt, the porticos of Athens, and other edifices. They did not, however, much use it in statuary, its very splendid appearance rendering it less fit for the purpose. This arises from distinct granulations, which give the fracture quite a glittering aspect, accompanied with a dazzling whiteness, that in the glare of light in which we saw it could hardly be looked upon. But the circumstance

* Quem lapidem cœpere *lychnitem* appellare, quoniam ad lucernam in cuniculis cæderetur. Plin. lib. xxxvi. cap. 5.

which has given it more celebrity in England is, that on slabs taken from this quarry the chronicles of Greece were engraved in capital letters, containing every memorable epocha, from the year 1582 A. C., to the year 264 A. C., when they were sculptured. They were obtained at Smyrna, from this island by M. de Peiresc, a Frenchman, and purchased from him by the Earl of Arundel, by whom they were presented to the University of Oxford, where they are now known as the Arundelian Marbles.

On my return to the monastery, the Caloyers were sitting at their meal, consisting of cheese, bread, olives, figs, and tasteless curds, with sweet red wine, and they invited me to partake of them. I was surprised, on taking my seat, to find myself opposite a very comely young woman, with dark eyes, and a laughing, cheerful countenance. The impression I always had of these convents was, that no woman was ever admitted; and so rigid is the exclusion, that in some of them even the females of every animal are strictly interdicted, and the Caloyers feel infinite inconvenience, as they are deprived of the principal food of such establishments, milk and eggs, because cows and hens are prohibited inmates. This you may think an absurdity too extravagant for any rational beings to entertain, but I assure you it is the fact, particularly in the convents of Mount Athos. It is not so, however, in Paros; and whatever Gregory, the Byzantine historian, may affirm*, here were the "wanton eyes and the seductive blandishment" at the table of the refectory.

The Caloyer who attended me, informed the rest that I had made a sketch of the sculpture in the cavern, and they

* *η γυναίκων ὅλως ἱκτι ξυναυλία, καὶ ἀκόλαστον ὄμμα καὶ χλιδῶσα κομματικη.* N. Greg. Hist. Byz., lib. xiv.

wished to see it; it was rude and hasty, and I am no artist, but it struck them as a good likeness, and they immediately laid some paper before me, and requested me to draw the picture of this lady. I was sorry I could not do justice to so fair an object, and they were greatly disappointed because I refused to undertake it. I could not learn in what relation she stood to the Caloyers, but I supposed it must have been some allowable one, as she sat publicly at the table, without any sense of scandal or necessity of concealment; celibacy, however, is the strict rule of their order.

I was informed that the whole of a fertile valley, overlooked by the hill on which the convent was built, belonged, as it usually does elsewhere, to the community, and that it produced abundance of all the necessaries, and indeed luxuries of life, and I met various mules ascending the hill with produce; among other things, slaughtered sheep and goats, which were suspended from their sides in such abundance, that they resembled a moving shambles; yet neither here, nor in other places, did they offer me any meat, though it appeared at the time they had no scruple in using it themselves. When going away, I presented two dollars to the Hegoomenos, which I thought more than was expected; but he was exceedingly discontented, and some of the brothers followed me out, persecuting me for more with the most persevering mendicity.

When I arrived safe at Nausa, I gave my guide half a dollar, with a feeling of obligation to him that I had escaped in the mountains safe from his hands. He looked at both sides of it, and then at me, without saying a word. At length, stooping down, he took off his fragment of a tattered sandal, and waved it silently backwards and forwards before my eyes. The mute eloquence of his art and manners had so much of Irish drollery, that I could not

resist the appeal, and he extracted the remainder of the dollar.

The next object of curiosity was the Grotto of Antiparos, which all travellers visit who find themselves among the Cyclades; we, therefore, formed a large party, as every one was anxious to see so celebrated a place, and bespoke the night before twelve horses for our accommodation. The next morning was wet and windy, and our horses did not arrive, but our impatience would brook no delay, so we set off on foot by day-light, in the midst of the storm. We had to cross the island to Parechia, and thence embark for Antiparos. In about three hours we arrived at the town, and repaired to the house of the Consul. As the Consul is considered the representative of the nation who employs him, like an ambassador, and his residence a kind of palace, you would like to have a description of both as they appear in the Cyclades.

The house was ascended by a steep, narrow flight of stone stairs, running up the wall to the first story. The steps were composed of blocks of coarse granite and fine marble, as they happened to come to the workman's hand, and beside the door were two marble columns, one of them inverted and standing on its capital. Over the windows were also blocks of finely sculptured stone, but also stuck in the wall without any regard to position. The room in which we were received was whitewashed, with a ceiling of split cane, formed into a kind of basket-work. Round the room were various pictures of Saints of the Greek Church, particularly females, in very gaudy dresses, and hung up as high as the ceiling. They were interspersed with small mirrors, which were placed at such an angle as to reflect the objects below, but they were so dirty and dingy as to reflect nothing.

The great man himself wore a long robe of silk, lined and bordered with fur, under which was a shawl sash round his waist, and thence descended a petticoat of flowered chintz, from under which just appeared the peaked toes of his dark-red slippers. His head was close shaven, except a small tuft of hair left on the crown, which was covered with a small red cap, called a Fez, about the shape and size of a saucer. The ladies of his family were comely, but swarthy, with dark eyes, and noses rather turned up, and not at all resembling those of their progenitors. Their dress, too, was very unlike, their waists remarkably long, and their hair not gathered on the top, but hanging down behind in long tresses, from a large uncomely head-dress of gauze and tinsel, dilated to a considerable breadth; in fact, they did not bear the most distant resemblance to the statuary models of their ancestors, no more than the ladies of Milo.

After taking some refreshment, we held a council of war whether we should proceed. It was now two o'clock; we had an arm of the sea to cross, then seven or eight miles to walk; moreover, it was raining very violently, and blowing a storm, yet such was the account we had heard of this wonderful grotto, that we resolved to proceed. We, therefore, embarked in two boats that had been provided by the Consul, and as a matter of etiquette, it was deemed expedient that he should accompany us. We filled the boats so that their gunwales were nearly on a level with the water, and the poor man stood hesitating on the sand in great trepidation. We became impatient, however, to depart, so he was lifted up suddenly by two English sailors who accompanied us, and deposited in the bottom of one of the boats; and there he sat, a most rueful figure, in his silk robes, washed over by every spray of the sea, which he

continually absorbed with a large sponge, and squeezed over the side, or the boat would soon have filled. We had not got far from land, when the Greek sailors became greatly frightened, and seemed to have lost their heads altogether. They dropped their oars, to disengage their hands, then, beating their breasts, they exclaimed— Δι' αμαρτιας, δι' αμαρτιας, "For our sins, for our sins," and recommended themselves to the protection of the Panaya, as their only hope of safety. Providentially, our party were almost all British seamen, so we managed to weather the storm, and landed safe on the Island of Antiparos.

The whole population of the island, attracted, as it appeared, by our perilous passage, had collected on the beach, and among the rest, a crowd of females, through whom we found it difficult to squeeze our way. They stunned us with questions, laughed immoderately at answers they did not understand, and seemed more divested of diffidence and modesty than the females at the point of Portsmouth. I had often occasion to remark before, the exceeding forwardness of the Greek females with strangers. In Athens it was somewhat checked by the severe example of the Turkish women; but in the islands, where they have no such restraint, the natural levity of their disposition breaks out, and their inordinate curiosity, as of old, never ceases. Here we procured the ropes, ladders, and torches necessary to explore the cavern, after much confusion, shouting, and scolding, and set off again in the rain, accompanied by a whole train of the inhabitants.

After a walk of more than two hours, we came within view of the cavern, and here we gave three cheers, as well to express our satisfaction at being within sight of port, as to collect our stragglers, who had missed their way, and

were scattered in all directions over the mountains. The entrance extends from forty to fifty yards in breadth, and about twenty in height. Immediately within it is a small recess, which I looked into. There I perceived a shrine, and a picture of the Panaya, which as many Greeks as the place would hold were all at once kissing. The descent into the cavern is considered by them so perilous, that they never undertake it without first putting themselves in this manner under her protection. We now lighted our torches, by means of some dry prickly shrubs deposited within the cavern, and began our descent.

This was a steep inclined plane, rendered so slippery by constant friction, that it was necessary to have something to hold by. Accordingly a stout cable was stretched from the top to the bottom, by which we all swung down in safety. Our descent was rather a curious and animating scene. We formed an extended line of 80 or 100 yards along the rope, glaring with wax tapers, which every man held in hand, reflected from a thousand sparry incrustations, which everywhere glittered about us, and we were all at once shouting and laughing, and the cavern reverberated the sounds in hollow echoes of various tones from its deepest recesses. It never occurred to us, in the moment of excitement, that if the cord, with such a strain on it, should give way, we should all be precipitated into the profound and dark chasm which bounded one side of the descent. It had never yet been fathomed, and we were hanging in perilous suspense over the edge of it; we all, however, arrived at the grand saloon in safety.

I will not here repeat the description of many of my predecessors, to which I can add nothing new. I must not, however, pass over some of their observations. The Grotto is nothing more than a common calcareous cavern on a

large scale, with a variety of stalactites and stalagmites pendant from the roof, or swelling from the floor. To these imagination has given various shapes, and they are called by fanciful names of the things they resemble; but in point of magnificence and singularity of structure, the stalactite pillars of the Grotto of Antiparos are no more to be compared to the basaltic columns of the palace of Fingal, at Staffa, than the Greek chapel at the entrance is to the church of St. Paul's. Such caves as this occur in every country, and the pompous descriptions of it are quite absurd; but it is impossible to exaggerate the account of Staffa or the Giant's Causeway, because they are not fanciful resemblances, but the hand of nature has given them more than the beauty and regularity of the works of art. Tournefort, with all the liveliness of his nation, and a predilection for the science of which he was so fond, has given to the stems and protuberances of these deposits of lime the forms of various vegetables. He describes *des grappes*, which hung in pendant clusters from the roof; *des choux fleuris*, which he calls the most beautiful plants that ever were seen in the world. These grapes and cauliflowers remind you of a ridiculous anecdote. Some persons were cleaning out a cistern in the Castle of Dublin, and they found a nondescript thing, which excited curiosity. It was, therefore, submitted to our friends Dr. Blake and Dr. Wade, as two of the most learned and sagacious men of science; the dentist decided it to be a tooth, and the botanist insisted it was a cucumber.

But the most important circumstance Tournefort thought was, that he had by this means discovered the greatest secret of nature in physiology, the vegetation of stones*. It

* Une des grandes vérites qu'il y ait dans la physique, savoir, la végétation des pierres.—Tournef. Lev. vol. i., let. 5.

is unnecessary to say, that chemistry, since his time, has accounted for his grand secret in a very different manner, by the process which forms calcareous deposits from the drip of any limestone rock.

Another thing which rendered the place very interesting to me was the inscription to be seen at the bottom. In the year 1672, M. de Nointel was proceeding as French Ambassador to Constantinople. He descended into this cavern on Christmas Day. He was not a botanist, and he, therefore, saw no grapes or cauliflowers, but he was an enthusiast, and he found out organs and altars; and it struck him that this cathedral of nature was providentially offered him to observe the festival: he, therefore, dressed up one of his imaginary altars, and with all his suite, and a congregation of 500 persons, celebrated mass in it at midnight; and that his pious act should not be lost to posterity, he actually caused to be engraved on the base of the altar the following very extraordinary memorial:—

HIC IPSE ADFVIT CHRISTVS DIE NATALIS EIVS MEDIA NOCTE CELEBRATA ANNO MDCLXXII.

I searched everywhere for this inscription, but could not find it. The object shown to me as the altar was so covered with the names of those who had since visited the place, and so mutilated by those who prized a fragment of it, that any writing of so long ago was entirely defaced, and I was not sorry that this monument of superstition, according to the views of our Church, was destroyed, and the folly of subsequent travellers had thus obliterated that of M. Nointel.

The ancient Greeks, who celebrated every shallow cavity in their country by something preternatural, do not appear to have noticed this. Some, however, infer that it was known to them. At the entrance is an inscription consisting of various names, and among the rest, ANTIHATEP. Now a

person so called is mentioned by Diodorus as one of the conspirators who imagined the death of Alexander the Great, and who, having failed in their attempt, tradition says, fled to this cave for safety and concealment. This, however, is but a slight foundation to build on, and seems refuted by the fact, that neither Strabo, Pausanias, nor even Pliny, who mention so many particulars of the neighbouring caverns of Paros, has noticed this. It is more probable, therefore, that the names at the entrance are those of people who visited the grotto, which, in fact, are everywhere scribbled on the rocks below. The first person, I believe, who made it known to the world was an Italian traveller of the name of Magni, in the sixteenth century, and from that time it has been visited by most persons who passed through the Greek Islands of the Archipelago. If we suppose, because the inquiring and intelligent Greeks did not describe it, as they did so many of inferior interest, that, therefore, it did not exist in their time, there would be a large excavation formed by the hand of nature, and filled with very curious and beautiful objects by her operation, within a known and definite period; and as the process by which it was effected is now well understood, and seen in progress every day, there is no reason to doubt the probability of the fact.

When we emerged from the cavern it was pitchy dark, and the wind and rain continued with as much violence as if they had but just commenced. We had a dreary march back again, stumbling in the dark down precipices, and wading through mountain-torrents, and about midnight we all straggled into the town of Antiparos, exhausted with cold and fatigue. It was impossible to cross the arm of the sea at that hour, as it blew a hurricane, so we were obliged to seek refuge in any house that would afford us shelter for the

night, and we got into one of the largest, and, as we were informed, the best; and here we had experience of the very comfortless state in which the better class of these islanders live. The weather was intensely cold, the mountains were covered with snow, and the rain and sleet descended in a deluge, yet there was no fuel to be had, nor any place to burn it in; the only substitutes were a few wet prickly shrubs, in a small earthen pan, in a corner of the room, at which we could hardly light a pipe. The roof was flat and full of cracks, and the rain came through it like a sieve, wetting us as much as if we had no shelter, and putting out the miserable spark of fire we were trying to light. The floor was a puddle; and as if to mock our discomfort, the walls were hung with gaudy pictures, and tawdry chintz sofas, called divans, ran round the room, inviting us to sit and rest our weary limbs, but saturated with wet. They sent us up a supper, which consisted of cold curds and sour wine, and this we partook of, standing nearly up to our ancles in mud. I and a few others were so fortunate as to succeed in getting into something like beds, in dry corners in another house, but the majority of our party passed the night wet and weary as they stood.

Nothing perhaps marks the thoughtless and improvident character of these islanders more than what we experienced. All their winters are equally severe, yet they take no precaution to guard against them, as if, like the grasshopper, they thought it would always be summer. They have pigs, and yet never make bacon as a store of animal food, and to relish their fried eggs; they have cows, and make no other preparation of their milk than insipid curds. There is not a fire-place to sit at, or a roof that will keep out the rain, I believe, among all the Cyclades; and three months in the year are sometimes passed, we

were informed, in the cold, wet, and comfortless state in which we passed this dismal night. Our party suffered in various degrees from our excursion, but none seriously except one. He was a tall, athletic young man, a model of health and strength. He was one of those who remained all night chilled in his wet clothes, and laughed at it in the morning. Some time after, I saw him a miserable and emaciated spectacle, and he attributed his broken constitution to the hardships he endured on that occasion.

It now appeared that the violent wind called Euroaquilo had set in, which always lasts for three weeks, so we made up our minds to remain so long wind-bound, and in the meantime to visit all the islands within our reach. The next we visited was Mycone. We landed on a wild, sandy beach, and taking Francesco, our pilot, for a guide, proceeded up the shore to a valley which crossed the island. The texture of the rocks was a coarse breccia, like those of Milo, but the soil was much more fertile; fig-trees were numerous, and they were preserved with some care. A walk of two hours brought us to the principal town. It is considered one of the best insular cities of the Archipelago, and contains 1000 houses, and about 5000 inhabitants. There was a considerable attempt at ornament; the fronts were decorated with open zigzag patterns, with more fancy than taste, intended, as we were informed, to ventilate the apartments in the heat of summer, though there seemed no precaution to guard against the cold of winter.

We proceeded to the house of the Consul. He was absent at Tino, but his Cancellier received us with due respect. His wife was an exceedingly lovely young woman, and had more of the characteristics of a Grecian beauty than any we had yet seen. She was not yet sixteen, and had a young family. She did the honours of her house

in a manner peculiarly pleasing. She first handed round, with great grace, covered with blushes, but at the same time with the most perfect and unembarrassed ease, a silver salver, containing glasses and liqueurs, with another of candied orange and a spoon, of which we all took a spoonful, and washed it down with a glass of water. The gentlemen were then provided with pipes and coffee, after which a collation was served up, consisting of eggs, curds, honey, sausages, bread, figs, and wine. By this time the rumour was spread that the Ambassador and his lady were in the house, and when we went out, the whole population seemed collected about the door. The great majority of the persons we saw were women. This, we found, did not arise from the superior curiosity of the sex, for the fondness for the τι καινον is the general characteristic of both male and female; but from some cause, which they could not account for, the women were, and always had been on the island, much more numerous than men, and the registers generally exhibited a proportion of four to one. We inquired after another peculiarity which in former times distinguished the Myconeotes; they were said by Pliny* and others to be born bald, and this was so notorious, as to establish the thing into a proverb. I inquired from an intelligent man among the crowd, who spoke French, whether it was the fact, but he repelled the charge with great indignation; and when he mentioned it to the crowd, they all took off their caps, and exhibited a bush of hair floating in the breeze as long and thick as any other of the καρακωμαωντες Αχαιοι.

Notwithstanding the general comeliness of the females, some of the older exhibited figures singularly grotesque. Their petticoats, of white cotton, reached no lower than their knees, and displayed, with great ostentation, em-

* Quippe Myconii carentes eo (capillo) gignuntur. Hist. Nat. xi. 37.

broidered garters tying up red or yellow stockings, with some bright-coloured slippers. The upper part of their dress was without any form, and their bodies seemed a shapeless bundle of white rags. As we walked along, the women and girls pressed forward, and with the greatest good humour and familiarity took hold of our arms. We had with us a good-looking midshipman, who was the peculiar object of their attention; two of the fairest linked his arms, and never ceased laughing and talking to him, though neither comprehended a word the other said. In this manner we were escorted by the whole population to our boats. They would willingly have accompanied us on board, but that not being practicable, they were with great difficulty prevailed on to return, but they threatened us with a visit the next day. This exceeding freedom of manners among the females is so repugnant to the usages and feelings of Oriental nations, that it was one reason perhaps why the Turks could never amalgamate with the Greeks. The Myconeotes pay an annual tribute of fifty purses, containing each 500 piastres, to the Porte, and there are resident three or four Turks on the island to collect it. They stood at a little distance observing the scene, of what they supposed shameless profligacy, and apparently expressing by their looks the greatest contempt and disgust: yet these manners do not really indicate any want of principle in the women, who are, in other respects, correct in their conduct, as those who mistake their levity have often found by experience. In the present instance, it was only an excess of their hilarity which our presence excited, and the overflowing gaiety of a light-hearted people.

It should appear, however, that their clergy find it necessary to take very extraordinary pains to impress upon all classes the baneful effects of incontinence. The walls of

their chapels are sometimes covered with paintings in distemper, representing the punishment of it in the next world. I entered by accident into a small country church, in Mycone, which lay in our walk. The walls were plainly whitewashed, and on them were traced, in gaudy colours, various men and women in the hands of demons, who inflicted on them a very extraordinary discipline: one was a naked man, with a devil riding on his back, goading him forward with a triprouged fork, while another was driving a ploughshare through his body. Another was a naked lady, with her hair dressed in a very showy style; round her legs were twined two serpents, who, by their venomous bite, seemed at once to provoke and punish her. To intimate the nature of the offence, the first was labelled πορνος, and the second πορνη. These, and similar representations, which were too gross to describe particularly, are the most conspicuous objects in some of the churches, and a Greek priest afterwards informed me the attention of the congregation was frequently directed to them with great effect by the preacher.

This chapel, as most others in the island, was dedicated to the Panaya. They are generally furnished with some miraculous pictures of her of the rudest execution. One of them had fallen into the hands of the Turks, who threw it overboard, as an idolatrous representation, having first endeavoured to destroy it in every other way: it could neither be torn nor burnt—the water even seemed to respect it; it would not sink, but floated into Nausa, the place of its destination, suspended itself to the walls of the chapel there, and works miracles to this day. It certainly looks as if it had suffered shipwreck and other hardships.

Naxos, or Naxia, as it is now called, is the largest of the Cyclades, and the most fertile, abounding still in wine as

formerly, when it was dedicated to Bacchus. It bears also mulberries, figs, oranges, lemons, and pomegranates, with flocks of sheep and goats browsing on the fragrant herbage. The women are by no means so free as at Mycone, and this arises perhaps from the admixture of Latin manners. A considerable part of the population belong to the Latin Church. It is the residence of a bishop, and there is besides a large convent of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, whose extreme decorum and more rigid manners restrain the volatility of the pure Greeks. There are besides many descendants of respectable Latin families from France, Spain, and Italy, who settled there at the time of the conquests of the western Latins, and these have given a polish to the modern Greek manners. There exists, however, a deadly hostility between the members of both Churches, which soon after exhibited itself when the revolution broke out, and set loose all the violent passions of the islanders.

After a delay of three weeks among the Cyclades, the Euroaquilo at length moderated, and we made an attempt to sail. Our intention was to run down to Delos, and at nine in the morning we weighed. While we continued under the lee of the island we proceeded without much difficulty, but the moment we passed the east end, and were no longer protected by this breakwater, we were met by a surge that alarmed the officers for the safety of the ship. The swell was tremendous; the frigate pitched with her bowsprit entirely under it, and it seemed, when she rose again, as if she would leave it behind her. It was now considered impossible to stem such a sea, so we were compelled to put about, and return again to our station, happy that we had not been obliged to beat about these rocky islands in dark nights and such weather. An old sailor on board, who had been

on the coast of Chili, told me he did not experience such a tempest for so long a continuance in twice passing Cape Horn.

When we returned to our station, we executed a project which we had before thought of, and that was, to celebrate some ancient games on these classic shores, which would afford amusement to us and healthful exercise to the men. We first marked out a stadium, erected a meta, and twelve sailors were selected as the σταδιοδρόμοι. The goal was 400 yards in length, and the combatants exhibited considerable celerity, though running certainly was not their vocation. To these succeeded the δισκόβολοι, who used a quoit of 32lbs. weight; and to them the ἄθλῆται and ἅλτῆρες, which last afforded us much amusement, by leaping with weights on their shoulders, like the ancient Greeks. Our games concluded with a boat-race; a rock stood at a considerable distance, a station for coots, basking in the sun, like that of Virgil, round which the vessels were to turn. The six boats of the Cambrian were all rigged and manned, and the contest was very animated and interesting; our boats, more expert, I imagine, than those of Æneas, took care not to run on the rock. The islanders flocked down to witness our sport, and the crowded shore gave some faint idea of the Nemæan or Olympic contests.

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Charles Murray—Afflicting state—Exertions for the Greeks—Death and Character.—M.S. Journal kept by a Naxiote details the Revolution in the Islands.—Remains of Russian Fortifications at Paros.—Cause of Greek attachment.—Views of Russians—Abandon their Allies.—Extermination of the Greeks resolved on.—How averted.—Hopes of Greeks revive.—Form Societies for Improvement.—Operation too slow.—Creation of the Hetairia.—Application of Scripture and Ancient Prophecies.—Rapid and Secret Progress.—Standard of Revolt raised on Confines of Russia.—Revolution commenced at Naxia by an atrocious act.—Raftopolo, Russian Consul.—Calumnies against the British Nation and Ambassador.—Ionian Subjects active Agents.—Greek Bishop convokes the People.—Revolution proclaimed—Turkish Prisoners landed.—Cruelty of Greeks.—Humanity of Latins—Deadly animosity between the Churches.—Declaration of a Caloyer of Paros.—Appearance of Turkish Fleet.—Arrival of French Ships of War.—Removal of surviving Prisoners.—Influence of Demetrius Ypsilantes in the Islands.—Regular system adopted.—National Flag appointed.—Barbarity of Pirates.—Formation of National Fleet.—Revival of ancient Greek Fire—Terrific effect on Turks.—Heroines—Bobelina.—Modena Mavroyena.—Achievement at Myconé.

THE next day the wind changed, and we prepared to sail. While getting up the anchor, a gentleman appeared, approaching the frigate in a shore boat, who evidently was not either a Turk or a Greek. This excited much surprise and curiosity on deck; and when he came on board, he inquired for the Ambassador, with whom he had a conference. He was the Rev. Mr. Young, son of the celebrated Arthur Young. He had come from Russia by Odessa to Constantinople, and from thence to Smyrna, in company with Lord Charles Murray, son of the Duke of Athol. They had hired a vessel for 700 piastres, to bring them through the Cyclades to Athens; but having got as far as Naxia, Lord

C. Murray became so unwell, that he found it impossible to proceed, and his companion had come with a request that he might be received on board the Cambrian, and brought, on her return, to Malta. This was acceded to, and a short time after the Cambrian's boat was sent for him, and he came alongside, attended by Mr. Acheson, the surgeon of the frigate. He was a young man, apparently about twenty-one, with a wild and very emaciated countenance: he was labouring under the effects of a brain-fever, and sat in the boat, wrapped in a large coat, with his head hanging in the deepest dejection. When roused, however, to get on board, he climbed the ship's side with great agility, and as rapidly descended into the berth that was provided for him. In a short time he was seized with a paroxysm of his malady, and it was quite afflicting to witness the ravages which disease had made in the moral and intellectual qualities of this amiable young man. My berth was divided from his by a partition of canvass; in the night it was nearly torn down, and I found myself lying, as it were, in the same bed with him. It was in vain that efforts were made to calm him; he was possessed with some fearful images that seemed to distract all the feelings and faculties of his mind, and caused him to utter such language as was abhorrent to his nature and shocking to every one who heard him. In a few days, however, by the judicious treatment of his medical attendant, he became more calm, and the natural suavity of his disposition was resumed.

I afterwards learned at Constantinople that he was perfectly restored to health and reason, and had warmly embraced the cause of the Greeks, to which, like Lord Byron, he devoted the remainder of his life, and, like him, became a martyr. I conversed with many who met him in the midst of the horrors of Grecian warfare; and through every

privation and danger he preserved a quiet equanimity that nothing seemed to disturb, and a generous disregard of himself in his devotion to the service of others. His clothes and money were shared with every Philhellene, while he himself was left destitute. In the marshes of Missolonghi and other pestiferous places, he sought out his sick countrymen, and attended them with patient care and assiduity, till he at length fell himself a victim to his exertions.

He had undertaken an important mission in the cause of the Greek Government, and was eager to return to report the result. In passing over the mountains to Calavrita on a camel, he was overtaken by a violent storm, and continued to struggle on for several hours against it. He was immediately after seized with an attack of fever and rheumatism; but still disregarding sickness, times, and seasons, he continued travelling in the heat of a burning day in August, and was suddenly afflicted with what was supposed to be a stroke of the sun, and he was carried to Gastouni. Here there was no medical man to render him any effectual aid, and he immediately sunk under it, in the vigour of life, at the age of twenty-four. So completely had his generosity exhausted his means, that no property was found in his possession but a shirt, a pair of stockings, and a dollar, with what he seemed to prize above any other property, a Bible and a prayer-book. He was buried with military honours, and an eulogium pronounced over his grave by the Greek Archimandrite. His talents were very considerable, particularly in the acquisition of languages. He spoke, and wrote with fluency and correctness, German, French, and Italian, and attained such a proficiency in modern Greek, that he translated, in less than a month, an elementary work on Fortification, for the benefit of the inexperienced insurgents, in whose cause he was enthusiastic,

and as he said himself, in one of his last letters, "he had nailed his colours to the mast."

His death was considered at the time by the Greeks of Constantinople almost as serious a calamity as that of Lord Byron. His title and connexions in England, independent of his personal merit, gave him a consideration in their eyes little less than that of his noble companion.

We had scarcely left the Greek islands when the insurrection burst out there; and among other sources of information of the first events which occurred, I procured at Constantinople a MS. journal, kept by one of our consular agents in the island of Naxia, from day to day, from which most of the following details are taken.

One of the plans of the Russians to get possession of Constantinople was, to excite an insurrection of the Greeks, and make an impression upon their minds that the object was only their liberation from the tyranny of the Turks, and the establishment of a Greek prince in the capital. When the Russian fleet, therefore, had appeared among the islands on a former occasion, they were everywhere received as deliverers; they threw up fortifications on the island of Paros, where they established themselves, and the first objects that were pointed out to us on landing were the dilapidated walls of their intrenchments, among which were found copecs and other Russian coins, accidentally left there by the soldiers. At the peace which followed, the islands in their possession were restored, but the Russians affected to stipulate for the safety of the inhabitants by a general amnesty, and certain concessions which they knew would not be observed. A fetva of the Mufti had declared that, on such occasions, "no faith was to be kept with Christians," and on the retirement of the Russians, the Turks rushed upon the islanders, and committed the most horrible

excesses; and it is probable the whole of the population would have been exterminated, both in the Archipelago and the Morea, if it had not been for the sagacity of Gazi Hasan. This rough and violent, but really humane man, suggested that the destruction of the Greeks would be the loss of a considerable part of the revenues of the empire. "If you kill all the Greeks," said he in the Divan, "who will pay the haratch?" The haratch was a very important object to the Turks, as well from its kind as its value, and it was their pride as well as their policy to retain it. They held it as a maxim, that all conquered Christians and their posterity for ever had forfeited their lives, which they were obliged to redeem, from year to year, for a sum of money. This was levied as a capitation-tax, called a haratch, upon all the male population above fifteen, who were Turkish subjects and had not professed Mahommedanism. It produced in Asia 19,000 and in Europe 20,000 purses. Each purse contains 500 piastres, so that at the then value of that coin, the tax amounted to about 542,500*l.* annually. This *argumentum ad cruménam*, it is said, saved the whole population.

Notwithstanding the horrible extremities which the Greeks endured, by suffering themselves to be seduced by Russian promises, they still looked up to them as their only hope of deliverance, and to this the similarity of their religious views was probably the principal incentive. The Russians, in their early invasions of the Greek empire, were converted to Christianity by the people they invaded, and have ever since continued members of the Greek Church; and the mother now looks up to her powerful offspring as her principal stay and support. In 1790, Greek deputies presented a memorial to Catherine on behalf of their nation, praying to be delivered from their oppres-

sors: emissaries had been previously sent from Russia through the islands to incite them to this measure, and extraordinary preparations were made to give it more effect. The Empress had one of her grandsons baptized Constantine, as the successor of the last Greek Emperor, and nurses were sent from Naxia and Paros to suckle him. The first language he learned was Greek, and the first rudiments of knowledge conveyed to him, was the catechism of the Greek Church. When the deputies were introduced to the Empress, they were graciously received, and were proceeding to kiss the hand of Alexander, as the future Emperor of Russia; but she directed their homage to Constantine, as their intended sovereign, and the deputies returned home with the gracious assurance that everything should be done according to their wish.

In consequence of this, a second insurrection was organized by the Russians, and an extensive plan of a campaign arranged. The Greeks converted their merchantmen into ships of war, which their allies were to supply with cannon, and an enterprising islander, of the name of Lambro Canziani, was appointed admiral. The insurgents by land were to advance from the north to Athens and Negropont, where, meeting the squadron of Lambro, they were to proceed to Constantinople, and being joined by the Russian fleet from the Black Sea, to carry the capital by a joint attack, and placing Constantine XV. on the throne, re-establish the Greek empire and the succession of its Emperors.

This plan, which to any other people would appear impracticable extravagance, seemed to the heated imagination of the Greeks a feasible project, and they entered into it with full confidence of success. They were, however, again abandoned by the allies who had excited them. Not one of their promises was realized; Lambro was left to his own

resources, to struggle with his little squadron against the whole fleet of the enemy, and after performing acts of valour that would not discredit the best achievements of his ancestors, he was at length disowned by the Russians; and to such an extent of meanness was their disavowal of him and his associates carried, that they suffered him to be arrested for the very debts he had contracted on the faith of their promises: but the spirit of him and his companions being still unsubdued, he was declared a pirate, his ship attacked and sunk, and he himself narrowly escaped in a boat to shore, and took refuge among the mountains.

The Greeks now finding that their only hope of success rested upon themselves and their own exertions, formed the plan of their Hetairia. Nothing marks more strongly the rooted and ineradicable love of liberty among the modern Greeks, than the silent and secret progress of this mysterious association.

In order to enlighten and prepare them for a revolution, a society called Φιλομοῦσης had been instituted, of whose principles Demetrius Morousi, the great patriot of the Fanal, was a prime promoter. He had established an academy at Kourou-chesmé on the Bosphorus, contributed to those at Ayvali and Scio, had books of various knowledge translated and printed in Greek, and so gradually enlightened the minds of his countrymen; and such was the progress which this intelligent people was making, after an impulse was once given in knowledge and the arts of life, that it was no chimerical hope to entertain, that in a short time their liberation would have been effected without violence, by the very ascendancy they were every day gaining over their stupid and stationary masters. But this operation was too slow to satisfy the ardent spirits of the Greeks,

again roused by the revolutionary movements going on in other parts of Europe. They therefore formed a new society, whose associates were more secret, and their proceedings more mysterious. Two men of humble rank and limited acquirements, but of great natural acuteness, were the founders of it, and it was at first confined to a few of the lowest and most ignorant classes. After a short time, however, it was promoted by the clergy. Dikaios, an Archimandrite of the Greek Church, became an associate, and the forms of religion were called in to give solemnity to the ceremony of the initiation. Every new member was received in church, and placed before a representation of the Resurrection, which was considered as typifying the rising hopes of the country. An ancient usage had existed among the Greeks since the time of the Theban band, and a form often united two men who were no way related, in a tie of brotherhood as strong and indissoluble as that of consanguinity; this was called in aid of the society, and the ἀδελφοποίησις was now the first initiation into the ἑταιρία.

Notwithstanding the repeated deceptions of their pretended friends, and the exterminating fury of their enemies, the moment the plan of the society was matured, it expanded itself with incredible secresy and celerity through every part of the world where a Greek community was established: contributions were liberally sent, and when the moment for action arrived, Greeks were seen crowding in groups, or singly, from the most distant parts, as to one common centre of attraction, to assist personally in the liberation of their common country. The past seemed all forgiven and forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment, and Russian influence was again in the ascendant. It is certainly remarkable that the Greeks, in their aspirations for liberty, should fix their hopes for aid only on that

nation in Europe which is the most hostile to the thing they seek, and which had so often betrayed them. This arises principally from the identity of their religious creeds; their hostility to the Latin Church is still as inveterate as in the latter days of the empire. They call themselves exclusively χριστιὰνοι, Christians, and exclude every other nation, except the Russians, from the appellation.

The Greeks, who now began to read the Scriptures among other books made accessible to them, applied its passages, as many have done, to suit their own particular views. They affirmed that "the seven mountains" mentioned in the Apocalypse, and "the many waters," are the seven hills and seas of Constantinople, and the person "arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones," is the Sultan in his splendid oriental attire; and the saints with whose "blood he was drunk" are the many martyrs of the Greek Church whom the Turks put to death. With these passages of Sacred Writ they combined their own apocryphal absurdities. Among the ancient prophecies recorded in the time of the Lower Empire, was one which stated that the Russians, as they interpreted the word Pως, "should sack the city*." With this was associated another, which said that "a race with yellow hair, along with their coadjutors, should overthrow Ishmael†." All this, and more, a monk of the sacred Mount, Athos, put together, and solemnly proclaimed that it was predicted in Holy Writ that the Greeks should soon be liberated by the aid of the Russians. Among those of this nation who had warmly devoted themselves to the Greek cause, was the son of a rich merchant in Moscow, who, abandoning all his connexions, set out from that remote place,

* Pως περθειν τὴν ἄυτην πολιν.

† Τὸ δὶ ξανθὸν γένος ἅμα μὶτα τῶν πραικτόρων ὅλων τὸν Ισμαὴλ προπώσειν.

undertook to be the agent to organize Greece, and proceeded to the Morea for that purpose. He there declared that he was an emissary from his countrymen, to open a new view of liberation to the Greeks, and once more the credulous people were induced to rely on Russian assistance.

In the year 1815 they held a secret meeting at Constantinople, and selected a young Greek of the islands named Galatis, to proceed on a mission to Russia, to sound their countrymen scattered through that country, and ascertain how far the Russians would again interfere in their favour. He landed at Odessa, where many Greek mercantile houses were established. A Greek never changes his national character with his residence no more than a Jew, and in Russia he entered as ardently into the revolutionary views of his countrymen as at home; many respectable merchants here became members of the Society, and the agent proceeded to St. Petersburgh and Moscow, where he gained many more proselytes, and some of great opulence and influence. In his incautious zeal he was noticed by the vigilant police of the country, who arrested him with his associates as suspicious characters. They were soon, however, liberated, presented secretly with a large sum of money, and proceeded on through Wallachia and Moldavia.

The Society had made such rapid progress, that it was necessary to establish committees in different places to give order and regularity, and to carry on correspondence with its widely extended branches. They had at this time agents wherever a Greek commercial house was established. In this way merchants at Trebesonde, St. Petersburgh, London, Cairo, and Ispahan, were admitted into its secrets, and ramifications of it extended through Europe, Asia and Africa. Meantime the leaders looked everywhere for a man to commence operations, and their eyes

were directed to Capo d'Istrias and Ypselantes, both Greeks in the Russian service, and supposed to be in the confidence of the Emperor. The first had paid a visit to Corfu, his native island, a few months only before our arrival there. The members of the Hetairia availed themselves of this opportunity, which it was said he purposely afforded them, of engaging him in their views, and consulting on the mode of carrying them into immediate effect; but his answer was discouraging. He recommended to them to pursue the system of education which they had begun, and to extend it through the medium of the ministers of religion: thus identifying the Greek and Russian Churches and nations, but declining to take any part at that time in a revolutionary movement.

Their eyes were now turned to Alexander Ypselantes, who supposing, or reporting, that he had the authority of the Russian government, and the promise of Russian aid, proceeded from Odessa, and erected the Greek standard in Wallachia, on the Russian frontiers. It was now that the existence of the Society which had ramifications through three quarters of the globe, became first known to the world, and its views ascertained even by many of its own members. Its very name bursting from obscurity, became a subject of wonder and conjecture. A Mons. C. D. Raffanel, who published at Paris an account of the early proceedings of the Greeks, is strangely puzzled for the etymology of the word Hetairia. Hetairists he writes Ætheristes, and thus expresses himself: " Il seroit assez difficile de rendre exactement le sens que les Moldaves attachaient à ce mot; ils voulaient exprimer par là, toute la pureté de leur vues, tout le sublime de leur entreprise. C'est le mot Grec Æther, dans toute sa force *." It is unnecessary to say that the word simply signifies a society, is so latinized by

* Vol. i. p. 25.

Pliny, and is that by which the Bible Society is called in modern Greek.

Among the islands the Consuls of the Russian nation were the great promoters of the insurrection, and possessed the greatest influence over the people. In the Island of Naxia one of them was the coadjutor of the Greek Bishop, and co-operated with him in exciting the strongest prejudice against every other nation, particularly against the English, in the early part of the insurrection, which broke out there in the following manner.

Two persons, a Captain Antonio Condoleo, an English subject from the Seven Islands, and Theodoro Mazitani, a Moreote, from Maina, arrived at Naxia immediately after our departure. They came under the pretext of selling wine and oil, but were in fact agents of the Hetairia, to proclaim the intended insurrection, and prepare the people for it. After some delay on the island, they proceeded one morning to the house of the Greek Bishop, and there announced the joyful and expected intelligence that the revolution had commenced; that Prince Carradja, who had escaped from Bucharest, had collected an army of thirty thousand Italians, entered the Morea, and co-operated with Pietro Bey of Maina, on the mountains, where the Turks were routed and destroyed in every direction. The Greeks, with the thoughtlessness and vivacity so consonant to their character, never hesitated about the probability of this story, but at once erected the standard of insurrection, and commenced it by a very atrocious act. There arrived on the island a Turkish Mubasceiro in the revenue department, sent by the Capitan Pacha to Paros and Naxia, to terminate some affairs with the islanders. He had scarcely set foot on shore when he was secretly apprized by one of the primates to execute his business as

soon as possible, and hasten his departure. He did not neglect the warning; but having hired a boat, he proposed to set out early in the morning for the coast of Asia, with his attendants. The boat was manned by Cephaloniotes, who demanded the arms of the Turks before they would receive them on board. This was complied with, and they set sail. They had advanced but a little way, when another boat was seen to approach from behind a promontory, and the unfortunate Turks perceived that their doom was decided on. They demanded their arms;—the sailors made a motion as if to restore them, but they discharged them into the bodies of their passengers, and then despatched them with their knives. The effects of the Turks, which were considerable, and consisted of jewellery, pelisses, and money, were divided among the assassins of the two boats, who were all, I am sorry to say, British subjects from the Ionian Islands.

At the head of the revolutionists was a Seigneur Raftopulo, from Cephalonia, who had been an early member of the Hetairia, and was appointed Russian Consul at Naxia and its dependencies. This person, forgetting the situation he held, and careless how he compromised the government whose agent he was, went everywhere haranguing the people, and, collecting round him a body-guard of about fifty desperate fellows from the Ionian Islands, established a dictatorship over the more peaceable inhabitants. He broke out on all occasions into invectives against the English; and having assembled together at a public meeting a large body of the inhabitants, he addressed them to this effect:—

"While all the powers of Europe are favourers, and most of them declared protectors of the rising liberties of their fellow Christians in Greece, the English alone endeavour, by every means in their power, to render it abortive. Those

egotists, haters of mankind, and powerful usurpers over their rights, are always envious of the happiness of others, and always opposed to it. Scarcely had they penetrated the secrets of the Hetairia, than their Ambassador at Constantinople revealed it to the Turkish government, which openly declared that the information was conveyed by the minister of a foreign power. But that traitor to the Christian cause has effected nothing more than to occasion the insurrection to explode with greater force and effect, though with a more sanguinary character; and the English have now to expect in the Ionian Islands a result similar to the government of the Turks over the rest of Greece. Impelled by their fears of this, they have endeavoured to obviate it by consigning the whole civil power into the hands of their septinsular subjects, thus pretending to confer upon them the blessings of liberty; but the shallow artifice was seen through, and will only hasten the catastrophe."

I detail to you the sentiments propagated on this occasion, not as worth recording in themselves, but as illustrating two facts: one, the indisposition and repugnance evinced at this time by the Ionians to the free constitution conferred upon them; and the other, the calumny circulated everywhere against our Ambassador at Constantinople, which had no other foundation than the invective of this Russian Consul repeated by M. Raffanel, whose sage etymology of Hetairia I have just given you.

It was supposed that seven thousand of our Ionian subjects had engaged in the first burst of the insurrection, and were scattered over Greece, particularly through the islands, using every means to excite the people against the Turks. When the latter discovered that they were English subjects, they could not contain their surprize and indignation; that persons, they said, enjoying the benefits of such protection

and subjects of a sovereign on terms of amity and goodwill with their own, should unite with slaves and pirates, was incredible; so they put them out of the pale of pity, and refused them quarter on every occasion when they discovered them. The port and bearing of some of those septinsulars, however, had something of dignity. The captain of an English ship was about to enter a harbour blockaded by them, but was stopped. On demanding by what authority, he had an interview with the commander, whom he recognised as an Ionian, of the name of Pana, and an English subject. He asked him how he came to draw his sword against a sovereign friendly to his own? "The sword I now wear," said Pana, "was girded on me by Ypselantes. The sympathies that bind me to my countrymen of Greece are never to be eradicated, and when they call for my services, the king of England cannot command them." Notwithstanding this, the general character of these septinsulars was of the lowest grade, and much of the perfidy and cruelty with which the Greek cause was stained was justly attributed to their conduct.

Meantime, emissaries were continually arriving among the islands, conveying intelligence of the progress of the revolution on the continent. These were called Apostles and Evangelists*, as the bringers of "glad-tidings," and were received with the same joy and credit as their sacred predecessors. They reported that Ypselantes, with one hundred and fifty thousand men, had recovered Moldavia and Wallachia from the Turks, and advanced to Adrianople on his way to the capital, where he was daily expected; that the whole of Greece was already in possession of the revolutionists, and that Baron Strogonoff had obtained, in virtue of capitulation from the Porte, liberty for a Russian fleet from the Black Sea to

* Ἀπόστολοι καὶ Εὐαγγέλια.

pass the Dardanelles, with a view to assist the king of Naples against the Carbonari, but that they immediately intended at once to liberate all the islands from any further apprehension of the Turks. These and similar exaggerations were received with the most implicit confidence, and a solemn act was performed to confirm it. The Greek bishop convoked his clergy from all parts of the island, and he met them at some distance from the town. They then formed a procession; one of his clergy bearing the revolutionary standard, and two others guarding it on each side with drawn swords. In this way, attended by several thousands of the inhabitants, both men and women, they marched to the principal church, where the standard was deposited on the altar, and the bishop, mounting the pulpit, addressed the people. He first read to them the proclamation of Ypselantes, then detailed the news brought by the Apostles, and finally concluded with an appeal to the women, to urge on by every incentive their husbands and sons, and to bear themselves with fortitude every loss and privation, in the sacred cause of liberty and religion. It was on this occasion that the standard was inscribed with the words of the Spartan mother*, which became generally the insular flag, till a national one was ordered.

An event now occurred, marked by that character of deliberate and implacable cruelty to the Turks which stained the Greek revolution, and which also caused to explode that irreconcilable and bitter animosity between the islanders themselves, who are members of the Greek and Latin church. The commander of a Hydriote brig landed on the northern part of the island of Naxia one hundred and eighty Turks, whom he had captured at Yenikali, on the coast of Natolia. When disembarked, he furnished them with a certifi-

* ἢ τὰν ἢ ἐπὶ τᾶν.

cate, directed to the bishop and primates, importing that, as they had made no resistance, there was no pretext for killing them, but he left them to the Naxiotes as slaves, to till their land, or for other purposes. When this body were first seen, they were supposed to have landed with a hostile intent, and they excited a great commotion. The bishop mounted a horse, seized a trumpet, and sounded an alarm, and, joined by four or five hundred of the people, proceeded to attack them; but perceiving them unarmed, and holding up their hands in a supplicating manner, they desisted from their intention; and after a few had been killed, the rest were received with apparent humanity, and distributed partly among the people of the town, and partly among the neighbouring villages. The portion which was sent to the town had scarcely arrived, when a party of Ionian assassins rushed on them, and proceeded to massacre and plunder them; but the primates of the Latin church interfered, announcing that they were left as prisoners under their care, and must be protected, and the unfortunate men were for this time saved.

But the implacable cruelty of the Greeks could not be appeased, and every day some portion of the Turks was sacrificed, both in the town and the villages; and the manner in which it was done was characteristic of the people. On one occasion, two men issued from a ship, bearing a septinsular flag, and taking ten of the prisoners, who were working with a feeling of security in some of the vineyards, conveyed them on board and set sail. When at a little distance from the shore, they tied them together, and cast them into the sea. It afterwards appeared that this was done by the direction of the bishop and the Russian consul, who had determined that "the fittest mode of death for filthy dogs was to drown them." In various similar ways

the whole of the unfortunate Turks were killed, except about thirty, and these were seized, and sent to the small and barren island of Bacco, where they were left to perish by famine.

The Latins, who did not feel the same deadly animosity to the Turks, and were shocked at the unrelenting cruelty by which they were pursued, were now determined to interfere. They took the remnant of these unfortunate people to their houses to maintain them; but the Greeks would suffer none to be saved whom they had determined to destroy, so they decided to take them from their asylum, and cast them all into the sea. To set an example for the rest, the Greek bishop sent for some of them, and called before him an *on bashi*, or officer of the Turks, who was supposed to have some money about his person. When he came into his presence, he had him shot by a man who was ready for the purpose, and then deliberately took thirteen hundred piastres from his girdle, and threw his body into the sea. This atrocious act had a result very different from that anticipated; it called forth the dormant sensibilities of the Greeks, and seemed to rouse all the better feelings of their nature. An assassination and robbery committed by a person of a character so sacred and respected shocked them. A crowd of the peasantry had collected round the victims, but were now strongly excited in their favour. They snatched the rest from the hands of those who guarded them, calling God to witness that they could not, either as men or Christians, esteem a monstrous executioner as their bishop. In vain he uttered anathemas against them, and called them *Turcolatri*, the most opprobrious name which could be given to any person during the revolution; the peasants removed the prisoners to their own houses, declaring the maledictions of the bishop, in such a

cause, would only fall on his own head. The peasantry of the islands, as of the continent, seemed to be the best and most estimable portion of the Greek community. They brought away as many of these unfortunate persons as they could rescue to the extremity of the island, where, as my MS. states, "they lived among the shepherds, who watched over their safety with the greatest humanity, and treated them as their own children."

In this asylum, however, they were not suffered to remain. They were now reduced to twenty individuals, whom the assassins engaged the captains of some Greek craft in the harbour to assist in despatching, by representing their protectors as only saving them to be a peace-offering to the Turks, whom they intended to invite to the island, and immediately join against their countrymen. They were therefore proceeding in a body to exterminate them all, and not leave one witness of their cruelty, when they were met by one of the Latin primates, who assured them that they were now all received into the French consulate, and under its protection, from whence they could not be taken without involving the Greeks in a war with the French nation. The assassins were filled with rage; they declared that foreign consuls were accredited only by Turkish firmans, which were now fit for nothing but to use as dirty paper, and if the consuls wished to retain any respect, they must go to some place under Turkish dominion, but Naxia was free. They immediately proceeded to the consulate to put their threats into execution. But the Consul defended them with spirit: he stated that they were now in a Latin convent, and under the sacred protection of the Latin church, and that no force should take them away, and if any was used, that every Frank nation would make it a common cause to avenge.

From this time their deadly hatred could no longer be kept within bounds, and a plan was laid to destroy the Latin bishop and every one of his persuasion on the island. Perhaps that undying animosity, which unhappily subsists between Christian sects, was never displayed in a more melancholy manner, when every motive existed to unite them in a firmer bond against their common enemy. You will recollect that this animosity was handed down and continued unabated from the time of the Greek empire, and had been the prime cause of its fall. The great abomination was, that the Latins used a wafer, or bread not leavened, in their Eucharist; and the Greeks declared they had rather perish by the Turks than be preserved by the *Unleavened* *. They affirmed that the hand that signed any union between them should be cut off, and the tongue that pronounced their creed should be torn out by the roots. In the hour of their utmost need, and under the edge of the exterminating sword, their Patriarch Gennadius pronounced that such a connexion would be to abjure their religion, and embrace impiety; and their historian Ducas declared, that if an angel offered to exterminate their foes on condition of forming an union with their fellow-christians, they would reject the offer. The cruel conduct of the Latin crusaders might partly account for this animosity, which, after a lapse of three hundred and fifty years, still continues unmitigated; and that insane prejudice which reduced them to cruel servitude under the Turks, now impeded their liberation from it.

In order to extend and exasperate this prejudice every means were resorted to. The Greek bishop caused a proclamation to be made, that the French Consul at Smyrna had received into the consulate, and then placed on board the squadron, under the protection of the French flag, seven

* Ἄζυμίτοι.

thousand Greeks, and having thus decoyed them, he caused them all to be cast into the sea. The English, too, it was reported, had leagued with other members of the Latin church to extirpate the Greek faith; that the Turkish fleet was entirely officered and directed by them; and that they were to have all the Greek islands as a remuneration for their services. Two English merchantmen were obliged to make a precipitate departure; they were secretly warned that it was now the intention of the Naxiotes to seize the ships and sacrifice all the crews. At the same time a Caloyer, called Cyrillo, who was considered a Santon of sanctity, arrived at Nausa, in Paros, and commenced a course of exhortation. He constantly declared to his penitents at the confessional, that the assassination of the Franks, or of any other heterodox member of the Latin church, was not only no sin, but was, according to the Holy Scriptures, a merit in the eyes of God. This bigotted spirit, however, is not inculcated by the Greek church, which is, and always has been, of a tolerant character. It holds for its maxim, that it should not be governed by the passions which agitate its particular members; and the first article of the new constitution declares perfect liberty of opinion to all, and equal rights to every Christian sect. The persecuting spirit here shewn was the effect of individual rancour, which the church disclaims.

The unfortunate sufferers at Ayveli, in Asia Minor, had at this time escaped from the ruins of their city, and taken refuge in the islands, where they claimed the rites of hospitality. Three hundred and fifty of them arrived at Naxia. The bishop declared that the island was already overpeopled, but that there was a number of Latins, aliens to the Greek religion and name, but favourers and friends of the Turks. He then proposed to the Ayveliotes to assist in

getting rid of them, and he promised that they should be put in possession of their lands and effects. The captain of the vessel who brought them declared, that he was not authorised to aid such a project, and the Ayveliotes declined it.

At the moment when this feud was raging, the Turkish fleet was hovering about, and hourly expected to land on some devoted place. They had arrived at Santorina, and the consternation of the neighbouring islands was extreme. They saw their ships, like exterminating angels, hovering on the horizon; they knew not when or where the sword would fall, but they expected it every moment on themselves. In this fearful emergency, which they were utterly unprepared to meet, they laid their only hope of safety in concealment. They explored the hills, and searched for caves and holes in inaccessible places, to which they ran on every movement of the fleet which seemed to indicate an approach. On this occasion, the Greek bishop of Naxia and the Russian consul, Raftopulto, made use of an ingenious expedient to appease the alarm of the people. They brought forward in an assembly two Greeks, who said they had escaped by swimming from the Turkish fleet. They declared that a disease of a preternatural and most mortal character had broken out in the ships, as soon as they came among the islands, and that there was scarcely a man left to navigate them. A mistico was immediately despatched for intelligence; it soon after returned with advice that the Turkish fleet was no longer to be seen, and its disappearance was considered miraculous. This gave occasion for another denouncement of the Latins. It was reported that they intended to lead the Turks to the places of concealment, and would have done so had not the Panaya interfered to prevent their landing.

In this state of things, when it was hourly expected that

one part of the Christian population would massacre the other, a French ship of war, the Jean d'Arc, arrived at Nausa. Her commander, the Viscount Mellin, convoked the primates of the islands, who, with the ecclesiastics of each church, attended. He was aware, he said, of the bitter animosities that existed between the professors of both religions, but that such were unworthy of Christians, and he came as an angel of peace to heal them. He gave the islanders to understand, that if any injury was offered to the Latins, either ecclesiastic or laity, that it would be considered as offered to every Frank nation, who would avenge it. Having again recommended peace and unanimity, he departed.

Immediately after, a French corvette, accompanied by a brig, arrived at Naxia. The commander produced a letter, thanking the islanders for the protection they had afforded the unfortunate Turks who had fallen into their hands, and intimating that he was come to disembarrass them of their prisoners, and remove them to another place. This proposal the Greeks strongly opposed. They said if they were suffered to leave the place alive, the consequence of the report they would make to the Capitan Pasha would be, that he would come with his fleet, and put to death every man in the island, the innocent as well as the guilty. The French commander replied that the Turks had already proclaimed an amnesty for all past offences, and he would guarantee it; but at all events he came for the prisoners, and must have them. They were reluctantly surrendered; but when embarked, the whole island was in a state of commotion—men and women rushing through the streets and roads, throwing about their arms, and threatening the Latins, that if any of the murders committed were retaliated on them, not one of themselves would be left alive. They were given to understand by the French commander,

that if any injury was offered to the Latins for their humanity, not the Turks but the Franks would come and exact a severe retribution. Having thus collected all that remained alive of the unfortunate Turks, he proceeded to Mycone, Tino, and the other islands, and took on board all that were there also; among the rest a Molha, with his whole harem, who had been doomed to death. By this humane and judicious measure, a great cause of dissension among the islanders was removed, an incentive to their mutual angry passions withdrawn, and their character in the eyes of Europe preserved from the stain of a general massacre, in which their fellow Christians as well as their Turkish prisoners would be involved. Indeed, in nothing did European interference do more service than by teaching them European feelings. The Greeks had been, in their usages and modes of thinking, essentially Asiatics. Their notions and their practices were all oriental. Revenge, perfidy, cruelty, tyranny, and servility were their distinguishing features, in common with their masters; and when the restraint in which they had lived was removed, and they were left free agents, these passions everywhere displayed themselves, till European precept and European example taught them better things, in the family which now adopted them.

Hitherto the Greeks of the islands had no regular or general mode of acting, and many had taken no part in the passing events. But Demetrius Ypselantes now appeared among them, and addressed an energetic proclamation to all the people. This was followed by one to the Ephori of the Ægean, calling on them to send forward to the continent all the disposable men who would not be necessary for the defence of the islands. The influence which this man acquired was instant and universal. His orders were immediately obeyed; sixteen islands were united in a confederacy, and

twelve primates were elected in each to applot the several contingents of men and money. The tribute to the Turks, amounting to about twenty thousand dollars annually, was no longer paid to them, but allocated to the use of the Greek army. One hundred and fifty men were raised and equipped in Naxia, and a proportionable number in the other islands, who were sent to the Morea.

The insular Greeks had displayed standards according to their fancy, and every ship sailed under a different one. A general order was sent by Ypselantes to adopt a uniform ensign, which at first was a tricoloured flag, blue, white, and red, having in one quarter a green half-moon, surrounded with a garland, and on the reverse a cross and a triangle, with an eye in the middle. Subsequently, the government at Corinth regulated it for ships of war and merchant vessels, the former to consist of nine horizontal bands of blue and white alternately, having a white cross in the upper part on a blue ground; the latter to have a blue cross on a white ground.

The pirates, with which the islands swarmed, had committed horrible ravages, particularly on the unfortunate Jews. Some merchants of that persuasion, with their wives, were seized by them at Casteloriso. After plundering them of their property, they dragged them to the piazza, and there hung them up as slaughtered cattle, and cut them up with knives, holding on forks the amputated parts, affecting to sell them as butchers sell joints of meat. Those who remained alive after such mutilation were hung over slow fires till they expired. Their wives were cast into the sea and drowned, by striking them on the head with oars. These horrors were at first attributed to the whole Greek nation, as retaliating the part the Jews had taken in the death of the patriarch. It is some consolation to huma-

nity, however, to know, that the perpetrators of them were outlaws, not acknowledged even by the insurgents. Ypselantes issued orders to the primates, to grant no passports to armed ships without a strict examination whether they belonged to the national fleet, and to use every diligence to seize and punish the guilty. He also published a decree, that no Turk should be killed except in battle; and having thus enjoined the punishment of the guilty and the protection of the innocent, and introduced regularity and efficiency into a disjointed society of widely-scattered people, his authority was respected and obeyed, from the mere good will attached to his name and character, and the affairs of the insular Greeks were, from that time, conducted with regularity, and cruelty and dissension ceased among them.

But the great service which the islands rendered to the cause of Greece was the sudden creation of a navy. The three most sterile and least productive were those which were most commercial. Having no means of subsistence on the barren rocks on which they were placed, they sought abroad what nature had denied them at home. Hydra, and Spezzia at the entrance of the Gulf of Engia, and Ipsara off the coast of Scio, were the great trading islands, whose ships were the common carriers of the Archipelago; and nothing could more strongly mark the growing wealth and prosperity of the people, than the fleets which these barren rocks suddenly supplied to the common cause. Every merchant converted his trader into a ship of war. They had all been armed more or less against the pirates, and an additional supply of cannon was readily purchased; even the pirates themselves, like the klephtes on shore, abandoned their trade of plunder, and formed against the common enemy. In this way the insurrection had scarcely commenced on the continent, when the sea was covered

with a squadron of one hundred and twenty sail of armed ships, carrying from ten to twenty guns of different calibre. The expense at first fell heavily and solely on the merchants, who, without hesitation or reflection, caught at once the general enthusiasm; but presently the other islands were ordered to pay their tribute exclusively for the support of this naval force, and ships were sent about to collect it.

The achievements of this fleet are almost as incredible as its creation, if we consider the mode in which it was manned. It had one common admiral, first Jaconki Tombasi, and after him Andreas Miaulis; but the crews were without officers, and were almost entirely independent of one another; they had all shares in the ships when engaged in commerce, and they still retained a similar feeling. Every man on board was made acquainted with the object of any expedition, and thought he had a right to give his opinion on it—this, fortunately, was a perfect unanimity in their hatred to the Turks, and a perfect unity of action when called on to oppose them.

The slight frame of the ships and the incongruous materials of which the equipage was composed, were altogether inadequate to contend with the gigantic force of the Turkish vessels, which in appearance are perhaps the finest in the world, of which a single one of first-rate would apparently blow the whole Grecian squadron out of the water. But, like the Persians of old, they were as unmanageable as they were large, and the only part of their crews which was capable of manœuvring them were Greeks, who could no longer be trusted. But they had another enemy to combat with, before which the very magnitude of their noble ships was a cause of destruction; this was the brulôts, or fire-ships, which were directed against them with such tremendous effect. It was not a novel invention, but the

revival of a practice which had terrified Asia and astonished Europe, in the middle ages.

When the Saracens, assisted by the Persians, attacked Constantinople, in the reign of Leo Isaurus, they were accompanied to the Bosphorus by a fleet of eight hundred ships. To oppose them the Greeks prepared vessels filled with various combustibles, the principal of which was a combination of pitch, sulphur, and naphtha or rock oil. When the vessels filled with this terrible and then unknown substance came into contact with the enemy, they threw them into irremediable confusion and consumed the greater part of them. The composition of this "Greek fire" was kept a profound secret, and the very circumstance of its mystery added to its fearful effects. When it was suddenly revived against the Turks, it seems to have had as awful an effect as against the Saracens.

Early one morning, three Turkish ships of war were seen at the mouth of the harbour of Nausa, in the island of Paros; the Greeks, as usual, were greatly terrified, and the whole island was soon alarmed. The squadron consisted of two frigates and a corvette, and it was supposed that they were sent by the Capitan Pasha, whose fleet was then lying off Tenedos, to make a descent on the island. In a little time, however, it appeared that the ships were drifting without any direction, and had no one on board to guide them. They approached the shore, and the Greeks took possession of them, but they did not find a soul on board. The terror excited by the Greek fire had caused this extraordinary circumstance.

Constantine Canaris and Kiriaco had departed from Ipsara with two brulôts and two brigantines, and arrived off Tenedos the day after the Capitan Pasha. They displayed the Turkish crescent on the former ships, and the Greek

cross on the latter, and when they approached the fleet, the brulôts sailed directly towards them, and the brigantine followed. The Turkish frigates, which were stationed as videttes, seeing two small vessels bearing their flag, pursued by two larger ones bearing that of the enemy, from which they seemed endeavouring to escape, received the former cordially, and directed them where to steer to get within the protection of the Turkish fleet. This friendly advice they availed themselves of, and entered into the very midst of them with confidence. It was now growing dark in the evening, and their object was to entangle the admiral's ship, but in the grove of masts and rigging they could not distinguish it. The admiral himself directed them. In signalizing with the vidette frigates, he answered with three guns, which at once pointed out his ship to the Greeks. When Canaris saw the flashes, he said, "Courage, comrades, he is now in our hands!" and he instantly sailed in the direction of the smoke which followed the discharge. In a short time he was alongside, attached his brulôt to the rigging on the windward quarter, without the slightest suspicion or opposition on the part of the Turks, who thought he had accidentally run foul in the confusion of flying from the enemy, and in a few minutes the ship was in flames. Kiriaco was equally successful; he attached his brulôt, which also burst into a sudden blaze. Canaris and his friend escaped from the burning ships in their boats, passed the astonished Turks without hinderance or even notice, and speedily reached the brigantines in the offing, where they quietly remained spectators of the scene which followed.

All order and regularity were soon at an end in the Turkish fleet; paralyzed at their largest ships bursting into a sudden blaze, and not knowing how soon the same cata-

strophe might fall on themselves, they were thrown into a state of the most helpless confusion. The fortress in the island of Tenedos under which they lay, supposing that the enemy had entered the port and were about to land, began to fire on their own ships, which immediately cut their cables. In their eagerness to escape, they ran foul of each other, and in trying again to extricate themselves, some ran on shore and some out to sea. Here it so happened, that a sudden and violent gale came on, which the Turks would find it at any time difficult to weather, but now, in their confused and unprepared state, and in the dark, their ships were utterly unmanageable, and were wrecked in such numbers that the opposite coast of the Troad was strewed with them in all directions. Out of a crew of two thousand men on board the Admiral, he himself and about thirty more alone effected their escape from the blazing vessel, all the rest perished; two ships of the line were burnt, twelve of different sizes were wrecked on shore, and the remainder were so injured as to be nearly destroyed. Several were abandoned by their crews, who took to their boats or threw themselves overboard in the moment of terror, and the deserted vessels, shattered and empty, drifted to different places before the gale. Such were those which had alarmed the Pariotes. Canaris found the news of his successful enterprise had arrived at Ipsara before him. On the second night after his departure, a sudden blaze, seen reflected from the horizon in the direction in which he had sailed, had conveyed to the sanguine and sagacious Greeks what had happened, and they were celebrating his success before it was announced by any other messenger.

Among the persons who distinguished themselves in this insular warfare were several females, who, like Artemisia, built ships which they themselves commanded and fought.

Among them was Bobalina. She was the widow of a Hydriote captain, who had been put to death by order of the Sultan. She equipped three large ships at her own expense, and proceeded in them to cruize among the Cyclades, landing at the different islands, exciting the brave and encouraging the timid in the common cause. She then joined the Grecian fleet before Napoli, and for fourteen months persevered in the siege with unwearied constancy till its surrender. We generally suppose every interesting quality combined with heroism, particularly in females. I am sorry to say it is not the case with Bobalina; she is represented to me by those who know her, as exceedingly disagreeable in her manners and appearance, and unamiable in her disposition. Her address is rude and repulsive, her person coarse and corpulent, and her disposition grasping and avaricious; and she possesses so little of the softness of her sex, that she is frequently present without necessity at the most revolting scenes, and wades without compunction through human blood.

Another distinguished heroine of the island, was Modena Mavroyeni, daughter of Nicholas, the nephew of the hospodar of Wallachia, who had been decapitated by the Porte. On the death of his uncle, Nicholas escaped to Trieste with his daughter, where she had a liberal education, and made great progress both in French and Italian literature. She was an enthusiastic partizan in the cause of Greece when the insurrection began; and by her earnestness and eloquence persuaded many of her countrymen whom she met abroad, to return home and exert themselves to extend it. As she was young, rich, and comely, she had many aspirants for her favour, and she declared she would give her hand only to him who best deserved it in the cause of their common country; and in this way she despatched many to the

different islands, where their presence would be useful, particularly to Eubœa, where two young Greeks of high family were eager to distinguish themselves as open rivals for her favour. She herself set an example for others to imitate. She equipped a ship, at her own expense, at Trieste, and proceeded to the Cyclades, passing from island to island to keep up the spirits of the inhabitants. She was at Mycone, her native place, on one occasion, when the Turkish fleet passed close in shore on its return to the Dardanelles. The Greeks, instead of shrinking as usual in terror at the awful sight, in a moment of excitement displayed the cross from every promontory, and poured insults on the Turkish fleet. The Capitan Pasha passed on without deigning to take notice of these petty indignities; but an Algerine frigate, which some of the Greeks had fired into, immediately landed two hundred men, who rushed towards the town with the double motive of revenge and plunder. The Greeks, terrified at an attack which they had provoked, but did not expect, were flying in all directions, when Modena issued from a house, addressed them in her energetic language, and led them herself against the enemy. Inspired by such an example, they rallied, and attacked the Algerines with such effect, that they were driven back to their ships, leaving near one hundred of the party dead or wounded in the hands of the Greeks. Here the heroine displayed that implacable hatred which has always mixed itself with the heroism of the Greeks against the enemies of their country. Among the killed was the leader of the party; she had his head cut off and brought to her, and in the presence of all the people she stamped on and spurned at it with every expression of hatred and contempt. Such feminine ferocity was worthy of a people, among whose ancestors even a mother wa found to cast the first stone to destroy her own son, under a similar feeling of patriotism.

CHAPTER VIII.

Perils of these seas not exaggerated by the Ancients.—Dragoman waiting for the Ambassador.—Promontory of Sigæum.—Celebrated Marble—Plains of Troy.—Place described by Homer.—Accidental resemblance of objects impossible.—Wild Dogs.—Beautiful but desolate shore of the Hellespont. —Dardanelles.—Enormous Cannon.—Impressions on Lord Duckworth's Fleet.—Strange effects of one Ball.—Abydos.—Remains of Xerxes's Bridge.—Serpents of Laocoon.—Lampsacus.—Gallipoli.—Physician to the Prince.—Menage of a Jew.—Janissary and Firman.—Wall of Miltiades.— Entertainment at a Turkish Village.—Alarming commencement.—Agreeable conclusion.—Magnificent branches of Mount Rhodope.—Rodosto. —Immense Khans.—Plains of Thrace colder than Mountains.—Desolation outside the Walls of Constantinople.—Inside still more dismal.

The wind having again changed a point in our favour, we made another attempt to leave the islands, and succeeded. When I came on deck the next morning, I found myself lying between Tenedos and the Plains of Troy, and you may be sure I was very anxious to get on shore, more particularly so as the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus were pointed out to me, peeping over the coast; but the wind still blew a gale, in which no boat could live. It came from the north, directly down the channel in which we lay, and it was supposed our anchors could not hold in such a situation, but that the coast of Thrace a-head of us, though at such a distance, acted as a breakwater, and so abated the tremendous surge. This long continuance of inclement weather, in a climate we are accustomed to regard as so mild and lovely, disagreeably surprised me; but it at once accounted for the poetic wanderings and disasters of Æneas and

Ulysses, and the scriptural ones of St. Paul, in their frail and imperfect barks. We were in a ship manned by the best sailors in the world, and directed by all that consummate skill which the art of navigation had attained to, yet we were more than a month, and in constant peril, struggling through a distance, which a steamer in smooth water would run in two or three days.

While standing on the deck, wrapped up in our cloaks, which defended us but very imperfectly against the intense cold, we saw on the Asiatic shore a group of Orientals, waving in the wind the long sleeves of their capotes, as a signal to us; and when the weather moderated a little, a boat was sent off to bring them on board. They consisted of the dragoman of the British embassy and his attendants, who had been despatched a month before from Constantinople to receive the ambassador, and were looking out for him ever since at the mouth of the Dardanelles. He brought us a bag of letters and newspapers which had also been waiting for us; and then for the first time we learned, among other things, that a boat had gone down just beside us, in our passage to the frigate at Portsmouth, and every soul had perished.

By the capitulations entered into at the Dardanelles in 1809, no ship of war was allowed to pass the straits of the Hellespont or Bosphorus, we were therefore to leave the frigate, and embark on board the Castlereagh, which had been despatched from Corfu by Sir T. Maitland, and was in waiting to convey us to the Turkish capital. As I was now, however, within an accessible distance, and had quite enough of water, I resolved to proceed the remainder of the way by land, so I was put on shore at Cape Sigæum, where I was left in the care of a worthy Greek priest, and my friends departed without me.

I had been prepared for a feeling of solitude when I remained behind, but as soon as I actually saw my friends depart, lost the last glimpse, and caught the last sound of them, a sense of great desolation came over me. I found myself standing alone on a solitary promontory, and when I considered that I had proposed to travel some hundred miles, through a wild country among Turks, without a protector, or even the means of making myself understood, I thought I had undertaken not merely a perilous, but an impracticable enterprise. I made my way back again to the house of the priest, who I found was married. His wife laid before me a pilaff of rice and fowl, her husband sat cross-legged beside me eating another, and when we had finished them he brought me out to see the lions.

The promontory of Sigæum, so mixed up with our classical recollections, is the termination of a long ridge of high ground, which bounds the sea-coast for nearly twenty miles. On one side is the Ægean, on the other a level, fertile valley, supposed to be the Plain of Troy. The promontory ends abruptly, and a low sandy flat runs from its base to the mouth of the Dardanelles. On the extremity of this, called Koum Kali, the Turks have erected a strong fortress, commanding the entrance into the strait. It is comparatively a recent erection, and called for that reason by the Turks, Yeni Hissari, or the New Castles—hence you see in all our maps the Promontory of Sigæum called, by a corruption of this name, Cape Janissary. On the promontory is a small Greek village, and beside it a range of windmills, forming conspicuous and extraordinary objects, for they are almost as numerous as the houses. This is a peculiarity I had observed before in the Greek islands—in England, one serves for a whole district—here there seems one for every house. Beside the village is a small Greek chapel, distin-

guished by a circumstance as remarkable as the discovery of the Parian Marbles. In the front is a seat, which commands an extensive view across the valley and the Hellespont. Here I sat down on a stone bench, and my conductor informed me it had once possessed a miraculous power, but had lost it. It formerly healed all diseases of those who sat on it. I found on inquiry it was here that Chishull discovered the celebrated Βουστροφηδον inscription, at present in the British Museum with the other Elgin marbles. It had from time immemorial remained in front of this chapel, and had acquired a reputation for curing the rheumatism, not less from the sanctity of its situation, than from the occult characters engraven on it, which the Greeks, as well as the Turks, supposed to be talismans, and attributed to them mysterious and powerful virtues. Crowds every day resorted thither and sat for a certain time on the stone, rolling themselves backwards and forwards over the letters. The priest informed me, that many who were crippled with rheumatism recovered the use of their limbs by this practice; and it is possible that the exercise of climbing a hill, the breezy air, and cheerful prospect enjoyed from it, and, above all, a firm belief in the efficacy of the remedy, might have had such an effect; but that which restored health to the people was the destruction of that which healed them. The constant attrition nearly obliterated the inscription, and the present effaced state of this exceedingly curious specimen of rude and early literature, makes it a subject of regret to the learned, that it ever had any medical virtues attributed to it.

The next morning I found horses and a surrogee or guide at the door, and I set out with him to explore the plains of Troy. I had been introduced at Paris to Chevalier, who had been one of the first to examine minutely this celebrated

plain, and made the discovery that Bounarbashi was the actual site of the town of Troy, which he published in 1795. For this he was attacked by Jacob Bryant, who affirmed that the "Tale of Troy divine," was a mere fiction of later date, and the whole affair a pleasing delusion. This was answered by Wakefield, Monet, and Dr. Vincent, and a long controversy ensued. My amiable and intelligent old friend, however, had made a convert of me, so I was prepared to receive with indulgence all his opinions, and impatient to verify them by fact and local observation. With a small Homer, therefore, in one pocket and Chevalier in the other, I set out.

I crossed the mouth of the Simois, now called the Mender-sou; a turbulent muddy river, just such a one as would roll down to the sea the shields, horses, and bodies of heroes that were slain on its banks. It falls into the Hellespont between the promontories of Sigæum and Rhœteum, about four miles apart, and a flat sweeping bay is formed, where sundry modern Greek craft were drawn up on the strand, like those of their ancestors in days of yore. On this alluvial marshy surface, stagnant water had accumulated, from which in summer the beams of the sun extract a pestiferous miasma, generating a disease like your Walcheren fever, so that the shafts or rays of Apollo are still as deadly as of old, in the same place. The very first glance at it would induce you to say, here is the sickly spot depicted at the commencement of the Iliad. I passed up a wide plain, between two nearly parallel ranges of hills or high grounds. On my right next the sea, was what I supposed to be the mound of Hercules, where Neptune sat with the gods favourable to the Greeks; on my left, at a greater distance, was the Kali-Kolone, where those of the Trojans reclined. I climbed, in the middle of the

plain, a lofty circular eminence, evidently artificial, called now Udgectepé, supposed to be the tomb of Æsites, whither Polites was sent to watch the movements of the Greeks. I saw he could not choose a better spot, for it commanded the whole plain to the Hellespont.

From hence I proceeded to Bounarbashi, which literally means the "head of the spring," and here were actually hot wells issuing from the rocks, which were so warm that they sent forth a smoke, and I could hardly bear my hand in them; a colder spring was at a little distance. That nothing might be wanting in its present appearance to its ancient character, there were stone basins in which several Turkish females were washing clothes, resembling the πλύνοι, or perhaps the identical ones in which the Trojan women were engaged in a similar occupation, just before the Greeks came upon them. I breakfasted beside an exceedingly limpid and picturesque stream, flowing through a verdant flowery meadow, and having elms, willows, tamarisk, cypresses, and other marshy plants adorning its banks, and fish gliding through the current and bounding from place to place so plenty, that I procured a large dish of them for my meal. The local appearances of this stream exactly resembled those of the Scamander. From hence I climbed the hill of Bounarbashi, when every circumstance reminded me of the site of Troy. Tenedos lay conspicuously beside me, and Ida rose behind me. Even the ἐρινεὸν, or mount of wild figs, was there, covered at this day with these trees, from which I gathered a branch full of fruit, as a trophy and memorial.

I set out to return after an early dinner, about the time that Priam left the city to proceed to the Grecian camp to beg the body of Hector. He journeyed the same way, I suppose, at the same pace, and had the same distance to

go. I descended the hill like him, accompanied by several persons, who left me on the plain. I arrived at the point of junction between the two rivers at twilight as he did, when darkness was coming on; and, by an odd coincidence, my surrogee, who had separated from me at Bounarbashi, met me at this spot, like another Mercury, to conduct me on. It is a curious fact, and gives an extraordinary interest to the place, that though the rivers do not join here now, as in the time of Priam, there is evident testimony that they did so formerly. The Scamander at this day makes its way to the Ægean by another and more recent channel; but the ancient bed, where it formerly united its streams with the Simois, is still distinctly traceable. I arrived at supper time at the tomb of Achilles, near which was his tent, which Priam reached at the same hour exactly.

The tomb of Achilles stands on an eminence over the plain, with that of Patroclus beside it, and was considered so indubitable two thousand two hundred years ago, that Alexander the Great, to evince his respect for the hero which it contained, whom he had made his model, ran naked round it, which, as Lady M. W. Montague says, no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. But a circumstance has rendered this tomb a ground of controversy among the disputants. Homer says it stood ἔπι πλάτυν Ελλεσπόντου, on the *broad* Hellespont, which some say was an epithet that could not be applied to so narrow a strait. Others say, I know not why, that πλατυς means salt, which seems an unfortunate conjecture, for the waters are, and I suppose always were, very fresh, from the vast rivers poured down from the Black Sea; indeed, so much so, that it is necessary to eat a quantity of salt, to give a flavour to the insipid oysters which are still, as in days of yore, found at the *ostriferi fauces Abydi*. But the first view of the spot

would at once suggest the meaning of the epithet. The tomb stands at the mouth of the Dardanelles, where the straits are, I think, three miles wide, whilst the general breadth in other places is but seven or eight furlongs. This is the simple and obvious explanation of Eustathius, who says that it means the broad part of the Hellespont.

For any further account of what I saw, I refer you to Clarke, the splendid illustrations of Gell, and other authorities, who have entered into such minute and elaborate details. I will not tire you by renewing the controversies of this celebrated place, which have been discussed by much more competent persons; nor will I combat the paradox of Jacob Bryant, who cuts the Gordian knot, by affirming that no such place as Troy ever existed, and consequently no such event as the war ever happened: but as you enjoin me to send you something "to set up poor Homer," I may assert that, notwithstanding some trifling discrepancies, a man who visits the spot must be convinced that it was the scene of Homer's poems. It is quite impossible that his descriptions and the face of nature should so correspond by chance. There is sometimes less credulity in believing than disbelieving, and he must be a credulous person indeed, who could suppose that so many minute and accurate resemblances could occur by mere accident.

After wandering for three days over these places, I was just returning from my last excursion, when I was attracted by the cry of dogs, which seemed in the act of destroying some animal: presently a black spaniel made towards me, with a whole pack of savage dogs in pursuit. When he came up, I recognised him as a favourite dog of Lord Strangford, which had strayed away, and being a stranger was pursued by one of those wild packs, which, since the

days of Homer, continue to run on these plains. They are a hateful race, having neither the qualities nor appearance of our dogs. They are generally a dirty yellow with sharp noses and prick ears, and seem a mixture of a fox and jackall. I had before seen them with flocks of vultures, devouring the carcasses of dead horses, several skeletons of which lay about the plain, and it is still an oriental usage to expose the bodies of malefactors to be torn by them, as I afterwards learned at Constantinople. The poor animal, as you may suppose, was extremely rejoiced to see me, and I rescued him, with some difficulty and hazard, from his fierce pursuers. I had little acquaintance with him before, but from this hour he attached himself to me, and our friendship ended only in his death.

My way lay along the shores of the Hellespont; the weather had now become moderate, and the storm was succeeded by a balmy sunshine. I cannot describe to you the exquisite beauty of the undulating downs, which extend along the Asiatic side of this famous sea. The green sward, sloping down to the water's edge, intersected every mile by some sweet wooded valley, running up into the country at one extremity, and terminating in the other by a romantic cove, over whose strand the lucid waves rippled. The sound of the waters had something singularly soothing and harmonious, and as I made my solitary way in silence along the shore, like Chryses of old, who by-the-by was also a clergyman, I thought the waves returned the actual sound of πολυφλοῖσβοιο θαλάσσης. Here it was that the first picture of Turkish desolation presented itself to me. While those smiling prospects, which a good Providence seems to have formed for the delight of man, invite him to fix his dwelling among them, all is desert and desolate as the prairies of the Missouri. In a journey of nearly fifteen miles along

the coast, and for half the length of the Hellespont, I did not meet a single human habitation, and this is the finest climate, the most fertile soil, and once the most populous country in the world!

When I arrived at the Dardanelles, I found Lord Strangford and his suite had not been able to proceed against the wind and current of the Hellespont, and had stopped at the house of the consul, where I again joined them, and passed a few days exploring the vicinity.

The Dardanelles is a Turkish town, supposed to be built on the site of the ancient Dardanus, and so corrupted into its present name, which it gives to the straits. Here stand the famous castles which protect the passage to the capital, one on each side the Hellespont, where there are still to be seen those immense pieces of ordnance, which discharge masses of granite pillars instead of balls of metal. The Turks are alone, I believe, in the use of these unmanageable instruments of destruction, and they originated in the following circumstance: When Mahomed II. laid siege to Constantinople, an Hungarian armourer, who had been in the service of the Greeks, in consequence of some ill usage deserted to the Turks, and was brought before the Sultan. He asked him if he could cast a cannon, that would batter a breach in the walls of the city, and the Hungarian undertook to do so. A foundry was established at Adrianople for the purpose, and in three months the artist produced one of stupendous size. The bore, as described by historians, was twelve palms or three feet; it projected a granite ball of six hundred pounds weight, the explosion was felt in a circumference of thirteen miles, and the ball was sent a mile, and bedded itself two yards deep in a mound of earth. In the reign of Amurath, another was cast of a still more extraordinary kind; it was composed of two parts united

like a screw-barrel pistol. The difficulty of loading it rendered it nearly useless, till Baron de Tott undertook to discharge it. The ball weighed eleven hundred pounds, and it required thirty-three pounds of powder. He felt the shock, he said, at eight hundred fathoms distance, like an earthquake; the ball, divided into three pieces, struck the opposite side of the strait, and rebounded on the mountains, to the great terror of the Turks.

When Admiral Duckworth repassed the Dardanelles, after his fruitless attempt on the capital, his fleet were greatly shattered by these tremendous engines. The Royal George was nearly sunk by one ball, which destroyed her cutwater. The mainmast of the Windsor Castle was almost cut in two, and the Repulse had her wheel shot away, and seventeen men killed or wounded by a single shot. The largest ball that struck our ships was one of granite, of eight hundred pounds weight, and two feet two inches in diameter. It stove in the whole larboard bow of the Active, and having crushed this immense mass of solid timber like so much paper, the shot rolled ponderously aft along the orlop deck, and stopped near the main hatchway, an object of wonder to the crew, who made a lane for it to pass. But the most extraordinary effect was told me by an officer in one of the ships of the fleet, I think he said the Standard. The ball passed in on her larboard quarter, between decks, and meeting with the stem of the mizen, which was encased with iron, it made a sort of gyration round it, during which the friction elicited from the iron a stream of scintillating sparks, which communicated to some powder lying about it. An immediate explosion took place, which nearly rent the decks asunder, and forty persons were more or less injured by the effects of this one ball. He gave me a fragment of granite, which, he said, was part of this ball; it abounded with grains of

quartz, which acted on the iron of the mast like flint on steel, and so caused the ignition of the powder.

I found these immense pieces of ordnance lying on the ground without carriages, and apparently in very awkward and unmanageable situations, so that they can only be discharged from one position at objects just before them. A short time after, I was coming up the Dardanelles on board an English merchant-man. She was armed against the pirates of the Archipelago, and had a few real and more false guns, so that she had much the appearance of a ship of war. She had been waiting for a wind at the mouth of the Straits, and when a strong and favourable breeze sprang up, she hastened to take every advantage of it. We were sweeping along at the rate of ten knots by the Castles, when we were hailed by the sentinel to bring-to; but the captain was a stout, sturdy man, and he swore he would not stop and lose the wind, for the Sultan himself—so we took no notice. Presently the alarm was given, the guard turned out, and just as we were opposite a great gun, an artilleryman applied a match. My mind was filled with the accounts I had heard, and what I had seen myself of these engines, and when I was now at no great distance actually looking into the enormous mouth, and saw a lighted match applied at the other end, I thought in one moment it was all over with us. Providentially it burnt priming, and before the tardy Turks could replace the powder, we had passed beyond the range of the shot. When they saw this, they were exceedingly angry—they shouted with menacing attitudes, but all the artilleryman could now do was to shake his lighted linstock at us.

From the Dardanelles I again took horse, leaving my friends behind me waiting for a wind. About three miles

from hence is the famous promontory of Abydos. It is a low cape, proceeding from the base of a high hill, a considerable way to the opposite shore. It terminates in a point, from whence runs out a ridge of rocks, where Xerxes commenced the construction of his bridge. On this ridge were still seen remnants of piles and beams of timber, black with age, and apparently of great antiquity. Was it possible it could have been the remnant of Xerxes's bridge? The piles of that of Trajan, we know, are still seen in the waters of the Danube. I thought it was surprising that no traveller had ever noticed so extraordinary a thing; but I soon knew why—what I saw were the wrecks and ribs of a Turkish flotilla, which Admiral Duckworth had destroyed on this spot going up the Straits, and which the Turks suffered to remain there as memorials of the outrage.

Besides the tales of love and war which distinguished these straits in ancient ages, they are no less celebrated as the passage by which the Turks entered Europe. Sestos and Abydos were, in fact, the Calais and Dover of former times, the great way from one country to another. The account Cantemir gives of this passage, though doubted by some modern writers, is too curious to be omitted. The Turks had been in possession of all the opposite coast of Asia, but an edict had been issued by the Greek Emperor, that no boat should pass from the European side, so that the Musulman could not cross even this narrow strait. But Solyman, the son of Orchan, in the year 1353, conquered this difficulty. He descended to the shore of Abydos under the pretext of hunting, and surveyed the opposite coast with a longing eye and impatient wish; but at length, "Necessity whetting his invention, he laid two rafts on ox-bladders, tied together by the necks, on one of which he gets first

himself, and in the night, the moon being at the full, passes over more happily than he expected *." Such was the first entry of the Turks into Europe, according to the historian of the Ottoman empire, which the historian of the Greek empire rejects altogether †. This manner of passing water on inflated rafts, certainly was and is an Oriental usage. Xenophon says it was the mode in which the Euphrates was crossed in his time, and it is the mode used at the present day‡. There is now not even a ferry here, and no abode but a Turkish fortress. The only remains of this great thoroughfare are a misshapen mass of masonry on the isthmus of the promontory, of the use and origin of which I could find no account.

A circumstance, however, occurred to me here which I thought curiously connected with the traditions of very remote periods. I was told of a rumour of two large serpents having been seen here from time immemorial, which had formerly committed great ravages. The recollection of the two serpents of Laocoon immediately struck me. I thought it was an odd coincidence so near the Plains of Troy, and that it might possibly be some tradition of the old story yet remaining in the country. While wandering about the high grounds over the Hellespont, with a young friend who was with me at the time, a Greek ran to me with great alarm, calling aloud, "Idhoo tchelebi,"—"Look, Sir." I turned to the direction in which he pointed, and there were, indeed, two enormous serpents, much larger than the boa constrictors usually exhibited in England. They lay stretched like long cables, basking in the sun, and seemed to take no notice of our approach. After contemplating these objects for some time, so curiously associated

* Cantemir, lib. i. sect. 9.
† Gibbon, vol. viii. c. 64.
‡ Anabas. lib. i.

with former events, I took up a large stone, and with some apprehension rolled it down the hill to where they lay basking; presently they raised their crests, and looking at us with gleaming eyes, they quietly glided away, drawing their long folds after them, till they were lost in the thickets. The usual size of the serpents of this country is small; those we had just seen were considered by the people about as preternatural and portentous, and they spoke of them with great alarm.

From hence I proceeded to Lampsacus, about thirty miles. This is at present a miserable town, without any trace of the ancient luxurious city. I inquired after medals or statues, which might commemorate its former worship, but could not learn that any had ever been found. The face of nature, however, bore evidence of its former character. It was a rich, luxurious soil, full of vines, fig trees, and other fruits, and the cottages seemed embosomed in foliage, and looked as if they belonged to a voluptuous people.

The Hellespont here widens considerably at its entrance into the Sea of Marmora, and just opposite is the town of Gallipoli. My intention at first had been, to make my way along the south shore of the Propontis, through Asia Minor. But I found on inquiry that the road, if road it could be called, was so bad that, at this season, it was quite impassable; besides that, it was a great circuit, affording nothing to compensate, and no one ever proceeded in that direction, so I passed over to Gallipoli. I met in the boat a man in a Frank dress—he was very talkative and inquisitive—informed me in Italian that he was a Ragusan, and physician to the Greek prince, the hospodar of Wallachia, and thought it right in turn to ask who I was? My surrogee answered for me; and when the Doctor heard I was attached to the

suite of the English Elchi Bey, the rumour of whose coming I found was spread abroad, he was very civil and obsequious. He brought me, on landing, to the house of a Jew of his acquaintance, who proposed to accommodate me for the night and procure horses in the morning.

The town of Gallipoli is memorable as being the first which the Turks fortified out of Asia, and so was the portal through which Mahommedism entered into Christian Europe. This event, it seems, was preceded by an earthquake, which had shattered the walls of many cities, and among the rest those of Gallipoli. The feeble Greek Emperor Cantacuzene, who had allowed Turks to sell Christian slaves in the Bazaar of Constantinople, now suffered them to rebuild the walls of Gallipoli, and so permitted them to hold the key of the Hellespont and of the Greek empire. It is at present the residence of a Pasha, and contains about sixteen thousand inhabitants, one half of which are Turks, the other Christians and Jews. It stands upon a peninsula, having a harbour at each side, so safe and capacious as sometimes to afford refuge to the whole Turkish fleet, when their awkward squadrons are driven back by the strong north-easters of the Sea of Marmora. Two frigates had just run for safety into the harbour. The crews were obliged to cut away their masts, and they lay before us in a very shattered and dismantled state. The approach to the town is very striking. Besides its battlements and towers, several stratified rocks appear around it, which resemble artificial fortifications, and of which the Turks have, in fact, availed themselves to increase the strength of the place.

Having seen every thing thought worth showing under the auspices of my friend the physician to the prince, I returned to the house where he had located me. The menage of my host was, as I believe it is in most Jewish houses in

every part of the world, exceedingly dirty and repulsive; and it is a singular fact that every remnant of the race, wherever they are, retain unchanged the characteristics of their common nation. His name was Cohen, a name as common among the Jews of the East as of the West, and derived, he said, from Kohath, the son of Levi*. It was Saturday, his Sabbath; and notwithstanding the cold, no fire was allowed to be lighted in his house. We sat under a fetid lamp, by the dim light of which we could scarcely see, and which he thought it a violation of his day of rest to trim. The overflowing of the oil dropped down on the foul table linen, which, with the heavy smell, the encrusted spoons, and the rancid messes laid down the day before, made me regret that I had complied with my friend the doctor's invitation. Early the next morning I found horses ready for me, and I endeavoured to satisfy my host for his entertainment, but could not succeed. He thought, as I belonged to the Elchi Bey, he would not be doing his family justice if he did not make me pay, as if I was myself an ambassador. His son, however, was a handsome and amiable lad, and seemed much annoyed at his father's rapacity. I gave him an English penknife, which I happened to have in my pocket, as a little keepsake: he was delighted, kissed my hand, and we parted excellent friends.

It had been my intention to have procured a firman for myself, without which no one travels in Turkey; it would have been attended with much delay, and I was able to supply its place. I had with me the plates of Sonnini's travels, which I brought for the sake of the maps; appended to them was a fac-simile of the firman with which he travelled. On looking over my route, I accidentally displayed the firman, when my host, who spoke a few words of Italian, said,

* Numbers, ch. iii. v. 17.

"Buono tchelebi"—"Good, Sir"—so I set out with it, not reflecting on the consequence of producing a false passport. I was never asked for it, though it was often examined on the road, and every one who looked at it pronounced it good. As an additional security, I took with me a Janissary, who was also quite satisfied with Sonnini's firman. His name was Hasan; he was a low man, with a singular gravity of countenance, and so taciturn that I do not distinctly recollect to have ever heard the sound of his voice more than once in a monosyllable, nor indeed seen him open his mouth, except to insert the end of his chibouk. He carried with him a long rosary of beads; and whenever his hands were disengaged, he was continually dropping them one by one. I thought at first they were to regulate his prayers, as in Catholic countries, but I found a Turk never prays in that way; to each bead was associated in his memory an attribute of God, which, when he dropped it, he repeated to himself—"God is good;" "God is great;" "God is powerful," and so on for ninety and nine attributes. He rode before me, in a large snow-white turban and a scarlet cloak. Two silver-mounted pistols protruded their handles from each side of his girdle, and between them was stuck his gold-hafted handjar, in a long embossed silver sçabbard; so with this respect-commanding conductor, I set out from Gallipoli, through the Thracian Chersonesus.

Among the few objects of curosity in this peninsula is the Wall of Miltiades, which, though supposed to be entirely obliterated, I resolved to search for. Miltiades is my favourite hero; I venerated his name at Marathon, and I now hoped to find the remains of his handiwork in this remote place. He had been sent to colonize it; and having, as Nepos says, ordained every thing with the greatest justice and wisdom, he ran a wall across the isthmus to

repel the incursions of the barbarians, who were disturbing his new colony. When I arrived at the isthmus, I kept a sharp look out, and astonished the grave Hasan, by dismounting several times, wherever I saw any thing like a ridge, and raising the sod to discover any thing like a foundation. At length I came to a visible eminence, running in a right line through the plain at each side of the road. I immediately got on it, and walking over the summit, I easily traced it from sea to sea, about six miles across. On removing the covering of soil, I discovered the foundation of a wall, about ten feet thick, and where a path or road was made through it, the structure was very visible in the section. No historian records, I believe, with what materials this wall was built; but other walls of defence erected nearly at the same time were of burnt brick. Xenophon says that the wall of Media was so built*. I found, on examination, that such were the materials of which this was composed, and I picked out several of the πλινθοι, or Attic bricks, which were as hard and compact as when they were burnt, though it must have been before the era of the Persian war; and I loaded Hasan with relics which I prized more than those of Babylon, though to his utter disappointment; he had looked on at first with great interest, supposing, like all Turks, that money was concealed in the foundation of every old wall, which the sagacity of a Frank can discover.

From hence we proceeded along the course of a small river falling into the gulf of Toro, the ancient Melanis Sinus, which forms the peninsula on the west side. I was surprised at this movement, as I had been told our way was to lie along the shore of the Sea of Marmora. We penetrated, however, into a magnificent valley surrounded by the distant branches of Mount Rhodope, and at night arrived

* Τὸ Μηδικὸν τεῖχος—ᾠκοδομημένον πλινθοις ὀπταις.—Anabas. lib. ii. p. 145.

at its extremity, and stopped at a Turkish village at the source of the river. The villages scattered about these mountains are inhabited by Turks, Greeks, or Armenians: if by the former, a traveller is never admitted into a house, but must lie in the stable with his horse, at a place called a Khan. This is generally a very large edifice, like one of the great cow-houses in England, filled with cattle of all kinds. At one end is a little enclosure, separated by a low partition, just sufficiently high to prevent the cattle from walking over him, but in other respects a continuation of the stable. That in which I now found myself, had the luxury of a bit of ragged straw mat, just large enough for me to sit on, and I found myself lodged with about fifty buffaloes and camels. A traveller gets nothing to eat but what he brings with him, and my stock of provisions consisted of a grain of coffee in a paper in one waistcoat pocket, and a little zacchari, or brown sugar, in the other. Hasan had a bag of tobacco. I had eaten nothing from the first light in the morning, and I was as hungry as tired, after a long day's ride; but there I sat solitary, between three mud walls, on a bit of dirty straw mat, with the more fortunate cattle crunching their provender about me. Occasionally a camel or a buffalo would put his neck across the partition, and having looked at me with considerable surprise and curiosity, would then begin to move his jaws just close to my face, as if to mock my hunger. Meantime Hasan sat cross-legged before me, smoking his pipe with the most imperturbable gravity, quite reconciled to the state of inanity in which we were doomed to pass the night. I several times gave him an imploring look, and put my finger in my mouth closing my teeth on it, that even a Turk might comprehend what I wanted. Hasan slowly moved his head, and said "Yoke," the first word I had

heard him utter. I hoped that yoke might have something to say to eggs, but I was mistaken,—yoke, I found, was Turkish for "nothing." I now made myself about a thimbleful of coffee, in a little tin measure which I found among some embers, in an earthen pot in a corner, and stretching myself out for the night, I took Hasan's pipe and smoked myself into a doze.

I know not how long I remained in this state, but when I opened my eyes, I found, by the light of a lamp stuck in the wall, the place crowded with Turks, sitting round me cross-legged, three or four deep, all smoking and silently gazing on me, waiting apparently until I should awake. I asked for Hasan, whom I could not see, and one of them, rather a truculent looking man, drew his hand across his throat, and with a solemn countenance motioned to me to hold my peace. "Here then," said I to myself, "I am about to suffer the penalty of travelling with a false firman; my janissary has been punished in the summary way of a Turk, and I must submit to whatever they please to do to myself,—the Elchi Bey can't protect a British subject in this remote place." While engaged in these pleasant reflections, a joint-stool was brought in and set before me, and a large metal tray laid on it, with a number of broad horn spoons like shovels. I had some vague notions of barbarian nations feeding people before they kill them, and here was my last meal.

The first course was a basin, the size of a cauldron, of pease porridge, which was soon despatched by the company; the next was a seasoned substance, like macaroni; and the last was a bowl of an acidulated liquor, the most grateful I ever tasted. During the whole of the entertainment, not a sound was uttered, nor was I ever asked to eat. But a man in a green turban, to mark his being a descendant

of Mahomet, and who seemed the master of the feast, had his eye on me. When he saw me relaxing with my spoon, he said not a word, but he nudged the man next him with his elbow, and he his neighbour, till it came round to me, and in this way I was pressed to eat more. A large bunch of grapes was fished up from the bottom of the last bowl, and held for a moment by the Turk in the green turban; it was then passed on to me, without any one helping himself, and laid on the tray before me, and it seemed a part of the ceremonial of the entertainment. When everything was removed, I was presented with a cup of coffee and a pipe; but having declined them, one of the company laid the side of his head on his hand, intimating that I should go to sleep; I drew my cloak over me as I was bid; and when I awoke in the morning I found the company still sitting round me, smoking as before I fell asleep. The horses were now brought to the door, and my hosts departed as silently as they entered, without asking remuneration or seeming to expect even thanks. I afterwards found that my friendly Turks were the voivode and principal men of the village, who, being informed that I was a stranger and a Frank with a firman, had given me an entertainment; and the man who drew his hand across his throat had intimated that Hasan had gone to get himself shaved and dressed for dinner. There was something singular in their taciturn hospitality; but the kindness of a Turk is divested of all pretension; it is rude but cordial whenever it is offered.

Our way from hence lay across one of the ridges of Mount Rhodope, over which we had to climb from the village below. We ascended through the most splendid and majestic scenery in Europe. We sometimes passed along the edges of stupendous precipices, overhanging deep and shadowy

valleys filled with noble forest-trees, among which were concealed the sources of some of the largest rivers in Thrace. Sometimes we wound our way through groves of arbutus, myrtle, and various fragrant shrubs, which, as we brushed them with our feet, filled the air with their aromatic odour; and sometimes, emerging on the naked summit of the ridge, we waded through acres of snow, presenting in many places, where a part had fallen away, sections of eighteen or twenty feet deep. Conceive I was now in the region where Orpheus lamented his Eurydice, "amid Rhodope's snows," and it was no violent effort of imagination to hear the visionary tones of his lyre, in every passing breeze that swept the mountain. At length we began to descend, and in four days arrived at the coast of the sea of Marmora, from whence the view of the snowy ridges I had passed looked very sublime and awful. Hasan had led me, it seems, far out of the usual route, and through a region very seldom visited.

We now proceeded to Rodosto. This is a very large town, containing above ten thousand houses, and a mixed population of sixty thousand Greeks, Turks, Armenians, and Jews. There is also a respectable portion of them Franks, originally from Hungary and Germany. When the Turks were compelled to evacuate Buda, they carried off with them several respectable inhabitants from that and other towns, who were settled at Rodosto, and having brought with them their usages and improvements, gave to the town a more European character than other oriental cities display. The khans for travellers here are of a most enormous size, some of them apparently as large as Westminster Hall, and resembling it in appearance; an open edifice with a high roof, supported on naked walls, unbroken by any object. Some of them contain two or three

hundred horses or camels, which appear like mice ranged round the floor below. There are no mangers against the walls, but a dwarf parapet runs along, enclosing a narrow trough, which is filled with chopped straw as provender. I was not obliged to take up my abode in one of them, but was received into the house of a friendly Catholic priest, who also acted as agent to the British Consul.

After stopping with my host a day, to recover the fatigues of the mountains, I set out for Constantinople, and continued my way nearly along the sea-coast through a level country. Here commenced the extensive plain, which runs to the base of the Balcan and the Black Sea, resembling the Steppes of Tartary, and like them studded over with tepé or mounds, like the tumuli, supposed to be the tombs of Homer's heroes on the opposite coast of Asia, and probably erected at the same period and for the same purpose; they were so thickly studded in some places, that I reckoned nine at one time visible in the horizon, and as I advanced fresh ones continually rose to the view, up to the walls of the capital.

I had here a specimen of a Thracian winter, and which was actually colder than I had felt it on the summit of the mountains. A storm came on from the N. E. attended with an intense chill and a deluge of snow. The roads, or rather paths, were quite obliterated and we lost our way. I had experienced discomfort and hardship before, but nothing equal to this. Indeed the sensation of cold that comes over a traveller in these regions is sometimes more intolerable than the severest extreme felt in more northern latitudes. The acuteness of it might have been increased by the very comfortless accommodations. I tried various ways of counteracting it by ardent spirits both hot and cold, but nothing relieved the painful consciousness of it so much

as a pipe of tobacco, and a cup of coffee, which I now fortunately procured at every hovel we passed. As I approached the capital there was no cheering appearance of a dense population, no increase of houses, or villages, to intimate the vicinity of a large city. For the last ten miles we did not pass a house nor meet a man; and we suddenly found ourselves under the walls, before I was aware that I was approaching the town. We passed through the Silyvria gate, and the desolation within was worse, because less expected, than that without. As our horses' hoofs clattered over the rugged pavement, the noise was startling, so desolate and silent were the streets. The only other sound we heard was that of some savage dog, who had buried himself in a hole under the foundation of the house, and, putting up his head, howled dismally at us as we passed. We at length arrived at the harbour, which it was necessary for me to cross to our palace, which rose on my view at the other side. Impatient to get over, I entered the first boat I saw, and was setting off to row myself, when two Turks armed with pistols entered the boat. They quietly laid their hands on the back of mine, to intimate to me to be still: then setting me in the bottom of the boat they rowed me across, and brought me up to the palace.

CHAPTER IX.

Peninsula of Pera.—Galata.—British Palace.—Garden.—Chapel.—Population and Society of Pera.—Turkish Cemeteries.—Golden Horn.—View of Constantinople.—Palace Janissaries.—Caiques.—Fanal.—Greek Patriarchate.—Cathedral.—Printing Office.—Patriarch.—Balata.—Jews.—Turkish Women.—Notions of Female Propriety.—Terms of Reproach.—Dogs.—How they live.—Why esteemed by Turks.—Character.—Intolerable Nuisance.—Sulamanie.—Teriake Tcharkisi.—De Tott's account of Opium Eaters.—Present State.—Lunatic Asylum.—Fearful Maniac.—Gentle Minstrel.—Turkish test of Sanity.—Severe Treatment successful—accords with National Character.—Santa Sophia.—Turkish Crescent.—Mosque of Achmet.—Number of Minarets.—Seven Towers.—District of Ypsomotia.—Greek Miracle.—Armenian Quarter.—Triple Church.—General View of the Interior of the City.—Manners of the People.

THE British palace is situated, not at Constantinople, but at Pera, a district separated from it by an arm of the sea. It was called Pera by the Greeks of the lower empire, because it was περα, "on the other side." It is a peninsula formed by the Bosphorus and the harbour, which wash its base, from whence it rises to a high ridge. Along the spine or summit of this ridge runs the great leading avenue, called, by way of eminence, "the Pera Street." From this descend at each side sundry very steep and narrow lanes, formed in many places into shallow steps, impracticable for any kind of carriage, but frequently passed by horses, which learn to walk up and down as cautiously as if they were traversing a flight of stone stairs, and every day by crowds of hummals or porters, who labour up them with heavy burdens landed from the ships or boats below. These steep and narrow avenues, which resemble the "wynds" in Edinburgh, lead to Tophana, Tersanha, Galata, and other important and

populous districts, either on the waters of the Bosphorus or the harbour.

At one extremity of the peninsula, which may be called its isthmus, is the valley of Dolma Bactché, which separates it in some measure from the country. It was through this that Mahomet II. is supposed to have drawn his ships into the harbour at the other side, when he besieged Constantinople. It was afterwards called Dolma Bactché, or the "Gourd Garden," because it was a fertile valley, in which the Turks, when masters of the place, cultivated that vegetable, of which they are very fond. Immediately above it are the great burying-grounds, where Mahomedans and Christians, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Franks of all nations and of all opinions sleep in their respective cemeteries, and at length repose together in peace. The Jews alone seem still to retain here, even in death, their distinct and exclusive character: their burying-ground is removed from all the rest at a considerable distance.

At the other extremity is Galata, a name for which some give the undignified etymology of γάλα, "milk," because it had been the milk-market of the lower empire. A town was subsequently built on it by the Genoese, who, at the time of the crusades, had established themselves for the convenience of commerce at this maritime point, between the Bosphorus and the harbour. A dispute arising between them and their rivals the Venetians, their houses were prostrated, and themselves obliged to fly for refuge to the city, where they implored the protection of the Emperor Cantacuzene, who permitted them to surround their houses by a wall, with a trench, for their future protection. This still remains nearly perfect, with its turrets and battlements, running from sea to sea; and though it is but a continuation of Pera, whose streets run up to the walls, the

gates are carefully closed every night by the Turks, as they were by the Genoese. From the burying-grounds to Galata is a continued avenue of houses, running, with little deviation, from a right line; and as the view from its elevated situation is very beautiful and extensive, commanding the Bosphorus on one side, and the Golden Horn, or harbour, on the other, all the Franks of opulence have here their town residence, and the European ambassadors their palaces. It is therefore adorned with more extensive and goodly mansions than are to be found, perhaps, in any other part of the Turkish empire.

But of all the edifices which distinguish it, the British palace is the most conspicuous and delightful, and the circumstances connected with it have most endeared it to the minds of Englishmen. The first residence of our embassy at Pera was a small building, which had been a private house, near the Galata Serai; but when we had rendered such essential service to the Turks, by expelling the French from Egypt, they evinced their gratitude in a remarkable manner, by providing a princely residence for the representative of his Britannic Majesty in the Turkish capital. There was, on the most elevated part of the ridge, an open space, with a number of small wooden houses scattered over it. These the Turks cleared away, surrounded the area with a substantial wall, and while Lord Elgin was ambassador, laid the foundation of a large palace in the centre, and when the wall was raised a few yards of solid stone, made a gift of the place to the English, to finish it on the plan in which it was begun. The Levant Company gave ten thousand pounds, and the British Government the remainder, to complete it in a style of correspondent magnificence. But the circumstance which rendered it particularly interesting was the delicate compliment paid by the

Turks to British feelings and opinions. When it was finished, they sent, on the day it was opened for the reception of the embassy, a number of their slaves, who were emancipated on the spot, and given to understand that they owed their freedom to English philanthropy; and it was particularly affecting to see many of these poor people, who had been thirty years in chains, bending in gratitude to their benefactors. Never, perhaps, was a higher compliment paid by one nation to the sentiments of another, or the opening of an edifice hallowed by a more impressive ceremony.

The palace stands nearly in the centre of a demesne, including a lawn and garden of about four acres, enclosed from the streets by a high and substantial wall. It is an oblong quadrangular building of three stories, surmounted on the roof by a lofty kiosk, or square cupola, which commands a most extensive view of the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora, Constantinople, and the surrounding country. It also gave light to a large hall below, which occupied the centre of the building, and round which the apartments were situated. One of them is the grand hall, or reception-room. At the end stands the throne, as the representative of majesty, which no one occupied, till the arrival of the unfortunate Queen Caroline, who, in her Oriental wanderings, had visited Constantinople. During her short sojourn she visited the room every day, and, as an old domestic informed me, was frequently seen weeping, with her head resting on her hands, sitting on the steps of this throne. The floor was formed of different woods, inlaid in mosaic, and had been lighted up when occasion required by an oblong frame of bell-lamps suspended from the ceiling. The first large dinner-party given here after our arrival, displayed a curious characteristic of the

country. We had scarcely sat down, when a flight of bats hovered over the table, their sooty wings and foul odour strongly reminding us of the harpies, on a similar occasion, though they were somewhat less rapacious. On examination, it was found that the bats had established themselves in the lamps. The hall had been disused for some time before, and these animals, which abound here, had taken possession of it—almost every bell contained a progeny. Among the ornaments which the Ambassador had brought with him were some splendid lustres of cut glass for this apartment: the frame, with all its inhabitants, was next day removed, and the lustres suspended, which, with other decorations, now rendered this saloon one of the finest in the Turkish empire.

But the garden and lawn were the objects of my peculiar attraction. Lady Liston, the wife of our venerable predecessor, had attended to it with particular care. She had brought exotics from all parts of the world, and the prolific woods about the Black Sea were searched for the most ornamental shrubs and trees, to form walks and plantations. Among these were some that had grown to such an extraordinary size and beauty, that they were described with admiration by foreign botanists. One was a turpentine tree, measuring twelve feet round the base, and overshadowing a circuit of fifty yards with its singular foliage, covered with ruddy tubercles, and exhaling a strong aromatic odour*. Another was the lovely silk rose†, so much prized by the Turks. This beautiful shrub had grown into a large tree, the stem being two feet in circumference. Such, then, was our pleasant retreat in the

* Pistacia terebinthus, noticed by Sestini.

† Acacia Gul-ibrasim.

midst of a dense and crowded city, with whose inhabitants in general we could have no intercourse.

In this garden stood our chapel. It was a small octagon temple, which my congregation just filled. It consisted of the Ambassador and his suite, with about forty other persons, English merchants and their families, with occasional visitants. A bell stood at the palace gate, to announce the approach of visiters to the Ambassador, whose rank was declared by the number of strokes given. The Turks hold bells in religious service as an abomination; so no sects were allowed to use them for their place of worship. The Mahomedans call their congregations together by a human voice, sounding from the top of a minaret, and the Christians make use of other expedients; the Greeks announce the hour of prayer by rattling a mallet on a board. It occurred to me, however, that the same bell which rang at our gate for the honour of man, might be also allowed to do so for the service of God, and his Excellency, to whom I mentioned the idea, thought so too. He accordingly applied for permission to have it tolled on Sunday, to announce our time of service, and it was granted; so that our congregation, I believe, was the first that was permitted in Turkey to assemble by tolling a bell. The sound of a bell on Sunday, and divine service, are so associated together in our minds in England, that even this little privilege in a foreign country is felt as a grateful favour. It was pleasant on the Sabbath morning to see collected by this well-known invitation the scattered remnant of a little flock, assembling among the trees of the garden, meeting, perhaps, for the first time since the preceding Sabbath, and thus separating from the Jews and Gentiles, among whom the avocations of life had dispersed them for six days, to devote the seventh to the worship of their own God. It

recalled the times when Christianity was in its infancy, and the professors of the faith, few and far between, came together only on the first day for mutual prayer and exhortation. The whole number of those who professed the Protestant faith in Pera and Constantinople amounted to about fifty individuals; for besides the family of the Ambassador and the British merchants, the French Huguenots assembled in our chapel for a second service, which I performed in their own language. The other Frank nations had their respective places of worship in other parts of Pera, consisting of about six thousand persons, under the protection of their respective embassies. The remainder of the population of the peninsula were Turks, Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, who inhabited the narrow streets and lanes leading to the water, and engaged in the commercial bustle of the port, amounting altogether to little short of two hundred thousand people.

A very friendly intercourse is kept up among the Frank inhabitants. Each embassy selects a particular day in the week when the palace is thrown open, and the Ambassador, as they technically say, receives. On these occasions there is a re-union of all the respectable people of the different western tongues, who amuse themselves with dancing, music, and cards, after the European fashion. Here the general language spoken is not French, as in most other places, but Italian; this being the language introduced by the Genoese, and still used by all their descendants, who form the basis of the Frank population of Pera. At these meetings no oriental dress is ever seen. The Turks and Jews, from their repulsive and retired habits, neither go abroad nor receive company at home; and the Greeks and Armenians imitate them. It was natural to suppose that they would seek the society of their Christian brethren, and

we had frequently opportunities of seeing that the Greeks at least were very eager to do so, when they were free from restraint; but here the hand of vigilant oppression seemed to weigh heavy on them, and they shrunk from social European intercourse, like their jealous masters.

The view of Constantinople and the space between from the British palace is very fine. Immediately outside the walls is a Turkish cemetery of great extent, broken into various surfaces, and sloping down to the water's edge. Whenever a Turk of respectability dies, the first pious office of his son is, to plant a cypress at the head of his father's grave. Whether the Turks have adopted this practice, like many others, from their Greek predecessors, who esteemed it a funereal tree, or whether it is, as they say, because its evergreen foliage is an emblem of immortality, I do not know, but certainly it gives their cemeteries a noble and solemn character, to which ours have no pretensions; and the strong aroma of the resin diffuses a wholesome odour through the air, and divests it of all that heavy and baneful taint, which must otherwise load the atmosphere of so immense a charnel-house. Some of these trees have attained a gigantic size, shooting up perpendicularly into the air, to such a height as justifies the beauty of the poet's expression, *aëriæ cupressus,* and the similitude by which he illustrates the enormous stature of the Cyclops. In fact, there is no tree which so strongly resembles the human figure, or could give a better idea of its supernatural size. Among these are mixed the horizontal species, stretching out their vast arms laterally, and strongly contrasted with the lofty and aspiring character of the former, yet giving to this aromatic and evergreen forest a beautiful variety of shape and aspect. This great space is intersected with broad avenues in every direction,

through which there is a continually moving current of people.

Immediately below is the Golden Horn or harbour, forming a noble lake, whose glassy surface is covered with thousands of light caiques. It is impossible to conceive more picturesque or elegant vessels than these: they project to a considerable elongation both at the stem and stern, and, gracefully curving up, seem to touch the water only at a point. The exceeding levity of the materials of which they are constructed, not much thicker than those of an Indian canoe, the little resistance they meet from the small space of contact with the surface of the water, and the great dexterity of the caiquegees, who manage their broad elastic beechen oars with wonderful effect, give to these boats a great rapidity, and they glide along through each other with the speed and flexibility of a flight of swallows. They seldom bear more than one or two passengers, who are generally clad in snowy turbans, tall calpacs, and flowing beniches of scarlet, or other vivid colours, so that this ever moving scene is a perpetual change of elegant forms and brilliant hues.

On the other side of this living lake rises the city of Constantinople. It displays a mountain of houses extending both ways, as far as the eye can reach; the seven hills forming an undulating line along the horizon, crowned with imperial mosques. These edifices, twelve in number, are extraordinary structures; they consist of large square buildings, swelling in the centre into vast hemispherical domes and crowned at the angles with four slender lofty minarets. Their magnitude is so comparatively great, and they cover such a space of ground, that they are altogether disproportioned to everything about them, and the contrast gives them an apparent size, almost as great as the hills on which they stand. The valleys between are crossed by the venerable

arches of the aqueduct of Valens, which conveys the waters from the mountains of the Black Sea to the several cisterns still in use. The humidity oozing through the masonry nourishes the roots of various plants, which trailing down form festoons with their long tendrils, and clothe the romantic arcades with a luxuriant drapery. In almost every house is an area planted with jujube, Judas tree, and other fruit or flowering shrubs peculiar to the climate, so that the vast mass of buildings covering the sides of the hills is interspersed and chequered with the vivid dies of varied leaves, fruits, and flowers in their season. The whole of this view, as I gazed on it from the palace windows, was singularly lovely, and I never contemplated one which seemed more to invite a visit.

Attached to each of the palaces are ten or twelve janissaries, who are always found sitting at the gate, to attend the behests of his Excellency, or any of his suite who may require their services. Whenever we went out we took one of these as a guide and guard. I wished to visit Constantinople, so I availed myself of the first party made for this purpose; one was immediately appointed to go with us. I had heard that the Turks, either from pride or stupidity, never learned a European language, and notwithstanding the constant intercourse of the janissaries with the inmates of the palaces to which they were attached, none of them were ever known to acquire a word of what they heard continually spoken. Our janissary on this occasion was called bairactar, a kind of standard-bearer, and of a certain rank in his corps. He was gaily dressed in a snow-white turban, and bright scarlet pelisse, so we treated him somewhat like an officer, as he expected. I had not supposed, from what I had heard, that he could speak English, and was surprised when he called to me, while I was yet at a distance, "How

do you do?" and before I could reply, he answered himself, "Belly bell, I tank you—yes." This I afterwards found was the utmost extent of his knowledge; he was very proud of it, and used it on all occasions. A janissary is particularly pompous when he accompanies a Frank. He treats him not as if he were his attendant, but his patron and protector. He walks before him with an air of consequence, having his showy pistols and yatagan stuck out of his belt, and a baton in his hand with which he clears a passage for him through a crowd, and in the discharge of this duty he is very impartial, for he pushes aside Turks as well as Christians.

Our party consisted of ladies and gentlemen. We took a caique with two boatmen, who pulled four oars. These were not in rullocks like ours, but attached by a leather thong to a single pin and kept constantly oiled: they moved silently and without friction, in a way that our boats might take for their model. At the bottom of the caique was spread a carpet; on this we were all to sit with our legs gathered up as we might, but it required some dexterity to get there. The elegant boat, though large, was so light as to bear no pressure on its gunwale, and the small deck with which it was covered at stem and stern was so elevated above the water, and the part in contact with it below had so little hold on it, that the slightest pressure on any point but the centre would infallibly upset the boat. It was therefore with some difficulty and hazard that we were all deposited safely in the bottom, where we sat as ballast. It would seem impossible that such machines, without either keel or rudder, could bear the pressure of a sail; yet they do, and sometimes in very rough weather, when they have a sufficient weight of passengers on board. Every one, however, must lie as motionless as a stone on the

windward side, except when it is necessary to shift the sail; the boat is then trimmed by the people cautiously moving from one side to the other. When we arrived at the opposite shore, I motioned to our janissary to pay the caiquegee: he immediately said very consequentially, "How do you do?" pulled out his bag of paras from his bosom and paid for the boat; then stepping out, he added, "Belly bell, I tank you, —yes!" and strutted on before us.

We landed at that part of the city called the Fanal or Greek quarter. It is so called from φαναρ, a lantern which was placed over the gate of entrance, and is still there. It was the quarter assigned to the surviving Greeks when the Turks took possession of the town, and they wished to have them shut up in one district, under their surveillance. It is surrounded by a battlement and wall like Galata, and consists of a number of very narrow, dirty streets or lanes, bounded by the harbour at one side, and a considerable eminence at the other. We entered by a gate having over it various batons, ensigns, and devices of the orta of janissaries who guarded it. Close beside us was the patriarchate and the cathedral, which we visited. It was approached by a gate which opened into a large area, in which stood the church. When Mahomet took possession of the city, he divided the places of worship which he found existing, between the Mahomedans and Christians, and the edifice we saw was that which to the Greeks now represented Santa Sophia. Next to the latter, the temple of the Holy Apostles was the most celebrated and beautiful in Constantinople. It had been erected by Constantine the Great in the eleventh year of his reign; he intended it as a place of burial for all the future emperors, and Helena his own mother was the first interred there. The original edifice, growing old and falling into decay, was pulled down

by Justinian, who then re-built it after the model of Santa Sophia, with a dome in the centre: this also was standing when the city was taken by the Turks. When the Sultan allocated the other to Mahometan worship, he assigned this to Gennadios the patriarch, as his Christian temple.

The present edifice is low and but little dignified, and is of much more modern erection. It has, however, all the parts of the ancient Greek church. These were the vestibule *, the nave †, and the sanctuary ‡. In the first is the baptismal font §, and beside it the recesses for penitents before they were deemed worthy to go farther. The entrance from hence into the nave is by three doors, the centre or largest called the beautiful or royal gate ‖. On each side the nave are ranged the seats, forming very shallow recesses, with benches so narrow that those who sit seem to stand. These are entirely occupied by men, the women being separated, as in the days of the Empire, in the galleries, and concealed by lattice work. Near the middle is the θρονος, or seat of the patriarch; the present one is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and is said to be that from which Chrysostom delivered those eloquent discourses which obtained for him the name of golden mouth. At the extremity is the sanctuary, separated from the nave by a screen: the exterior of this is profusely covered with gilded sculpture and gaudy paintings, the interior presents a face of coarse and ragged boards, covered with dirt and cobwebs. In this patriarchal church there is little to be seen: the only relic which pretends to anything very ancient or sacred is a portion of the pillar to which Christ was bound when he was scourged. This is enclosed in an

* προναος called also ναρθηξ. † ναος. ‡ θυσιαστηριον.
§ βαπτιστηριον. ‖ πυλη ωραια και βασιλικη.

external case, but a portion of it is left exposed for the pious to touch or kiss.

From the church we visited the printing-office. The first Greek press established at Constantinople was by Cyril Lascar. He was a Greek, born in the island of Candia, but educated in Italy. He went to Holland, where he imbibed the doctrines of the Reformation, particularly those of Calvin. He returned home, in company with the Dutch ambassador; and when elected Patriarch, he attempted to introduce them into the Greek church, drew up a Confession of Faith, and established a printing press in 1621, at the Patriarchate, to publish and circulate his doctrines. He was put to death by the Porte, it is said by the intrigues of the Latins, and his doctrines, which, during his lifetime, were received as orthodox by his clergy, were rejected, and his printing press, by means of which he endeavoured to extend and perpetuate them, was torn down and cast into the sea. From that time the Greek press became extinct at Constantinople, and so continued for one hundred and forty years.

In the year 1760, the Patriarch Samuel attempted to revive it, and it continued barely to exist in a very imperfect state till 1789, when Gregory endeavoured to put it on a better footing, and appointed Basil, a learned physician of Nuchoria, to conduct it. This attempt, however, did not succeed, and it again languished till a new stimulus was given to it by the rising spirit of literature which began to expand itself over Europe, and the schoolmaster visited even the dark region of the East.

There existed among the Greeks a community, called τὸ κοῖνον, which, like the parliaments of France under the old regime, kept alive a spark of liberty and intelligence, even in the darkness of despotism. This community con-

sisted of representatives of the three estates: the Patriarch and Bishops, of the Ecclesiastics; the princes and others of high family, of the aristocracy; and the esnaffs, or trading companies, of the democracy. These, when united, formed a body who regulated all the internal affairs of the Greeks in certain matters in which they were permitted to act for themselves, allotted the proportion of taxes imposed by the Turkish government, which they collected and paid over, and attended, as the representatives of their nation, to every matter connected with the τὰ κοῖνον, or public good.

Among other objects to which they now directed their attention, as the light of Europe dawned on them, was the re-establishment of the printing press and the diffusion of knowledge through its means. They accordingly purchased the materials for the purpose, and two competent men, who had in vain endeavoured to conduct it by themselves, were engaged to undertake it. One was Constantine Corasius, a literary man; the other, Alexander Argyramo, son of an eminent Greek physician, who had compiled a botany of indigenous plants, and had greatly assisted Sibthorpe in his researches. The press now received a new impulse; a number of books were printed at it, either original or translated, of which I send you a catalogue*; but the most important work undertaken was printing a translation of the Scriptures in modern Greek. In the year 1815 application was made by my predecessor in the chaplaincy, the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, to the then Patriarch, Cyril, for permission to circulate among his flock a translation of the New Testament into modern Greek, and he left with him a copy of the work, with an extract of the reports of the Bible Society. These he read over with great care, and at the next inter-

* See Appendix, No. I.

view he accorded his full permission. It was subsequently resolved, in 1819, that a translation should be made at Constantinople, by a Greek ecclesiastic, and intrusted to Hilarion, afterwards Bishop of Ternova, a very learned man, and that ten thousand copies of it should be struck off at the Patriarchal press. The full approbation of the Patriarch Gregory was obtained, who dismissed Mr. Pinkerton, the agent of the Bible Society in the most affectionate manner, expressing his earnest wishes for their final success in every part of the world. The first sheet of this most important work was then at press, and having seen some of them struck off, we proceeded to pay our respects to the enlightened and venerable man who had sanctioned and promoted it.

The palace was at the opposite side of the court, and ascended by a steep flight of stairs. We entered some large, but very meanly-furnished ante-chambers, where we saw a number of ecclesiastics in waiting, and we were informed the Patriarch was enjoying repose. We found, however, he had risen, and being apprized we were in waiting, he invited us to his apartment. We perceived it not so large or better furnished than the rest. In one corner was a post bed, from which the venerable man had just got up, and in the other was a divan on which he sat, with paper and materials for writing beside him. He was thin, pale, very aged, apparently past eighty years, with a venerable white beard; his dress was a robe of simple crape, which covered his head. It is the usual practice among the Greeks to salute a clergyman by kissing his hand, and we proceeded to pay him this mark of respect, but he would not permit it. He made us sit down at each side of him, and sweetmeats were first introduced, of which we took a spoonful, and washed it down with a glass of

water, and then the usual pipes and coffee was brought for the gentlemen. As it was approaching to Easter, he had beside him baskets full of paschal eggs. Their shells were dyed red, in imitation, some say, of the blood of Christ, and they are sent as such memorials by friends at this season of the year. He took handsfull of them from the baskets, and presented them to us with his benediction, and we arose and took our leave.

A Jewish quarter is contiguous to that of the Christian, so we entered it. It is called Balata, and lies behind it, not far from the city walls. It is pretty much in the state it was under the Greek empire, when the dyers, tanners, and other artizans emptied the foul contents of their vessels in derision before the doors of this persecuted race. It was no annoyance to them, however, for though the Turks now are more tolerant than the Christians have been, they do not avail themselves of the privilege of being clean. Every sight, and sound, and smell reminded us of the race of people among whom we were. They seemed to be very inoffensive, and proffered themselves every moment to do any behests we wished to employ them for; in fact, there was a shrinking humility about them that marked that subdued sense of degradation, to which centuries of persecution have subjected them in every country. Their dress was Oriental; they wore a turban, benishe, and slippers, but the first, instead of being bound by a shawl or bands of muslin, was tied with a mean cross-bar handkerchief; the second, instead of being flowing, bright, and new, was narrow, dull, and threadbare; and the third were of a dingy hue, tattered, and generally tied on with bits of cord. Their wealth, such as we saw displayed, was equally valueless: it consisted of ragged pieces of cloth and worn-out furniture, exposed before the doors in broken baskets, literally the

cophinus and *vilis supellex* of the poet. But they are here no longer subject to causeless and vexatious persecution. The Christians of the present day compel the Jews of Rome, whom they have shut up in the Ghetto, to attend preachings in a Catholic chapel, to hear themselves and their religion reviled and insulted: the Christians formerly of Constantinople forced them to observe the festival of Easter; but the Turks, more tolerant than either,—never interfere with their religious rites, and when the Inquisition drove them out of Spain, afforded them that hospitable asylum which every Christian state denied them. Among this people is the shister-hannay, or manufacture of glass. Their apparatus is very humble, and resembles pottery sheds. Their fuel is wood, and their product phial bottles. Almost every vessel for domestic use is purchased by the Turks from the stores of German glass in Galata.

From the Jew quarter we passed into that of the Turk, and we had soon a convincing proof that we had changed from the usages and feelings of one nation to another. At Pera, where the admixture of Franks is daily observed, and their customs familiar, a Turk takes little notice of them; but we were now in a district exclusively Mahomedan, where a Latin Christian is seldom seen, and we soon experienced the effects of Oriental prejudice. One of the ladies was leaning on my arm, to assist her over the rugged pavement; presently she became a subject of remark. Turkish women who walk abroad are there of the lowest class, but even they take every precaution to conceal their form and face. Their dress is a mass of clothes thrown round them, without any regard to symmetry; their heads are wrapped up in a bandage of muslin, and their faces so covered with its folds, hat nothing but a small triangular space is left, through which the nose is protruded, so that all women appear alike;

and youth or age, comeliness or deformity, in the streets are covered with the same disguise, and are equally undistinguishable. They generally walk also in groups together, and no man is ever seen mingled with or near them. When they perceived our ladies indelicately exposed without any of their precautions, their shapes revealed, and their faces uncovered, and shamelessly walking and talking with men in the public streets, they could not control their indignation. They first began to revile us. The Turkish language has a gradation of abuse, which is applied according to the degree of offence. The first is *giaour*, or infidel, a term generally spoken to Christians, which was liberally poured on us. The next was *chiffüt*, or wretch, a word applied to the lowest Jews, which, as their wrath waxed warm, was also bestowed upon us. The last is *karadhan*, or black soul: this is the climax of vituperation, and expresses the strongest contempt and dislike. A woman, muttering this between her teeth, rushed upon the shameless female who was leaning on a man's arm, and seizing her by the shoulder, began to thump her violently on the back. All this time the bairactar looked on very gravely. He was prompt enough to disentangle us from any group of men, but seemed not to suppose he had such authority to interfere with women; perhaps he thought they were perfectly in the right, and when at length we extricated ourselves, he turned about and walked on before us, repeating his solitary sentence, "Belly bell, I tank you—yes."

We soon encountered another annoyance, somewhat more serious. The sympathy of a Turk is not easily excited for his fellow man, but is very ardent when called into action by inferior animals. Of this Mahomet himself had set the example. He was called to the temple at the hour of prayer; but rising to depart, he perceived his cat had

fallen asleep on the sleeve of his robe. He could not neglect a sacred call, nor would he disturb his cat: so in this dilemma he cautiously cut off the sleeve, and departed, leaving the animal still reposing on it. On a recent occasion, the garrison shut up in the Acropolis of Athens had brought with them many asses, and while they saw their families and fellow-soldiers perishing with thirst, they took care to reserve for their quadrupeds a supply of water, so that many of them survived a siege under which their masters had sunk. But their particular sympathy seems called forth by dogs. It is affirmed by Busbequius that the Turks consider them unclean animals, and therefore drive them from their houses*; but certainly nothing in their conduct indicates such a feeling towards them. The city of Constantinople is portioned out into canine districts, where these animals are well cared for by the inhabitants. No one owns them, or can claim in any of them a private property, but they are all under public protection. Small reservoirs of water are placed at intervals in the streets, and butchers and bakers are appointed to supply them with meat and bread. There is a large soft loaf, like a thick pancake, baked on purpose for them. When a Turk of the better class comes to one of these shops, he seldom fails to purchase some of this bread, then tearing it with his hand, he flings the pieces to the groups of dogs that surround him, and passes on with a feeling that he has performed a duty more acceptable to Allah, than if he had shown the same tenderness for a fellow-creature.

A remarkable instance of this feeling had occurred at our palace the day before. An English spaniel had a litter of whelps, and as the brood was too numerous for the

* Busbeq., Epist. III. p. 178.

mother to rear, half of them was put into a basket, and given to a Janissary at the gate to throw into the Bosphorus. At first he received the basket and its contents with great pleasure, as a complimentary gift; but when it was explained to him that he was to drown the dogs, he could not contain his anger, he actually drew his yatagan, and threatened the English servant who had offered such an insult to his feelings and principles. He was appeased, however, on being given to understand that he might do what he pleased with them. His countenance brightened up, he fondled them and brought them home, and as they had no mother, he carefully fed them till they were able to earn their own bread, and then sent them out to live among the canine community of the district. This humane patron of dogs was afterwards distinguished for his sanguinary cruelty to the Greeks.

To account in some measure for this predilection, we must recollect that dogs were formerly consecrated among Mahomedans by a certain religious respect. They were one of the few animals received into paradise, and a Musselman, like an Indian, thought "his faithful dog would bear him company." The camel of Mahomet, the sheep of Ishmael, the cow of Moses, and the dog of the Seven Sleepers, with their descendants, were all sacred and admitted, while every other quadruped was excluded; and the Turks by their attention to their enjoyments here give them a foretaste of what they are to have hereafter. Notwithstanding this, they are the most detestable tribe of animals that ever annoyed the human race. They have none of the comeliness, or the kindly and intelligent qualities that render our dogs so interesting: they are as ugly as they are stupid and ferocious; and are generally covered with the mange, or with raw sores occasioned by their mu-

tual lacerations. I never comprehended the full meaning of the ancient Greek proverb* till I saw these Oriental animals. They have no domestic attachments, no master whom they love, no individual whom they follow; they wander through the streets of the city in packs as wild as those of America; they have established a kind of police in different districts to which certain packs assert an exclusive right, and if any strangers should stray into it, they are hunted and torn to pieces by the residents. There are no sewers in Constantinople, and the offals are thrown in heaps to accumulate in different places: these are the favourite resort of the dogs, and every such mound is covered with a pack rooting for putrid flesh, and the sound eternally heard, day or night, is their yelling and snarling. They have, however, one redeeming and remarkable quality, that they never go mad nor communicate hydrophobia, though they are continually tearing one another. It is difficult to account for this exception, when climate, food, temper, and habit would seem predisposing causes to it. Some ascribe it to a constant supply of water by the charity of the Turks —some to the free intercourse of the sexes—and others to the eruptive disorders with which they are covered, which carry off by the surface the exciting cause of the complaint: perhaps they all may contribute to an exemption from distemper, without which no Frank would venture to walk abroad, for every day some people are bitten.

We had scarcely arrived among those streets where Franks are not often seen, when the whole district of dogs was in commotion. Some that were lying coiled up on the pavement, or in holes under the walls, immediately started up and began to yelp. This was answered by similar sounds

* ὀργιλοτέροι κυνῶν.

from various quarters; and presently we saw these infernal packs pouring down from several lanes and surrounding us. It really was a nervous thing to be attacked by such a legion. When the Turks heard the noise they came to see what was the cause, but observing only some Franks, they took no further notice. The windows of the houses about us were concealed with close lattice work, having but one small circular aperture in the centre. On looking up we perceived several mouths at these holes, all hissing on the dogs to attack us. There could not be less than one hundred at this time collected round and enclosing us. Fortunately they are as cowardly as they are vicious, and they kept howling beyond our reach, and the bairactar went with his baton twirling round us to keep them off: when we attempted to go on, however, they rushed upon us. Some of us had our clothes torn and some our flesh; even the bairactar they did not respect for being in such company; they lacerated his scarlet robe in several places. Two of them fastened on my leg and bit me, but not severely. On my return home I thought it expedient to have the wound cut out and cauterized, though perhaps it was an unnecessary precaution. We all escaped, however, with little injury beside the loss of clothes. Serious accidents from dogs at this time were very frequent. A captain of a ship and a British merchant coming to our chapel on Sunday, had nearly the calves of their legs torn away by those ferocious brutes.

Among the objects which we particularly wished to see as having very peculiar characteristics, were the Opium Coffee-houses and Lunatic Asylum. We climbed over the hill, therefore, and arrived at the great Mosque of Sulimanie, which crowned its summit: both of the places are close beside it, and the frequenters of the one we were told often

became the inmates of the other. The Mosque of Sulimanie first attracted our attention: it is the largest of all the royal religious edifices, and the most conspicuous object seen from Pera. It is considered the most perfect model of Turkish architecture existing. It is very ponderous, and has that heavy air of dull magnificence so much prized by the Turks. Its precincts are naked and gloomy, and the whole is less striking than any other in Constantinople; yet it is particularly described by Lady W. Montagu as a model for all the rest, and which she prefers to Santa Sophia. The Turks are exceedingly jealous of the approach of any giaour to their place of worship. No Frank is admitted at ordinary times, and if he venture it is at considerable personal hazard. There is one occasion, however, when they are open to him. A European Ambassador has the privilege, before his departure, of taking with him a certain number of his suite, and visiting the interior of all the mosques he wishes to see, when everything is shown to him. As we had this in perspective, we were now indifferent about entering it. There is, however, generally, a large area surrounding every mosque, which is a thoroughfare and often a market, and through this a Frank may pass and examine much of the building. From this we saw an immense quadrangular edifice with four minarets at the angles, and a ponderous dome swelling from the centre, supported on stupendous pillars of pure marble; under this was a large fountain for ablutions, and at one end an altar, before which stood two candlesticks as large as human figures, holding tapers like huge flambeaux.

But that which renders it more particularly remarkable is the Teriaki Tcharkisi, or "the market for opium-eaters," which is just beside it. We found it much the same as Baron de Tott described it nearly seventy years ago. A

long range of coffee-houses runs almost the whole length of the broad street in front of the mosque just opposite to it, they forming one side, and the edifice the other. Placed before these are kiosks, square enclosures open above, with boarded floors raised a few feet above the ground, and covered with mats having trellises of vines shooting over them for shade. They are entered by a flight of steps; around them are low seats or divans covered with cushions for repose; and between them and the coffee-houses runs a boarded passage. Though the apartments were the same, the company were not exactly as the Baron describes them, having "les cous allongés, des têtes tournés a droite et a gauche, l'épine du dos deviée, une épaule dans l'oreille, et nombre d'autres attitudes bizarres, qui resulte de leur maladie *." We inquired particularly for such objects, but either they did not then or at any time exist but in the lively imagination of the author, or the Turks would not acknowledge that their favourite drug could produce such effects. We saw a number of persons scattered among the cushions, some smoking and some sleeping. They were generally aged, with emaciated persons and pallid countenances, but we saw no appearance of distortion or unusual excitement: drowsiness was the common temperament of a Turk in every coffee-house.

I had a strong curiosity to try on myself the effect of this drug as used by the Turks: a gentleman who had used it stayed with me, so we entered a kiosk, and our party left us and went on. The coffee-house keeper brought us pipes and coffee, but we called for afiou, opium. The man looked surprised and shocked, and seriously expostulated with our Janissary, who gave us to understand we were

* Vol. i. p. 108.

about to do a very dangerous thing. He told us, however, that the afioughee or opium-man went round and supplied all the kiosks and would soon appear in his vocation: presently he came with a small case and held it to us like a snuff-box, to help ourselves to what quantity we pleased. It was not in pills, stamped with mashalla, "the work of God," but an unbroken mass. In order to direct us, he pointed to the Janissary's cap, which was fastened with rows of large pins, and he intimated to us that the quantity usually taken was the size of the head of one of those pins, not so large as a pea. We had the Baron's account in our recollection, who affirms that they take "jusqu'à quatre pillules plus grosses que des olives;" we broke off a portion therefore, much larger than the man pointed out, which my friend knew by experience we might take, and put it in our mouths: it had neither the odour nor bitter flavour of genuine opium, and seemed either very impure or mixed with syrup, or other ingredients. The afioughee, the coffee-house keeper, and the Janissary, seemed quite shocked and alarmed at our imprudence, and warned us of the consequence that would ensue in an hour or two. We called, however, for water to wash down our pills, and here again we found that the usages and opinions were much altered since the time of de Tott. They refused us the water, affirming that whoever drank after the drug would swell and burst. They motioned us, however, to lay our heads on the pillow of the divan, and repose for a short time and we should make kef. This is a term by which the Turks express any festivity, but particularly exhilarating effects of the drug; so we lay down to give it fair play. We continued for some time in this position, with the Turks looking on: no effect supervened but a slight drowsiness, so we got up and walked away.

It is highly probable that the accounts of the Turkish use of this drug have been much exaggerated, both as to its extent and its effects. It is certain, however, that the ill consequences of chewing it were so serious, that firmans were often issued, prohibiting its public use; and to promote their observance, alarming accounts were circulated of its deleterious qualities, of which we had an example. The number of coffee-houses where it was used, with their kiosks still standing, attest that it was once a general enjoyment practised in public, like any other recreation, while the aged appearance and decayed state of the edifices at the present day indicate the disuse into which it has fallen. The Turks were formerly much more rigid observers of the laws of temperance inculcated by the Koran, than they are now. The use of wines and intoxicating liquors was strictly prohibited, while that of opium was not; so they naturally fell into an allowed indulgence, till its excess caused an interdict to be laid on it also. As its use, however, declined, that of other stimulants increased, and intoxicated Turks are now frequently met with. One of the janissaries of our palace was a very intemperate fellow, and made no scruple of taking wine or spirits whenever he could get them. In fact, the use of opium as a recreation is now principally confined to the district where it is grown. I had afterwards occasion to pass through it just as they were gathering it. Making kef was pretty general among the peasantry, who, in getting in their crop, made merry with the produce of their fields, as those of England do at harvest-home. It is but a temporary gratification with them, and they are as ruddy and healthy as any other people.

From hence we proceeded to the Timar Hannai, or Lunatic Asylum. This is attached to the Mosque of Sulimanie, and large funds were left for its support. It consists of two spa-

cious courts, leading one into the other. The outside is planted with large trees, and contains no cells. We passed through this, and entered the gate of the other without impediment or inquiry: it is entirely open as the public street; yet it is impossible to conceive any place presenting objects more revolting and horrible. The Turks, we believe, in Europe, consider alienation of mind as an effect of divine inspiration, and treat fools and idiots as favourites of heaven. I was therefore prepared to see the treatment of unhappy persons in that situation full of respect and indulgence. The first things we saw were a range of cells with iron gratings, on a level with the ground, and the first sound we heard was the heavy clanking of chains. On the outside of each window was a strong staple driven into the wall, to which one end of a heavy chain was fastened, and on following it through the bars with our eye we saw the other was attached by an iron collar round the neck or body of a naked human being, who was either crouched in some attitude, or crawling about the bars inside, like a wild beast in a menagerie. When those unfortunate beings are excited by any cause, the deplorable degradation of humanity which they exhibit is hardly credible. Just as we were passing one of the cells, we were startled by its inmate rushing out upon us. He had been a soldier, and served in the army on the Danube in the last war. Supposing by our Frank dress that we were his enemies the Russians, he was roused to the most violent paroxysm. He sprung at us on his hands and feet with the impetuosity of a tiger, till he was suddenly checked by his chain, which pulled him back with a violence that nearly choked him, and he remained writhing and twisting his naked body towards us, with his head dragged back. His appearance in this state was most fearful to look on: his hair and beard hung matted about

him like a mane; his nails were black and hooked, and of an incredible length; and his coarse and tawny skin resembled a shaggy hide. The keeper told us that in all weathers he remained prowling at the end of his chain—night and day in the open air. Never did the prophet's sublime description of Oriental insanity so strike me. "His body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws *." In this state he howled at us in the most ferocious manner, then exhibited obscene and disgusting attitudes, and threatened us with menaces of which death we should die, should he lay hold on us. It did not appear that the man had been subject to any medical treatment, the Turks believing that the same hand only which deprived him of reason could restore it again. When brought in, he was chained like the rest, to the wall, and no further care taken of him than to place bread and water within his reach.

From this and similar objects we turned to others less revolting. In some cells were maniacs whose aberrations of mind were of a milder character. One had a pensive, but pleasing countenance, and seemed sad but not unhappy in his own reflections. He inquired who and what we were, and when he was informed, he motioned us to sit down on a stone bench, then took up his guitar, tuned it, and commenced a plaintive air, which seemed extempore, and which the keeper said he constantly varied. The following is nearly the sense and measure as they were translated to us:—

"They tell me that my reason is gone, and I am no better than a horse;

"But it is the dismal bars of my window and the chain about my neck,

* Daniel iv. 33.

" They make me melancholy.

" When I leave this place, Inshalla, I shall be cheerful;

" I will walk about the streets of the pleasant Istamboul,

" And delight the people who drink coffee and smoke chibouks

" With the sweet music of my tambour."

It was remarkable that this man did not call a horse by the Turkish name, At, but by the modern Greek Alogo, which signifies " an animal without reason." We gave our poor musician a few paras, which he accepted in the character of itinerant minstrel which he had assumed; and leaving him to his harmless fancies, we entered another cell with persons who seemed intent on some business.

We found them with the keeper of the asylum, in the act of testing the sanity of some of his patients. There were two standing in the back window of the cell. When the lunatic shows symptoms of returning reason, the keeper comes and converses with him on various subjects. On his report the friends are admitted, and his conduct is noted. If he recognises them, and behaves to them with apparent regard and recollection of former feelings, he is finally tried by the test of writing. A paper is handed to him, with reeds and ink, and if he writes a sentence legibly and sensibly, he is pronounced sane, and is suffered to go at large. One of them had just performed his task to the satisfaction of all present. His chain was knocked off; he was surrounded by his friends, among whom were his wife and daughter, who were helping him on with his clothes. Our appearance had nearly obstructed his liberation. From our dress he mistook us for Russians, against whom a universal antipathy seems to exist among the Turks, and to be a permanent idea that always mixes itself with a maniac's ravings. He appeared disposed again to dash off his clothes, but when

our janissary assured him that we were Ingelis, he became calm, and was led away.

In the other window sat a man upon the ground, with the chain still about his neck; and beside him sat the keeper, in the very act of testing him with writing. The poor patient seemed strongly impressed with the importance of what he was about, and wrote with the greatest care, and slow and solemn deliberation. When it was done the paper was handed to me, and the man looked in my face with the greatest anxiety. It exhibited a cypher, ingeniously constructed, containing within it ١٢٢٣, the date of the Hegeira, which I understood to be right, and some sentence from the Koran, which I did not comprehend. We pronounced it, however, to be all right, and we had the satisfaction to see a fellow-creature liberated from a galling chain, and reinstated in his rank of humanity. This test of writing seems one of the greatest interest to the patients. The first dawn of returning reason is exercised upon it, and the walls and windows where those two were confined were covered over with specimens on paper of various colours, as if they had been carefully practising an art so important to them.

Besides the cells which we saw above ground, there are dungeons below of a still more frightful description, where maniacs more raving and dangerous are chained in the dark, and the privation of light is added to that of restraint and coercion. These places we did not visit, for the patients had all been removed from them to the cells above, which were fifteen in number, having each three or four windows, where a patient is chained to the bars. The whole contains fifty or sixty when full. They were now reduced to fifteen or sixteen, all the rest having been discharged as cured. Thus, then, it appears that notwith-

standing the old system of coercion is here practised in its most frightful extent, and human beings are treated in every respect like wild beasts, the number of recoveries seems to be greater than with us, where the disease is only considered an excess of nervous sensibility, and the patient is treated as a moral agent, with all the delicacy and tenderness that can soothe an irritated mind. Whether this arises from the different temperament of a Turk—his abstemious habits—his impassive character—his coarse perceptions—his dull sensibilities—and his habitual submission to coercion, I leave you to judge. There are certainly fewer cases of insanity than among more intellectual and freer people; and notwithstanding some awful instances of animal excitement and intractable ferocity, there is a greater number in proportion dismissed as cured.

From hence we ascended to the Hippodrome, or Atmeidan, as the Turks literally translate the word, though they never use it as a horse-course, like their predecessors the Greeks. The details of its curiosities have been so often given, that they are already well known to you. I cannot, however, forbear to mention two objects contiguous to it, about which I felt a more than usual interest. Of the royal mosques, the two most remarkable and conspicuous are at this place: they are those of Santa Sophia and Sultan Achmet, which terminate the ridge on the side of the Sea of Marmora. The first of these had been the great Christian church of the Lower Empire, and dedicated by Constantine to the Eternal Wisdom. Shattered by earthquakes and consumed by fire, it remained in ruins till Justinian re-edified it; and when he had completed it on its present plan, he called himself a greater than Solomon, as one who had raised a nobler and more excellent temple. The external form was a vast hemispherical dome, rising from the centre of

a quadrangular edifice, having smaller domes swelling from the angles, representing, as the modern Greeks say, the great wound in the side of Christ, and the four smaller in his hands and feet. Justinian took great precautions to preserve the edifice from the fire which had consumed its predecessor, by excluding wood from every part of it except the doors, so that the Turks found it as perfect as when it was erected, and their Sultan, struck with admiration of its beauty, immediately converted it into a mosque, to be the great temple of Mahomedanism as it had been of Christianity. Two circumstances were added to give it its latter character—the crosses were removed, or, by an easy transition, converted into crescents, the adopted emblem of the Turks." The origin of the crescent is a subject of controversy: it appears, however, to have been the early emblem of Constantinople. When Byzantium was besieged by Philip of Macedon, an attempt was made to take it by an assault at night, but the moon suddenly shining out, it was frustrated; and the citizens, in gratitude to that luminary, adopted it as their tutelar deity, represented under the form of a crescent, and impressed it on their coins with the legend,

BYZANTINH-ΣΩΤ—The Saviour of Byzantium.

The emblem was preserved by Constantine, and was continued even after it became a Christian city, till in process of time it was, by no violent change of shape, transformed into a cross. The Turks, who adopted many emblems of their conquered places, on extirpating the cross, reassumed the crescent as the original designation of their new acquisition. Another circumstance gave an altered character to the church. The domes at the angles were elongated into four minarets or spires, from which the muezzim proclaimed the ezan, or invitation to prayer, to the believers of the new faith now introduced; and with these exceptions, the

mosque is at this day nearly the same Christian edifice erected by Justinian.

The Turks, themselves incapable of any invention, made this the model of all their future places of worship; but some of their sultans endeavoured to exceed it in beauty. Beside it, on the Hippodrome, Achmet erected another, which certainly, in elegance of ornament, and lightness of architecture, far exceeds its clumsy archetype, and stands beside it with a very advantageous juxtaposition. The circumstance, however, by which its builder intended to distinguish it was of a different character; he proposed to erect six minarets instead of four. When this circumstance was made known, a hadgee of great sanctity, who had just returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, represented to the mufti that such a design was impious, for the temple of the Prophet himself, which he had just visited, had but four. They referred the matter to the Sultan, who said the hadgee must be mistaken, and proposed to send a deputation of molhas to Mecca to examine the sacred Mosque. Meantime orders were dispatched by a Tartar to have two more minarets hastily erected, and when the deputation arrived they found the temple had actually six. On their return they reported accordingly, and Achmet finished his beautiful mosque with six as beautiful minarets. It is distinguished as a distant object by this peculiarity, and is the only mosque in Constantinople, and I believe in the Turkish empire, except that at Mecca, that is so ornamented.

From hence we made our way to the Seven Towers: there were formerly so many, and for that reason were called by the Greeks *επταπυργιον*. We found them reduced to four, three having been shattered by earthquakes, and mouldered away. They are still, however, called *Yeeaidhe*, or Seven, by the Turks, who generally retain and translate

all the Greek appellations. These towers were once the most interesting objects that met the stranger's eye on his approach to the capital. They stand at the angle made by the wall which bounds the land and sea sides of the city, and they are the first things passed by approaching ships, which mark that line of separation that set the Turks apart from the rest of Europe. Here it was that the recognized relations of civilized states were violated, and that ambassadors, whose characters were everywhere else held sacred and inviolable, as the representatives of their sovereigns, were incarcerated like common felons, whenever the contemptuous caprice of the Turks willed it. Nothing, perhaps, more strongly marked the assumption of Mahomedan pride over every European people than this: yet, like African piracies, it was submitted to by Christian nations, because the injury or degradation of one was always a subject of triumph to the rest. The towers are dismal and dilapidated, and not better than a common prison.

We had now traversed the city from one extremity to the other—from sea to sea; and as we had entered by a Christian quarter, we returned by one also. This district is called Ypsomathia, and takes its name from a curious circumstance. In one of the verbal controversies which divided the Greek church, a priest of this place was introducing some innovation into the service of the chapel in which he officiated. A young child reproved him before the congregation for his impiety, but he replied he would continue to do so till God by some miracle convinced him he was wrong: immediately the child was raised up by an invisible hand to the ceiling of the church, where he remained suspended singing psalms; he was then gently let down again, and placed beside the altar, from whence he had been taken. The convicted priest immediately abjured his error, and

the whole district was called, from the miracle, ὕψωμα θεία, or the Divine Elevation, which it retains to this day. Such frivolities are scarcely worth recording, except as illustrating the character of a people;—a miracle gave a name to a large portion of the city some centuries ago, and it is still firmly believed.

The greater part of Ypsomathia is at present inhabited by the Armenians, and considered their quarter. We visited their patriarchal church, which is a singular building. It consists of three large contiguous edifices, opening into each other by doors in the side walls: two are intended for men and one for women, who never mix with the other sex in their devotions. The churches are large, supported on scagliola pillars, very neat, but plain, having no seats, but the floor covered with mats, and the walls totally denuded of pictures, with the exception of the high altar. Here three or four paintings on Christian subjects, well executed, were hung, surrounded by gilded sculpture; with these exceptions, the edifices were as plain and destitute of ornament as a dissenting meeting-house. This was a striking and unexpected contrast to all the Greek churches I had seen. High up in the wall was the pulpit, from which the priest preached a sermon every morning at the conclusion of divine service. The three churches, they informed us, were necessary to afford room to the numerous congregation which attended, and which could not find accommodation in a single edifice, unless it was inconveniently large. Beside the churches were schools and a printing-office, which we did not now visit. The whole establishment had a freshness and attention to neatness, which also contrasted with the decayed and neglected appearance of similar edifices of their Greek fellow-Christians. From hence we took a caique, and rowing along the wall which the Sea of

Marmora washes, we returned round the Seraglio point to Pera.

This great city, standing on a pointed promontory, like Pera, is surrounded by a triangular wall of twelve miles in circumference; that of the base, which runs from sea to sea, being five miles; that which runs along the Sea of Marmora four; and that along the Χρυσοκερας, or Golden-Horn Harbour, three: this extent remains unaltered since the time of Theodosius—for fifteen hundred years. The town was first built by Pausanias, a Lacedæmonian, six hundred and sixty years before Christ. It was ruined by Severus in 197, A.C.: re-edified by Constantine, 313, A.D.; fell into the hands of the Latin crusaders in 1204; passed again into the hands of the Greeks in 1261, and finally was taken by the Turks in 1453.

Many attempts have been made to ascertain its present population, without any satisfactory result. In 1671 a conjectural census made it at that time amount to seven hundred thousand in both Peninsulas; in 1812, General Andreossi, then Ambassador at the Porte, calculating from the two great articles of Turkish consumption, bread and water, found nearly the same result. Of these, two hundred thousand were supposed to inhabit the Peninsula of Pera, and five hundred thousand that of Constantinople. If I were to judge from appearances, the present population cannot amount to such a number. The lower parts of the town through which we passed were greatly crowded, and the current of people was like that of Cheapside or the Strand; this, however, was in the vicinity of the bazaars and the ferries, where every one went to purchase or pass over: but on leaving those thoroughfares, and ascending to the upper parts of the town, the desolation increased, till at length we frequently passed through streets where we could see no

one but ourselves. This was particularly the case towards the Seven Towers; many acres of ground inside the walls were deserted: there were not only no people to be seen, but no houses to shelter them. Whole streets were burnt down or had fallen, and were not rebuilt, and nothing remained but grass-grown walls without roofs, which even the dogs had abandoned.

The interior of the town presents a melancholy contrast to its very inviting aspect at a distance. The whole area is intersected by crooked, narrow lanes, not one of which deserves the name of street. They run either up and down hills, or wind along the sides of them. There is no beach in the seas about, on which rolled pebbles are found to supply paving-stones, and the Turks have no conception of squaring or adapting others to fit one another. The streets, therefore, are laid down with misshapen blocks, presenting all manner of sharp angles above and void spaces between. In some places narrow trottoirs, about a foot wide, run along the houses, but they are so rugged and intercepted by steps and other impediments, that it is always easier to keep the middle of the street. There are no wheeled carriages, because the ways are not passable for such vehicles, but mules and horses, with long boards and beams trailing after them, continually obstruct the crowded passages, and are so awkwardly carried that the ends scrape the walls at each side, and leave you no alternative but to leap over them if you can, or have your legs broken. In any other town in Europe you expect some better built or more open space, and you come to it; but here all is the same, and the first narrow dirty lane you enter presents you with a specimen of the whole city, thirteen miles in circumference. The trees and edifices which looked so beautifully interspersed on the face of the hill before you, you never see. Mean, ragged-

looking houses, with projecting windows of wood, nearly meeting at the top, and obscuring the light, obstruct every other view.

The manners of the people are not rude, except when some prejudice interferes. An evil eye is a common object of apprehension, and various devices are used to obviate it. Amulets of different kinds are hung on the houses and shops, generally of blue or some other bright colour, to attract the first glance, and so cause it to expend its effects on the ornamented object. We generally stopped at shops, or wherever we saw any thing curious to look at. It seemed to give uneasiness, and we were sometimes motioned to move on; in one instance a confectioner was making strings of paste, like vermicelli, and I looked on with my glass: he turned fiercely to me, and threatened to throw his dish of batter in my face. He thought I had spoiled his whole preparation.

The incongruous mass of the population seemed to live in harmony together. We saw no assumption of a Mahomedan over a Jew or a Christian, in the intercourse of common dealing: they seemed to enjoy equal rights and show equal courtesies, and a Turk in the street or in the shop exacted no more deference or concession from a Greek or Armenian than they did from him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Bosphorus.—Why esteemed by Turks.—Tophana.—Hadgeg.—Colour of Houses.—Fate of a Jew.—Fondukli.—Beshiktash.—Memory of Jason.—Sultan's Kiosk.—Beautiful Villages.—Currents.—Beybec.—Turkish mystery.—Narrow Strait.—Passage of Darius.—Castles.—Present use.—Shoals of Fish.—Porpoises.—Flights of Birds.—Striking phenomenon.—Balta Limen.—Phoneæ.—Therapia.—Record of Medea.—Buyukderé.—Noble Valley.—Enormous Platanus.—Delightful Village.—Mouth of Euxine.—Symplegades.—Origin of Fable.—Pompey's Pillar.—Cyanean Rock.—Basaltic Promontory.—Alexandrian Laurel.—Decrease of Euxine.—Historic Evidence.—Cause of it.—Volcanic rupture of Bosphorus.—Inundations.—Awful impressions of place.—Remains of Castles.—Jouchi Daghi.—Amycus killed by Argonauts.—Turkish Tradition of Usha ben noon.—Singular inscription in Mosque.—Hunker Iskeli.—Paper Manufacture.—Sultan's Sister.—Kandeli-Stavros.—Scutari.—Bourgbrloo.—Immense Cemetery.—Plain of Pilgrims.—Printing Office.—Cotton Factory.—Tower of Leander.

As it is my wont to see everything in a strange place as soon as it can be seen, I always avail myself of Horace's maxim, and seize on the present day, not trusting to a future. Whenever I have not done so, I have found that things which can be seen at any time, have never been seen at all; so in a few days I made one of a party up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea.

This beautiful strait, sometimes spelled Bosporus and sometimes Bosphorus, was so called from the earliest ages by the ancients; from the mythology of Iö, the mistress of Jupiter, having passed over it in the shape of a cow. It resembles the Dardanelles, which I had just seen, in length, breadth, and current, and, like it, is a narrow separation which divides Europe from Asia; but it has many features peculiar to itself. Instead of being a solitary stream run-

ning between deserted shores, it is a body of wafer full of life and animation, winding its way through banks covered with palaces and villages, shaded with magnificent forest-trees, presenting to the eye, at every mile, a new scene of crowded existence. Nothing can form a stronger contrast than this to the side of Constantinople by which I entered. There all was solitude up to the very walls of the city; here all was life and activity. The Orientals of every description are much indisposed to motion; their only carriages are arrhubas, which are clumsy waggons, drawn by buffaloes or oxen—the coarser kind used for carrying merchandise, and those of a somewhat better construction for conveying women from place to place. Under the best circumstances, their motion without springs would be very uneasy; but on the disjointed stones called pavement in the city, and the rugged paths called roads in the country, it is quite intolerable. A man never uses them: if you see him walking, his heavy person, long dress, and loose slippers, seem all so many impediments in his way; on horseback his mode of motion is not more convenient—his turban every moment displaced, his capote fluttering in the wind, and his short stirrups thrusting his knees up to his chin, cause him to look most uneasy, and all his efforts seem to be to keep his turban on his head and himself on the saddle. But the Bosphorus presents him with a mode of conveyance exactly suited to his habits and feelings; the caiques are so constructed that they afford him not only a seat, but a couch. A carpet is laid on the bottom, and a cushion at the stern; on these he stretches himself at full length, with his shoulders and elbows supported, and his chibouk extended out between his legs, and he is borne to his destination without the disturbance of a single muscle. It is impossible to conceive a more

perfect picture of indolent repose than a large Turk, with his turban, robe, loose trousers and slippers, reclined in a light skiff, which he seems to fill like a fish its shell, gliding along the tranquil surface of the glassy current. It is for this facility of conveyance that the shores of the Bosphorus are so thickly inhabited, and the water is covered with the only mode of conveyance a Turk wishes to avail himself of.

We proceeded to Tophana, the usual place of embarkation. Tophana means "the edifice of the cannon," because it is here they are laid up for use. The arsenal is fronted with a quay, along which is placed a range of ordnance; the guns, on all occasions of public rejoicing, are discharged like those on the Tower Wharf at London. Outside this is an extensive open space, where all the offal of Pera is cast; so that the quay you embark from is an immense dunghill, where flocks of dogs, vultures, kites, and gulls, are rooting and fighting for the putrid provender. We found here fleets of boats of all sizes, manned by Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, who all displayed a competition and eagerness for employment equal to any other European people. The Christians shouted aloud from the water, and jostled each other to get close to us; the Turks gravely and silently walked up to us, and pointed out their caiques. Among the crowd stood a venerable man with a snow-white beard, holding a baton in his hand, and wearing a badge. This last was to distinguish him as a hadgee, or one who had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and was placed as a superintendent to regulate the boats. He gave no preference to his own nation, but let us choose for ourselves. We preferred the serious Turks; so, making way for us with his baton, we were deposited in the bottom of a four-oared caique, and giving the hadgee a rhubia, the smallest gold

coin, containing two and a half piasters, he said, Alla smahladik, "I commend you to God," and we departed.

The current of the Bosphorus was so very strong, that we were obliged to row under the shore for some time, to avail ourselves of the eddy. There was no quay, but the rear of the houses opened upon the water; they belonged indiscriminately to different people, but their owners were distinguished by their colours. The Turks' alone were gaily painted and of many hues, which looked fresh and just laid on, as if the owner wished, by the variety of his tints, to display his exclusive and envied privilege. The others were of a dingy and dismal dye, generally lead colour. A few were fresh painted, but the greater number seemed for many years untouched by a brush. The love of display, even among the most humble and oppressed, was evinced by a striking anecdote of the proprietor of one of these houses. He was a Jew, who had rendered some service to Sultan Selim, and he was asked what recompense could be made him in return. The man, eager for distinction among his fellows, begged to be permitted to paint his house what colour he pleased, to which the good-natured Selim assented. His successor, Mustapha, was a man of a different description; he was as frivolous as he was cruel. Among other recreations he was fond of boating on the Bosphorus, and in passing along remarked this gay house among the dingy ones that surrounded it. He inquired to whom it belonged, and was informed the owner was a Jew. The offender was immediately summoned before him and interrogated why he dared to violate the laws. He replied, he had Sultan Selim's permission. "But you have not mine," said Mustapha, and ordered the Jew to be strangled, his property confiscated, and his house pulled down.

Rising from behind, the ground for a considerable way

presents the face of a steep hill: the district is called Fonducli. Fonduc signifies a hazel-nut, and I presume the place had been at no very remote period a copse, though now covered with houses. Where the ridge terminates, a wide and deep valley runs up from the Bosphorus to the harbour, through which it is supposed the Turks, under cover perhaps of this wood, drew their ships across in one night, and astonished the Greeks, who had carefully closed the mouth of the harbour, by presenting a fleet, transported as it were by magic, riding just under their walls. Immediately beyond this we passed Beshiktash. This place formerly commemorated the great leader of the Argonauts, on their passage through this strait. They landed here on their first entrance, and named it Jason in honour of their captain, which appellation it still retained in the time of Arcadius. Stephen, a contemporary historian, says it was then covered over with cypress-trees. The Turks call it Beshiktash, from a large stone which they fancy is like a cradle, and the Sultan has built a kiosk there. The appearance of this strongly reminded me of the origin of the people. The kiosk consists of a pile of buildings, having in the centre one larger and finer than the rest, and around it several smaller ones, each appearing not a detached portion, but a complete edifice. This, it is said, was intended by the architect to represent the time when the people were a nomadic race; the felt tent of the khan with those of his officers pitched around it.

From hence a continued succession of valleys opens from the hills into the Bosphorus, in every one of which is a village, shaded by a magnificent platanus, which extends its branches over all the edifices that encircle its vast trunk; so that a chain of houses, kiosks, and castles extends with little interruption to nearly the mouth of the

Black Sea. Every village seemed crowded with people; beside the great tree was the coffee-house, and before it the iskelli, or place of embarkation. Hither the whole population seemed collected and busy, and the variety of rich and vivid colours which the noisy multitude displayed was singularly picturesque and novel. These villages were called from some circumstances which distinguished them, Arnaut Kui, and Ortakui, from their having been the quarters of Arnauts and janissaries, and another Korou Chesmé, or the dry fountain, from some miraculous legend not worth remembering. In some places the current became so strong, that it was necessary to tow the boat; and for that purpose a long line of porters stood ready on the causeway, with coiled up cords; one of these was thrown to us, and then seized by a number of men, who laid it over their shoulders, and hauled us through the rapid. We threw off the tow-rope, and having tied a few paras in a paper, we chucked it ashore, and again stemmed the current by our own proper powers.

Three of these rapids occur in the stream of the Bosphorus; one is called Sheitan akindisi, or the Devil's Current, by the Turks. It is evidently caused by the sudden and abrupt descent of the bed of the Bosphorus. The convulsion which disruptured the strait left this rugged inequality below; and when the water poured down from the Black Sea, it fell over it as the waters of the great American lakes tumble down the Falls of Niagara. The stream here foams, and whirls, and boils with considerable violence, but is easily passed even by boats. From the accounts, however, which the ancients gave of the dangers and whirlpools of this raging strait*, it is highly probable that the falls were much

* Among the dangers which Horace proposes to encounter, he says, "Insanientem navita Bosporum tentabo."—Lib. iii, Od. 4.

greater formerly than they are now, and that the attrition of the waters, for so many centuries, has gradually worn them down.

Near this, in the recess of a deep bay, is a solitary kiosk, called Beybec, overshadowed with trees; and from its desolate appearance you would suppose some mystery was connected with it. It is shut in with walls, and entirely closed up. It is here that the secrets of Turkish diplomacy are cautiously carried on. When it is necessary to meet a foreign minister, he is notified to repair to this place: hither he comes in his caique—is mysteriously admitted, and meets inside the Turkish minister, who has also repaired hither for the occasion. When the affair is settled, the diplomatists separate, and the solitary house is again abandoned. This mysterious meeting to transact business, which might as well be held in any of the ordinary offices of the Porte, is highly characteristic of Oriental usage, where secresy and concealment are the veil in which all the proceedings of government are wrapt. It is said to have originated in the prying jealousy of the European ambassadors, who are continually watching each other's movements, and the Turks devised this sage expedient to conceal them.

Beyond it, the strait contracts to a very small breadth, and forms a narrow ferry which, like that at the Dardanelles, had been a great thoroughfare between Asia and Europe. It was here that Darius and the Persians passed, before Xerxes entered by Abydos, and tradition points out the rock on which he sat to see his army march across. It was here also the Goths, Saracens, and Crusaders effected a passage. The strait is in this part so narrow, that Pliny's account is no exaggeration: "You hear," said he, "in one orb of the earth the dogs bark, and the birds sing in the other; even

the human voice is distinguished, and men hold conversations from shore to shore, when the sound is not dispersed by the wind *." Here, too, the Turks fortified the straits, preparatory to their attack on Constantinople. Mahomet had built a castle on the Asiatic side, and against the just remonstrance of the Greek emperor, crossed over and built others on the opposite shore. The original angular fortress and towers are still standing, and called Anadoli and Roumeli Hissari, the Castles of Asia and Europe, and they attest the brutal ferocity of the man who erected them. He had threatened the Greeks, if they remonstrated any more, he would cause the messengers to be flayed alive; and he issued an edict that no ship should presume to pass them without permission. The Venetians, disregarding an arbitrary mandate which laid such an unauthorized restraint on their commerce, passed as usual; but their vessel was sunk, the crew seized and beheaded, and their bodies hung out of the castles in terrorem. The ferocious Mahomet therefore justly called them Chosecen, or the amputator of heads, a name which they retain, with some reason, to this day.

The present use of these castles is another display of Turkish manners: utterly useless as fortresses, they are employed as prisons. There is a low doorway, about four feet high, in the wall on the Bosphorus, by which they are entered. Whenever an officer of janissaries becomes troublesome, he is sent to this place in a caique. He enters the low door, which closes behind him, and he is never heard of more. The bin-bashi, or colonel of an orta, is often missing, and no one can account for his absence. It is understood, however, that he has been strangled, or

* Avium cantus, canumque latratus, vocis humanæ commercia, &c.—Plin. Nat. Hist., lib. vi. c. 1.

his head cut off in the castles: another is appointed in his place, and he is forgotten. The fortress is, for that reason, now called the Tower of Oblivion. A janissary of the palace attending me up the Bosphorus, mentioned to me that some officers of his orta had just been missing, and nodded to the castles as the place where he knew they had disappeared.

The passage here exhibited a very curious appearance: a range of boats extended from shore to shore, and resembled the bridge that Darius had thrown across so many centuries before. They were engaged in fishing; and the dense shoals which were passing, seemed almost to obstruct the waters. They were principally that kind called scombri, a species or fry of mackarel, which move up and down in vast numbers from the Black and White Sea. A circumstance which gives to the transit of these fishes a curious character is, the multitude of other animals which accompany them. An immense mass of porpoises is seen tumbling about them, and sometimes rising altogether, so as to form a mound stretching half way across the strait. On these occasions they snort and blow the spray from their nostrils like young whales. When the wind is strong, the natives remark that they are always impelled by some unaccountable instinct to move against it, but seem to have no preference for the current, as they are as often seen to swim up as down the Bosphorus. These are also under the peculiar protection of the Turks, who will not themselves capture them, nor allow any one else. Considerable sums of money are expended in oil for various purposes, particularly during the extensive illuminations which take place at the opening of the Bairam and other festivals, which might be supplied by these fish, if a fishery was once established; they are frequently cast on shore, and lie weltering in a putrid state, floating in their own oil, till the dogs and birds devour them.

Another accompaniment is the large flights of gulls and cormorants. The protection afforded to these birds is so well understood by them, that they light upon boats and houses without the smallest apprehension, and the roofs and ridges along shore are seen covered with them. When following a shoal of fish, they hide the surface of the water, and, lighting on the nets, dispute with the fishermen for the prey; all the smaller fry are thrown to them. Another species of bird which marks the channel of the Bosphorus is the alcedo, about the size of pigeons, with white bellies and dark-brown backs. They are continually moving up and down, sometimes so numerous that four or five flocks of them are visible at once, either passing or approaching. No motive can be assigned for their appearance, like that which actuates the other birds; they do not seem in pursuit of any prey—they are never seen to feed or to alight either on the land or the water, and pass without notice the shoals of fish and the flocks that follow them; but are impelled by a restless instinct perpetually to keep moving up and down the narrow strait—when they arrive at one sea, they wheel round and return to the other. The French call them, for this reason, "les ames damnées," because they never have rest, but add, with more of fancy than of fact, "Le vol, aussi prompt que les vents, produit un bruissement semblable au sifflement précurseur de la tempête." They fly very close to the surface of the water; when a boat meets them they sometimes rise just over it, and cover it for a moment like a canopy; but their flight is as still as death, and no one I have spoken to ever heard the sound of their wings.

To these unusual objects was added another of singular beauty. A cloud charged with rain was passing, and it produced a darkness so dense, that the surface of the water was

quite obscured at a little distance. It first began to disperse about mid-channel, when a bright luminous appearance, tinged with prismatic colours, was seen emerging from the obscurity. We were near the European coast, and by degrees it formed an iridescent arch, the legs resting about one hundred yards on each side of us, and the apex on the other shore. It was not, like other rainbows, an arc-du-ciel, it was perfectly horizontal, and lay flat on the water, to which it communicated a very beautiful as well as extraordinary aspect. It exactly resembled a brilliant rainbow suddenly cast down from the sky, and laid prostrate on the surface of the sea. It continued to accompany the boat for about fifteen minutes, when the sky cleared, and the beautiful phenomenon melted into air. It was near three o'clock, and the sun about forty-five degrees above the horizon, and the prismatic colours were caused, I suppose, in the ordinary way, by reflection and refraction from the rain-drops; but by what peculiar modification it produced the horizontal and not the perpendicular arch as usual, I presume not to conjecture.

We now passed the port of Balta Limen, by some supposed to be that from whence Mahomet drew his ships into the harbour, and so had a journey of twelve or fifteen miles to take instead of two. It is distinguished, however, by a remarkable circumstance. Near it is a rock which strongly reverberated the sound made near it. It was called, for that reason, φονεα; and that the Greeks might pass over nothing to which they could give a preternatural character, this echo has also been clothed with wonders. The sound, said a Byzantine relator of prodigies, agitated from place to place, was caught by the waves, and both descended together into an abyss of fire. It has remained there ever since, for certainly we could not recal it with all our shout-

ing. Whatever echo once existed, some accident and modification of the surface of the rock have destroyed it. Next was the village of Asthenia, called so by the Greeks from its low and insalubrious situation; and then Therapia, so denominated for a contrary cause. It rises up a hill, and seems to have all the elements of health. It is penetrated by a very beautiful little bay, which also bore a name recalling the achievements of the Argonauts. It was called Pharmakia, for here Medea stopped in her passage, attracted perhaps by its engaging aspect; and left a box of her potent drugs, which so retarded the advance of age that the people who live here at this day, have no occasion to resort to her cauldron to renovate them. A little way beyond it the strait expanded, and the mouth of the Black Sea opened to our view. The day was too far advanced to encounter its dark surface, so we went on shore at Buyukderé till the morning.

Buyukderé is a Turkish name, and implies the Great Valley. It is the largest of all those glens which divide the hills on the European side of the Bosphorus, penetrating five or six miles, and the view terminates in a magnificent aqueduct, which crosses it and conveys water from the bendts to the city. The space between is a flowery meadow, about a mile wide. Here it was that part of the Crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon encamped in 1097, when they were proceeding to the siege of Nicæa. Here also the Turks form encampments at this day, and the Sultan is amused with those coarse and gross representations, in which the sensual Orientals delight. From the middle of this valley rises the great tree, which has been, in latter times, an object of much curiosity to travellers, and represented greater than the *Castagna di Cento Cavalli*, or that which in "Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms." This is a platanus of tremendous size; it mea-

sures forty-seven yards in circumference at its base, and the branches afford shade to a circular area of one hundred and thirty. I assure you there is no exaggeration in this, for I measured it myself. This vast stem, however, divides into fourteen branches, some of which issue from below the present surface of the soil, and some do not divide till they rise seven or eight feet above. One of the largest is broken off about twenty feet from the ground, another is hollowed out by fire, and affords a cabin to shelter herdsmen. This tree, if it can be considered a single plant, is certainly the largest in the world. Among other travellers who notice it, a French author describes it with some truth, as "Un temple de verdure surmonté d'un dôme prêt à toucher les nues." When the Turks encamp in the valley, the hollow of this great tree affords a magnificent tent to the Seraskier, or Caimacan, who commands them, with all his officers. The platanus has been at all times in high repute in the East. Xerxes was so struck with the beauty of one in Phrygia, that he adorned it with collars and bracelets of gold. It was a convivial tree, under whose branches Socrates and Cicero were fond of sitting; and Pliny says one of his friends entertained a party of twenty-two persons at supper in the trunk of one*. The Turks have the same partiality for it, and drink their coffee under its shade, which sometimes extends over a whole village. But what renders this tree an object of more than usual interest is the conjecture of M. de Candolle, that it must be more than two thousand years old. Though this tree has become such an object of admiration to recent travellers, Gillius takes no notice of it, nor even Tournefort, whose botanical pursuits would naturally lead him to do so.

* Hist. Nat., lib. xvi. c. 1.

The village of Buyukderé extends from this valley for more than a mile along the shore towards the Black Sea. It is the residence of many European ambassadors, and other respectable persons of Pera, who resort here in summer, when the sea-breezes of the Euxine so temper the air, that the thermometer is generally five or six degrees lower than in the city. The grounds are very picturesque; in front is a spacious quay, forming a noble marine parade on the edge of the Bosphorus; in the rear the hills rise behind the houses, laid out in hanging woods and terraces, which command magnificent views, so that perhaps there exists no where a more salubrious or beautiful residence.

In the morning we resumed our caique, and proceeded on our voyage. Beyond Buyukderé, the Boghaz, as it is called, widens considerably; and as we approached the mouth, the great swell that came in was an object of alarm, our little bark was so light and fragile, and the undulations so immense. The entrance is formed by two bold promontories, on which are light-houses, they are therefore called the Phanaraki Points. The names on the Bosphorus are alternately Turkish or Greek; but this is a compound of both—Phanar Kui, Beacons-town; for there is a small village attached to each, and at some distance two fortresses, whose white battlements form striking objects on the dark-green promontories. Between them, but much closer to the European shore, stood one of the Symplegades. The etymology of this name, which signifies "to strike together," recals the first important event of Grecian history. The mysterious terrors of this dark and stormy sea were so alarming, that the Greeks called it ἄξενος, impervious to strangers; but when Jason succeeded in the first bold commercial enterprise, and brought back his vessel safe from Colchis, the name was changed to εὔξενος, to commemorate

his hospitable reception. Of all the marvels which the lively imaginations of the people represent the Argonauts to have encountered, none was more extraordinary than those rocks, which stood like sentinels to guard the entrance of the forbidden sea, and crush between them the daring adventurers who attempted to pass them. The origin of this fable has been variously conjectured, and natural causes assigned to account for it, but the most probable appears to arise from the name of the sea, and the impression on the minds of the navigators—that as it had been closed before, so it might again close behind them after they had passed, and obstruct their return. I was disappointed, however, to see that there was but one conspicuous rock for this purpose; we found afterwards there was another within the Euxine, but at such a distance, and so close to the shore, that it could not be at all available for the purposes of the story. We pulled, however, for this one, and landed on it with some difficulty, the great swell rising nearly half way up the rock, and threatening to throw our light skiff on the ledge of some precipice.

It stands about half a mile from the light-house point of the European shore, just within the Black Sea. It consists of a rocky eminence, twenty or thirty yards in height, and two or three hundred in circumference. On the summit is a very beautiful circular pedestal of pure marble and fine sculpture. It is four feet three inches in height, and two feet seven inches in diameter; round it is a rich festoon of flowers, supported on bulls' heads, with stars between the folds. It is of superior workmanship, and seems to have been sculptured at an era when the arts were cultivated; but of its origin, date, or name, there is nothing certain; even its shape is not agreed on. The Byzantine historian, Dionysius, says the Romans erected a fane on this rock, and

hence it is called the Altar. Whatever might have been its original destination, it was latterly appropriated to another use; this is the opinion of Gillius, who saw it in 1545. There stood upon it a Corinthian column, and the monument obtained the name of Pompey's Pillar, by which it is sometimes known. There was a vague tradition that he had erected it after his victory over Mithridates, whose kingdom of Pontus was close beside, on the coast of Asia. He named a city on the coast, built by that monarch, Pompeiopolis*; but there is no historical record of erecting a column: and Pompey has lost the reputation of this pillar, as well as of that at Alexandria, which it now appears was raised to Dioclesian. When Tournefort visited the rock in 1700, he saw the pillar, twelve feet in length, but it has now disappeared. On the summit of the pedestal which remains, are four square apertures sunk into it, and they seem to have been intended to fasten on the top some other object.

* Pliny, lib. vi. cap. 7.

There is now no inscription, or trace of it, except some modern scribbling of travellers who have visited the spot; the earliest I could find was dated 1623. This beautiful piece of sculpture, on the summit of so remote and solitary a rock, is a very striking object, and strongly contrasted with the rude wildness of every thing about it.

The substance of which the rock is formed seems an extraordinary composition. It is a kind of breccia, of various coloured lava, trap, basalt, and limestone, intersected by veins of agate, or chalcedony, of considerable extent. It seems, in fact, an agglomeration of heterogeneous substances, fused together by the action of intense fire. But the colour most predominant is blue or dark green, arising from the presence of some metallic oxide. This has conferred upon the rocks their comparatively modern name: when they were no longer an object of terror, and ceased to crush ships between them, they lost their first appellation, and were called from their hue, Cyanean, a property which remains to this day.

From hence we crossed over to the Asiatic coast, and visited an exceedingly beautiful natural object. Having passed the Phanaraki, or light-house point, we landed at a cultivated little valley called the Bay of Cabacos. One side of this is formed of soft blue rock, penetrated by deep and curious caverns; on the other commences the promontory of Youm-bournou, running for two or three miles, and terminated by a perfect range of basaltic pillars. The face of the rock where this object begins to project, shows nothing remarkable, but at its extremity it suddenly assumes very regular and ordinate forms. The surface of the cliff, which is here about fifty yards high, is entirely composed of perfect columns, generally perpendicular, but in a few places, particularly at the eastern extremity, making

a small angle with the horizon, and bent into irregular curves, as if the incumbent pressure of the ground above had forced them out of right lines while they were yet soft, as is supposed to have been the case at Staffa, and the Giant's Causeway. At the base of this precipice the pillars have been truncated, the upper parts seeming to have been cut away, leaving the lower to form quays, affording a level walk, with pentagon and octagon pavements. These run into angular piers eight or ten yards in depth, faced with regular pilasters. The horizontal surface displays a curious mosaic of polygons, varying from three to eight sides, but so adapted to each other that there are no void spaces. This forms another presumption that the crystallized mass was originally soft, and compressed together till the sides of the pillars came into mutual contact; hence they are very unequal. For example, the primitive shape might have been triangular, but the pressure of contiguous ones forced the angles into sides, till the triangle became a hexagon, and the intermediate space was filled up, so that it could yield no more. In several places, at the extremity of the projections, the pillars were irregularly broken off, leaving grades or steps of stairs to the water's edge, and displaying perfectly the shape and form; sometimes a pillar stood isolated like a post sunk into a pier. The columns were generally about three feet in circumference, and very perfect polygons, with sharp angles and uniform sides. They were irregularly divided by cracks and fissures, but though I closely examined them, I could not discover a single one with articulations of concave and convex surfaces, like those on the coast of Antrim, though in every other respect the formation was just as regular and beautiful. There was one circumstance, however, that gave these pillars a very peculiar and curious character. Between

the conterminate sides there were sometimes formed thin lamellæ of chalcedony; this ran round the polygons in the pavement in a narrow white border, so that in one spot, where the colours were not tarnished, the flooring resembled mosaic of jasper, beaded with ivory. In some places, the lamellæ were detached and stood out like a plate of tin. The general colour of the basalt was blue, where it was not acted on by the acid of the sea water; the grain was fine, and the fracture sonorous and metallic; though in some places it was more coarse and resembled that of the whinstone dykes, which separate the more regular pillars in some basaltic formations. Higher up on the rock, and near the summit of the cliff, it became amorphous and coarse, filled with holes like blistered scoria, and even granulated by the mixtures of extraneous bodies as if passing into breccia.

The range of pillars extends for about two hundred yards, and then abruptly terminates by a deep fissure at the eastern extremity, which forms a glen, entirely dividing the face of the rock. On the basaltic side the cliff has fallen down in several places, and strewed the sides and bottom with loose fragments of irregular columns, lying in heaps and detached masses, so as to resemble the ruins of ancient temples. On the other, the glen presents a face of rude and bare rocks, totally shapeless, but having a very ferruginous and scorched appearance, with scattered masses of scoria, as if it had been once subject to the action of strong fire. From this glen, where the basaltic formation abruptly terminates, the promontory of Youm bournou extends inland for about a mile, without the stones having the smallest tendency to assume any ordinate form; it then ends in a flat sandy shore, which runs for four or five miles unbroken by a single rock.

The surface of the promontory is totally denuded of all vegetation, with two exceptions: one is a solitary olive-tree of large size, and apparently very old, which has rooted itself in a fissure, and crowns the summit of the basaltic cliff. Here, instead of ascending perpendicularly, it has instinctively turned its branches from the north-east blast, which comes across the Euxine from Russia, and sweeps this coast. Its enormous trunk, at the height of a few feet from the ground, bends at an angle into an horizontal direction, so as to form a low and extended shade, under which sheep and goats take refuge. The other is a shrub, which relieves the bare rocks by its evergreen foliage, and large scarlet berries, formed on the surface of its broad leaf *. This is not peculiar to this spot, but I found it along the whole northern coast of Asia Minor. It is called the laurel of Alexander; "stephanon Alexandri vocant," says Pliny, because it was that of which the hero formed his crown, when he came to these parts.

I have been more particular in describing this promontory to you, because, from the time of the Argonauts who landed here about three thousand years ago, the coast has been visited by all civilized nations, yet this curious phenomenon was never noticed, or at least described, till a few years ago; though certainly no natural object can be more striking or extraordinary than a vast and beautiful colonnade of regular pillars, more perfect than the hand of art could make them, starting suddenly out from rude and misshapen masses of rock. Tournefort, who travelled along the coast, and who described the stalactites of Antiparos with such fantastic exaggeration, takes no notice of this much more beautiful object; and Dr. Clarke contents himself with saying,

* Ruscus hyperglossus.

he saw the pillars at a distance with a telescope. The first person, I believe, who actually visited and described it, was General Andreossi. He was Napoleon's Ambassador at the Porte, and in 1813 he explored the coast and published some account of these "*prismes basaltiques,*" in his work on the Bosphorus.

The theory of the formation of basalt is easily understood: it is generally admitted to be a crystallization; but the great question is, whether it has been effected by fire or water. From my slender acquaintance with such discussions, I can form no decided opinion; but from what I have seen of the formation of basalt, I am inclined to be rather a Vulcanist than a Neptunist, and the circumstances connected with this place give a sublime interest to the former theory. The first thing that strikes a person travelling over, or contemplating a map of these regions, its seas, and adjacent lands, is, that the Euxine, Asoph, Caspian and Aral, had been once one great body of fluid, covering all the flats which now intervene between them; and that in process of time part of this fluid had drained off by some channel, leaving a considerable portion of the higher surface dry, and the lower still covered by detached sheets of water.

This impression, arising from natural objects, is in a great measure confirmed by other evidence. Historians from the earliest times have depicted the lakes of water, not as they now appear, but varying considerably from their present aspect, as if the process by which the volume of fluid was reduced in size, was still going on. The opinion of some geographers had been, that the body of water was so vast as to extend over the whole region, and that the Caspian communicated with the ocean; but Herodotus visited the place himself, and corrected various errors

of this sea*; he, therefore, is worthy of confidence in what he describes. He takes no notice of the great lake of Aral, but must have included it in the extraordinary magnitude he gives to the Caspian. He further says that the Palus Mæotis and Euxine were of equal size †. In the time of Aristotle there were traces of a canal from the former to the Caspian; and the space which divided them was inconsiderable. Pliny's account of the Euxine little accords with its present state: the Gulf of Amysum penetrated so far towards the Mediterranean as to render Asia Minor almost an island‡. These and sundry other remarks of the ancients, which it would be tedious to enumerate, prove that the bodies of water have considerably altered, both in shape and volume, by the abstraction of the fluid.

Such accounts of ancient writers are confirmed by modern travellers: Tournefort, and after him Pallas, visited these regions. In 1790 the latter published a map, representing the ancient coast of the Caspian and Mæotis, founding his opinion on the nature of the country north of the Caucasus. He had discovered fishes and shells exactly of the same kind in all the sheets of water now existing, giving that identity to them which could hardly take place had they been separated at such a distance as they are at present. He traced the whole desert of Astrachan to where it is bounded by the more elevated plains of Russia, and found the same evidence of an alluvial soil, and infers that the salt-water lakes scattered over a vast extent are nothing more than deeper pools of this once great sea not yet dried up||.

* Ἡ Κασπια θαλασσα ἐστι ἐπ' ἰωὐτης, οὐ συμμισγουσα τῃ ἑτερῃ θαλασσῃ.—Herod. lib. ii., c. 203.

† Herodot., lib. i. c. 203.

‡ Sinus tanti recessûs ut Asiam peninsulam facit.—Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. vi. cap. 2.

|| Pallas's Travels, vol. vii.

The question is, how that body of water, which was probably once an uninterrupted expanse, found a channel by which it escaped and was drained off.

At the western extremity of it is a ravine, through which the waters at this day rush with considerable violence. This has all the appearance of having been effected by a convulsive rupture of the mountains at some period, giving to the fluid, heretofore confined, a free passage. The channel seems as if rent asunder by violence; the sides so correspond, that the projections of the one generally have recesses opposite to them in the other: and the different strata are of the same materials, and at the same elevation, as if they had been once an uninterrupted continuity; and the current between them is still as violent in some places as if it was rushing down a new-formed cataract.

The mind of the observer is now led to consider how this rupture took place, and what was its agent. Of this, too, there is wonderful evidence. Immediately at the mouth of the ravine are to be found all the characters of an extinct volcano; the basaltic pillars resemble rocks that had once been liquefied and again hardened, and in this process had assumed ordinate forms. Every accessory circumstance indicates that the agent had been fire. The entire vicinity is covered over with calcined masses and the accompaniments which are seen about active volcanoes. Some of the rocks are of a strong ferruginous hue, particularly in the ravine adjoining the pillars, and the ground is strewed over with vitrified masses, resembling the slag or scoria rejected from iron works. Among these are found scattered various rude specimens of jaspar, agate, and similar substances, sometimes loose and sometimes agglomerated together, with fragments of trap and feldspar, as if they

had been fused into a mass without complete solution. Beyond is trap or whinstone, and amorphous pieces of this imperfect basalt are found several miles asunder on both sides of the mouth of the Bosphorus, assuming the form of rude pillars lying prostrate along the shore; as if the fire which, at its centre, had organized the more perfect crystallization, had produced only an abortive imitation at its extremity.

All these circumstances lead to the opinion, that the rupture was effected by the convulsions which attend a volcano, and that the waters, rushing through the aperture thus rent asunder, flowed down into the lower seas, and continued ever since to drain off from the higher regions; and, as its volume diminished, it formed into separate sheets, varying their shapes, in the manner described by the early historians, as the irregular surface became dry.

Nor is this opinion unsupported by more certain evidence than mere tradition. The natural consequence of this sudden burst of the waters must have been the inundation of all the lands below which stood in their way; immediately opposite to their issue were the islands and coast of Greece, over which the great torrent must have swept. The first place that suffered would have been the shores of the Ægean, at the mouth of the Hellespont. Troy was founded on the mountain of Ida*, by Dardanus, who had abandoned Arcadia in consequence of a deluge, because the ground below was not yet dry after the great inundation, and he was anxious to provide against the recurrence of the calamity, by choosing an elevated site for his new city. Bounarbashi, a branch of the mountain, was well calculated for the purpose. The next sufferers were the islands. Diodorus

* Dionysius Halicarnass. Antiq. Rom. lib. i. c. 61.—Hom. Il. lib. xx. l. 216.

Siculus relates that Samothrace was overwhelmed with a violent inundation, which burst through the Cyanean rocks*, from the waters of the Pontus, and submerged their land; and the flood of Deucalion, which inundated Thessaly, and laid the continent of Greece under water, was the last effort of this mighty wave, as it dashed over every barrier that opposed it, and which is equally recorded by poets and historians. I might add to this the evidence which is said still to exist in the Bosphorus and Hellespont, of the devastating effects of this inundation rushing through those channels—remnants of arcades and edifices seen at the bottom and sides of the Straits, now under water, evincing that the places had been cultivated valleys, and the abode of a civilized people, before the torrent had burst upon them. This I cannot confirm by any actual inspection, though I had many opportunities for the purpose, not doubting, however, those who affirm that they have been seen.

In whatever manner we consider this evidence, whether as a distorted fact of the great deluge, or a partial and local event of the same kind, it is equally the work of that Hand which not only "opened the windows of heaven," but "broke up the fountains of the great deep," to effect his awful purpose. For me, when I found myself in the midst of this apparent convulsion of nature, and recalled the various records of past time, I felt as if I actually stood on the verge of one of these fountains of the great deep which the hand of God had broken open, and saw the awful effects of his divine anger lying beside me. The ancients, it appears, were greatly struck by the aspect of this place: they called the rugged rocks about it ἱερὸν, or the Sacred Spot, and they erected altars to all the gods on the hills

* Του περι τας Κυανεας στοματος ραγεντος.—Diod. Sic. Bibl. Hist. lib. v. c. 47.

around, in token of this impression. The principal was to Jupiter Urius, with the twelve minor deities.

From hence we returned by the Asiatic coast, and visited the several objects that presented themselves. The first was some striking remains of fortresses, called Genoese Castles. It was no mean proof of the wealth and enterprise of this little commercial state, to see in this remote place such remains of them; but there is evidence that they were not the only architects. On a tablet in front is the Greek cross, and at the angles letters which are those of the Greeks of the Lower Empire: one was X, the initial of the name of Christ, and another Φ, the first letter of the Emperor Phocas, found on other monuments.

We climbed from this to the Iouchi-daghi, or the Giant's Mountain, the highest in the neighbourhood, and commanding a magnificent view of the Black Sea and Bosphorus. On the summit stands a Dervish mosque, and beside it an inclosure having within it the semblance of a large tomb to which tradition assigns various origins. The Greeks affirm that it was the cemetery of Amycus, who was king of the country when the Argonauts were passing. He excelled with the cæstus and challenged all comers, but he was not a match for Pollux, who killed him with a single blow, and buried him on the top of this mountain.

The Turks, however, tell a different and a more extraordinary story. They affirm that Usha-ben-Noon, (Joshua, the son of Nun,) after leading the Jews into Canaan and establishing them there, proceeded to Jebbar-dhag on the Bosphorus, where he fixed his residence. He was a man of extraordinary size, and frequently strided across the strait, placing one leg on Jebbar-dhag and the other on Buyuk-dhag, like a Colossus, and ships passed under him while he thus strided from Asia to Europe. It was

his custom to sit every evening on the summit of the mountain, and perform his ablutions before he went to rest by bathing his feet in the sea below. When he died, they could find no spot large enough to contain his body, but they buried one of his feet on the top of the hill, in the inclosure which we saw. The ground measured seventeen yards, and if the body bore the usual proportions of a man, Joshua himself must have been three hundred and thirty-four feet high. But besides this grave, the Turks appeal to another evidence still more convincing. The Dervishes brought us into the mosque, and on a tablet set up in the wall was the following curious inscription in Turkish and Arabic:—

INSCRIPTION.

Here is the place of his Excellency Joshua the son of Nun, (Usha-ben-Noon,) on whom be peace, who was not of the priests but of the prophets. Moses, on whom be peace, sent him against the Greeks (Roum.) Now while his Excellency Joshua, on a certain day, fought with this nation, in the first battle the sun went down on account of the Greeks, but while he was fighting the sun rose again after it had gone down, and the Greeks could not be saved. They saw this miracle of his Excellency Joshua the son of Nun, on whom be peace, and at the time, had he taught them the Faith, they would have received it. Should any one, either male or female, deny it, there is in this holy temple a history: let them look to that, and believe that he became a prophet. The end.

Joshua is alluded to by the Koran as well as other personages of our Bible, and the size which tradition assigns to him here is not so great, I believe, as that which the Rabbins assign to Adam. However incredulous you may be of these particulars of this famous man, the Turks, I assure you, have no doubt of them. You will admit, however, that with reason they have called it the Giant's Mountain.

From hence we descended into one of the most beautiful

valleys which adorn the shores of the Bosphorus. It is called Hunker Iskellessi, or the Sultan's Stairs, because it was here he landed to visit a kiosk erected near it. This, which was once the residence of a sovereign, is now a kyat khana, or paper manufactory. When literature began to dawn on the Turks in the reign of Selim, the monarch himself set an example of encouragement, by establishing in this place a paper-mill, which had the advantage of a fall of water. We visited the edifice, and found it such as might be expected when a Sultan had converted his palace into a factory. The water was received in reservoirs of polished marble, and sheets of paper were hanging to dry in splendid saloons. It bore, however, evident marks of decay, and evinced that it met with no encouragement after the death of its amiable patron. The valley, at the side on which it stands, was shaded with a magnificent platanus, almost rivalling in size and exceeding in beauty that at Buyukderé, on the opposite shore. It is subject, however, to a visitation from which the other is exempt. Wolves and jackals abound in the thick copse wood covering the hills all about, and sometimes descend here and carry off the sheep and cattle which graze in the valley. This does not prevent its being a place of festive resort. While the Sultan and his suite assemble in the valley of Buyukderé, the females are permitted to associate here by themselves. They are not of that repulsive character which is generally supposed. Franks frequently pass close by these groups sitting on the grass; and an Englishman sometimes hears himself addressed as Ingilis Effendi, and is offered refreshment, but is never allowed to sit down or mix with them.

These invitations, however, may be very dangerous, as one of our party experienced. He was a goodly person

and well favoured, of agreeable manners, and spoke Turkish well. As he passed by one of these assemblages some time before on this spot, he was treated with extraordinary attention by the principal lady of the group, and invited to visit her kiosk on the Bosphorus. On taking leave he found, to his horror, that it was the Sultan's sister, a woman notorious for her gallantry, and whose invitations it was equally dangerous to refuse or comply with. He had no alternative but immediately to escape from Constantinople, and he found that search and pursuit had been made after him by her emissaries in all directions. Her passions, however, were as transitory as they were violent; in a short time they were fixed upon another object, and he returned. I had afterwards occasion to know the peril he escaped.

From hence we visited the solitary castle of Asia, in a low meadow opposite that in Europe, and then climbed the romantic hill of Kandeli beside it. This is one of the most beautiful promontories on the strait, commanding, from its elevation and projection, a view of nearly its whole extent from sea to sea. The rich Armenians retire from their narrow and unwholesome cells in the bazars, where everything about them marks humility and poverty, to enjoy in their kiosks here a splendour that is truly oriental. I was astonished to observe the richness of dress and luxury of ornament in the house of a man, whom a few days before I had seen so mean and humble at Pera.

The next place which attracted notice was the village of Stavros, from the Greek σταυρος, because here was once a church which Constantine had distinguished by a large golden cross. From hence we visited the town of Scutari, a promontory opposite Constantinople: it was called by the Greeks χρυσοπολις, or the City of Gold, from the tribute and treasures which the Persians deposited here in their

European expeditions. It rises by a broad street, superior to any in Constantinople, to the summit of a high ground, and from thence is an ascent to Bourgourloo, a branch of the Bithynian chain of mountains, which is conspicuous here like the Iouchi Daghi at the other extremity of the strait, and commands the same extensive view over the Propontis as that does over the Euxine. Below this is the vast cemetery, the largest necropolis perhaps in the world, extending its cypress shade for three miles in length. It is increased to its present size from the eagerness of the Turks in Europe to occupy a grave in it. They have been long under an impression that they will be driven out of Constantinople, and sent back to the country from whence they came, and with this anticipation they are anxious that their bones should be laid in it. Beside it is a large plain distinguished also by peculiar features. It is here the caravans of the pious Moslems assemble to proceed to Mecca; and on a particular day, thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims cover this plain with tents and ensigns, and set out in a body to visit the tomb of their Prophet; not unlike, nor more absurd than the Christian fanatics, who formerly set out in the same manner and in the same direction, "to seek in Golgotha him dead who lives in heaven." Scutari was marked by two circumstances which denoted an improving state of the people. Here were a printing-office and a cotton-factory. The printing-office was established by Selim, where the paper made in his palace was rendered the medium of enlightening his subjects. The edifice was extensive: seven cases of type occupied one end of a room, and four presses the other: the former were placed in a circle, and the compositor sat among them on a cushion cross-legged, and worked much at his ease. The cotton-factory was also very extensive, and employed several hundred

Armenians. They showed us readily the whole process of stamping, at which they seemed as expert as the workmen of Manchester. Their red dye is particularly brilliant, and they affected to keep its process a profound secret.

Near Scutari is the ancient Chalcedon. The Turks call it Cadi Kui, "the City of the Judges," from an indistinct knowledge of the councils held there. We visited the church in which Chrysostom formerly preached. It is dedicated to St. Euphemia, and they show some of the implements with which she was tortured in the persecution of Diocletian. The bay on which it stands is exposed and shallow, and it may well be called "the City of the Blind Men," who, when they might choose, built it here, and not on the harbour of Byzantium.

In our return across to the European shore, we visited the Lighthouse. This is a square castle on an insulated rock at a considerable distance from the Asiatic coast. It is always kept whitewashed, and is sometimes illuminated. It was erected by the Emperor Manuel with another at some distance, for the purpose of drawing a chain across the whole mouth of the strait, and so preventing the ascent of a hostile fleet. This square tower is the only part of the apparatus which remains, and the Turks have lost even the memory of its use. As their names generally have some reference to a former state of things, so has this. They call it Kiz Koulasi, or the Girl's Tower, from some obscure glimmering of the story of Hero on the Hellespont; and the Franks improve the mistake by naming it the Tower of Leander.

CHAPTER XIII.

News of the Greek Insurrection.—First Effects in the Capital.—Events in the Provinces.—Ypsilantes and Suzzo.—Greek Proclamation.—Turkish Reply.—Arming of Turkish Populace.—Excesses.—Useless Guard.—Assassination of a Greek.—Executions in Constantinople.—Morousi, Dragoman of the Porte.—Insults to Franks.—Attack on Shipping.—Pastoral Address of Greek Patriarch.—Anathema against Suzzo, Ypsilantes, and their Adherents.—Hatta Sherif of Sultan.—Levy of Troops.—Singular Assassination of an Armenian.—Alarm on Easter Eve.—Execution of Patriarch and his Bishops.—Wanton Insults to his Body.—Miraculous Discovery and Burial.—Life and Character.—Cause of his Death.—St. George's Day.—Dismal State of the Capital.—Destruction of Greek Churches.—Attack on Printing-Office.—Execution of a Man in a Frank Dress.—Representation of Foreign Ministers.—Characters.—Baron Strogonoff.—Extreme agitation.—Retires to Buyukderé.—Sails for Russia.—Progress of Insurrection.—Great Alarm.—Fugitives in British Palace.—Greek Artist.

Hitherto we enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity. We went about with a feeling of as much security as in London, wherever business or amusement led us; and we found all classes of the various nations which compose the population of the capital, not only disposed in the most friendly manner towards us, but towards each other. One day I went down to Galata, and paid a visit to Mr. Barbaud, a venerable old gentleman, who was considered the father of the British factory. He was a pleasant man, and rather inclined to be cheerful than serious. I perceived him labouring under great agitation. He said he had been fifty years in the country, and never saw it in the state of perilous commotion in which it then was. I thought, from his usual habits, he was jesting with me; but I found him perfectly serious. He informed me he had just had certain information of a general insurrection of the Greeks all over the Turkish

empire: that Prince Ypsilantes, with whose father he was well acquainted, had entered Moldavia from Russia; raised the standard of revolt, which all the Greeks of the provinces had joined; and that they were daily expected to march on Constantinople, where the whole population of Oriental Christians were ready to join them; and that a total destruction of persons and property of all the Frank residents must ensue in the commotion. In confirmation, he showed me a Greek proclamation, which he had just received from one of his correspondents. He assured me at the same time that such was the secresy with which this vast project was conducted, that the most remote rumour or suspicion of such a thing had not transpired among the numerous Greeks with which he and other merchants had daily and extensive business. On my return to Pera I found a total change had taken place in a few hours in the appearance and manners of the people. There was no public newspaper to transmit the intelligence of any event, but personal communication is a more rapid conveyance. The news of the insurrection had just transpired, and it was caught up and spread from mouth to mouth with the rapidity of wildfire. The Armenians, who have shops in Galata, were hastening home to their residences in Pera; a group of them was ascending the hill before me, and they looked about every minute in the greatest alarm. They are a quiet, timid people, and they seemed to labour under the apprehension of some great evil. The Turks were walking slowly about, holding one hand on the hilt of their yatagans, and with the other twisting their mustaches; while the Greeks and Jews, whenever they met them, got out of their way into some store or coffee-house that happened to be open.

The next day the following particulars transpired. The

provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, by compact with the Porte, are governed by Greek princes, and much intrigue takes place in the Fanal for the appointment. The prince of the latter having died in January, 1821, the inhabitants, who had experienced much inconvenience and oppression from their former governors, did not wish to have another elected, but sent a deputation to the Porte, notifying their willingness to continue still under its protection, and pay the usual tribute, but declined to receive another governor sent to them from the Fanal. The Turks refused to listen to their complaints, and an insurrection of the oppressed peasantry broke out in the beginning of March, headed by a man of the name of Theodore Vladmerasco. The Porte took no more notice of this than of any other local disturbance which continually appeared in one province or another, among people oppressed with arbitrary taxation; and they gave the usual directions to the authorities of the place to suppress it and punish the guilty promoters. This, it was supposed, was done in a summary and effectual manner; and affairs proceeded as usual, when suddenly a new and much more serious cause of alarm occurred.

Among the families of the Greek princes of the Fanal, that of Ypsilantes was particularly distinguished. One of them had been Hospodar of Wallachia in 1806, and was suspected, with or without cause, of being concerned with Czerni George in exciting the Servians to revolt. His aged father was seized at Constantinople, and put to the torture, to extort from him a confession to convict his son. Nothing of the kind could be elicited from the old man; nevertheless, after suffering excruciating agony, he was put to death for the imputed delinquency of another. The offending son escaped to Russia, where he died; he had left behind him a young boy, born at Constantinople, who lived with his

grandfather, and it was supposed that he, too, would have fallen a victim to the comprehensive grasp of Turkish justice; he, however, also escaped to Russia. The palace of his father on the Bosphorus, near Therapia, was then confiscated, and conferred on the French embassy as a summer residence. The property, therefore, of the family of Ypsilantes was thus alienated, and the name and rank of one of the chief Greek princes exterminated at the Fanal.

Young Ypsilantes early entered into the Russian service, and distinguished himself in the armies of the empire, which he accompanied into France. He was esteemed for his talents and intrepidity; he lost an arm at the battle of Kulm, and was promoted to the rank of general. Through the whole of his career his countrymen kept their eye on him. He was known to be ardently attached to the home from which he was exiled; and the injustice and cruelty which his family had suffered, it was supposed, would be a strong actuating cause to excite him. In consequence of the sympathy of the Russians for their co-religionists, the Greeks, every person of that nation was more or less favoured by the Emperor, and Ypsilantes obtained his particular regard and personal esteem. When the French campaign was over, and the Russian armies disengaged, secret application was made to him by the Hetairia; and it was said he communicated, in a personal interview with the Emperor, the object of his countrymen. The answer was such as to inspire Ypsilantes with the highest hopes; and he returned to Odessa to avail himself of the first opportunity. When the local disturbances broke out, he immediately crossed the Pruth to take advantage of it.

Michael Suzzo was at this time governor of Moldavia. His family, like that of Ypsilantes, had suffered cruel injustice from the hands of the Turks. One of them was drago-

man of the Porte in 1808. He fell under the suspicion of his employers of having betrayed communications confided to him. He was called out in a friendly manner from the little chamber he occupied at the Porte, to receive some instructions from the caimacan, and followed without the smallest apprehension, till he was suddenly seized on by the guards. He earnestly requested to know, as they dragged him along, what was his offence? When arrived before the gate of the Seraglio they said he should be informed; here his head was instantly cut off, and his body thrown into the streets. Another of this name was hospodar of Wallachia, and the revolutionists, supposing that a sense of injury to his family would be a powerful stimulus to his patriotism, urged him to engage in the intended insurrection. He died suddenly by poison, administered to him by his countrymen the Greeks, as the Turks say, because he would not join them; and by the Turks, as the Greeks say, because they suspected him. With these impressions of the wrongs of his family, and his own insecurity, Michael Suzzo at once threw himself into the arms of Ypsilantes; and these two Greek princes raised the standard of liberty, and invited every Christian in the provinces to join it.

It is a singular fact, but not uncommon in revolutions, that the very men who had associated to oppose a particular principle were made agents to promote it. The insurrection under Vladmerasco, which had burst out to put down the domination of the Greeks in the provinces, was now the instrument in the hands of Ypsilantes to establish it. Vladmerasco was deposed and put to death, and his party was incorporated with that of the Greek princes. A provisional Greek government was now declared at Yassi, and the press was employed in printing its spirited proclamations.

The first was published at Yassi, on the 23d of February, 1821. It travelled secretly in all directions, and copies of it were circulated, no one could tell how, all over Constantinople. Two passages excited the attention of the Turks in a high degree:—"It is time," said it, "to break the insupportable yoke—to overturn from the height of our walls the Crescent, to elevate above it the Cross—that standard under which we will always conquer, and thus avenge our country and our holy religion from the profanation of barbarians. The people of civilized Europe desire the liberty of Greece, and many of them will press to combat by our side. Let us march, my friends, and you will see the most mighty of these powers advance to protect your rights." These declarations the Turks considered as announcing two things:—one, the extirpation of Mahomedanism; and the other, that the Russians were ready to join in its destruction.

Ypsilantes had addressed a supplication to the Emperor, praying him not to refuse his aid to the distressed Greeks, particularly to those of the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia. The Emperor, in reply, immediately struck his name from the list of officers in the Russian service and disavowed, in a formal manner, his enterprise; he then gave precise orders to General Wittgenstein, commanding the Russians on the Pruth and in Bessarabia, to preserve a strict neutrality, and directed his Ambassador at Constantinople to apprise the Porte of this proceeding. The Sultan himself replied to Ypsilantes' proclamation. He said that "the infamous insurgents had threatened the destruction of a religion which was protected by God; that it was essential that every Mussulman should accommodate himself to the circumstances of the time, renounce the charms of social life, and resume those of the camp, which was the primitive

state of the Turkish nation; that they must now conform to the military habits of their ancestors, and every man provide himself with arms."

When this order was promulgated the whole population of Turks issued forth armed, every man with a brace of pistols and a yatagan; even boys at the age of eight or ten years appeared thus accoutred. Conceive a populace of more than one hundred thousand desperate fellows all armed with some deadly weapon, turned loose upon the unarmed inhabitants, against whom their strongest prejudices were excited! They were given to understand that the object of their enemies was to extirpate Mahomedanism; and they supposed that every person not a Turk was concerned in it. They stopped all the Rayas they met in Tophana and Galata, where business continually led them, and insulted and robbed them with impunity, frequently abusing and personally injuring those who had nothing to give. A representation was made on this subject to the Porte; and a firman issued, which was read in the mosques, declaring that the Frank nations were under the safeguard of the state, and must be protected; and to this end a patrol was organized. They were distinguished by white scarfs, but were altogether inefficient for any protection. The general excitement was so great and so uncontrollable, that in some instances they were afraid to oppose it, and in others they joined in it. In an ordinary state of things a Turk is quiet and steady, and his services may be depended on; but when his prejudices or his passions are strongly excited, he is a brute, impelled by a dogged and unpitying ferocity. In a short time this guard became infected with the feelings of the rest of the people, and perpetrated the same excesses.

Feeling confidence from the supposed security of the

patrol, I went through the town as usual. The Turks alone were seen parading the streets—all the other population had disappeared. Pera street is narrow, nevertheless there is a raised footway at each side, just sufficient for two people to pass. An unfortunate Greek had ventured out to a baccul, or huckster's shop, for some article, and was hastily returning, when he met a Turk who was walking just before me. The Greek drew himself up to the wall as close as possible to let him pass, when the Turk, deliberately drawing his yatagan, pinned him to the place where he stood. The poor man fell dead on his face, and his assassin walked over his body, and, wiping his bloody yatagan, entered a coffee-house, where I afterwards saw him quietly smoking his chibouk. Such events as this constantly occurred; it was no uncommon thing for a Turk to try his pistol on the first Greek he caught sight of in the street; and every day some unfortunate person, wounded or dead, was carried hastily by our palace-gate on men's shoulders.

This general and indiscriminate attack by the populace assumed a more definite form; and in a few days exhibited the show of Turkish justice. A number of Greeks of rank and influence were suspected of having an understanding with the insurgents; and were proceeded against in a manner strongly characteristic of Oriental usages in criminal cases. A gentleman who visited Constantinople only for a short period was impatient to avail himself of his time; and, notwithstanding the hazard, resolved to cross the harbour, and see Istamboul before his departure. A slight remission of outrage had occurred, so he took two janissaries and passed over. In going through the Fanal he learned that five Greeks were seized that morning; and while he was yet listening to the news, a young man, splendidly dressed, was dragged down

the street where he stood. His robes were torn, and covered with mud, his turban and slippers cast off in the struggle, and his head and feet left bare. When arrived at the corner of the street, and suffered for a moment to take breath, he seemed endeavouring to expostulate; but he was forced upon his knees by two Turks pressing on his shoulders, and in that position a third came behind him with his kinskal. This is a curved-bladed sword, with the edge on the concave side, and exceedingly sharp, used always as the instrument of decapitation. With a single horizontal stroke he severed his head from his neck; his body was thrown into the puddle in the middle of the street, for passengers to trample on, and his head was laid contemptuously between his thighs. The executioners then hastily passed on, leaving both to be torn by the dogs who were gathering round. Among the victims thus beheaded and exposed on this day were two Greek gentlemen, of the names of Mano and, I think, Angerli. They were much respected and esteemed by the Franks, as well for their love of literature and science, as for their courtesy and amiable character. They were both seized, without any previous notice, in their houses, when they had no anticipation of their fate, but the general apprehension which all Greeks laboured under. They were led or dragged to the first cross street, and without explanation or further inquiry were there executed. One of them was well acquainted with the Turk who brought him along, and who spoke to him in a friendly, encouraging manner. He asked him was he tired, and if so, he could stop. The unfortunate man thanked him, and was beginning to take breath, when his friend the Turk gave the signal to the executioner, who decapitated him like the rest.

The next day the whole diplomatic corps were inte-

rested by the execution of a man with whom, in his public capacity, they all were intimate. The situation of dragoman, or interpreter to the Porte, in its communications with foreign ministers, was held by Constantine Morousi. He was of one of the most eminent families among the Greek princes of the Fanal—had numbered several illustrious persons among his progenitors, and was himself distinguished by many accomplishments. I had met and conversed with him a few days before at a Frank party, a circumstance of social intercourse not usual with the Greeks. While riding along the Bosphorus, a letter was put into his hand by a stranger, who disappeared. He found it was from Ypsilantes, calling on him, as one of the most distinguished and influential of his nation, to support the patriotic cause. From a feeling of apprehension, perhaps, as well as from a sense of duty, he showed this letter at the Porte. He was then desired to translate it into Turkish, for the information of the ministers, who understood no other language. This he faithfully did; but, by the advice of two of them, he omitted a passage which implicated persons whom they wished should escape suspicion. The Sultan, to whom the translation was sent, brought it to a Greek gardener, then working in the grounds of the Seraglio, who understood Turkish; and while he held Morousi's version in his hand, bade him read and translate the original. He discovered the omitted passage, and instantly ordered the execution of the dragoman. There is a wooden edifice on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, just under the wall of the Seraglio garden, called the Yale Kiosk. It is distinguished by Turkish characteristics. When a minister is dismissed he retires here to abide his fate. He is often seen by the passing boats, waiting with quiet submission till the garden gate shall open, and a

chouash inform him whether he is to be strangled or only simply deposed. This the Sultan entered, and sat down. Morousi, unconscious of danger or offence, was waiting to have a conference with the Austrian Minister, when he was accosted by a chouash, who desired him to follow him. He did so; and he led him to the fatal kiosk, when he was put to death under the eye of the Sultan. In cases like this, the Porte never tries, and seldom condescends to account for the death of a subject; but this was deemed so satisfactory a conviction and just a punishment, that the cause as I have stated was suffered to transpire as an example for European powers. His wife and children were placed under the surveillance of the Patriarch, who was held responsible for their safe custody: they escaped, however, to Odessa; and this was one of the alleged causes of the melancholy catastrophe which followed.

The irritation of the Turks was now raised to the highest pitch of exasperation. The public and brutal execution of ten of the principal Greeks of the Fanal, with various others of inferior note, seemed to whet the appetite for blood among the Turkish populace, as similar scenes did that of the populace of Paris. Hitherto they had made a decided difference between Christian Franks and Rayas, and a hat in the street was, in general, a protection to the wearer; but now the distinction began to be confounded, and they treated every Christian with indiscriminate outrage. They first began at Pera by insulting them, spitting in their face, and pushing them from the wall. Every Frank carries a stick to protect him against the assaults of dogs: the Turks snatched them from the bearers, under pretext of searching for sword-canes, and then striking the owner, drove him on before them. A young man, a respectable master of languages, with whom

I was reading Italian, came to me one morning in great terror, his face and clothes covered with spittle, and severely hurt by his own stick, with which they had beat him almost to the palace gate. From such acts they proceeded to more personal violence, which threatened a serious outbreak of the Franks. The Reis Effendi, on 29th of March, had addressed a note to the foreign ministers, in which he informed them that the Porte had been obliged to avail itself of the right granted by treaties, of searching all foreign vessels passing the Straits to the Black or White Sea, as they called the Ægean, in consequence of the escape of several of its offending subjects on board them. Excited by this suspicion, the armed populace began now to direct their balls against all the European ships riding in the harbour. Every day attacks were made on them, which riddled their planks, and frequently wounded any sailors who appeared on deck. In this way two Austrians were killed, and several of different nations wounded.

There were lying in the harbour four English vessels, which were assailed in this manner, and their hulls and masts pierced with balls. The mate of one of them told me, that some of the sailors had been on board king's ships, and were not likely to suffer themselves to be fired at with impunity. It was every hour expected that some shot would be returned, and that it would be the signal for a general rising of the Turks, and a massacre and plunder of all Christians at Pera without distinction.

Effective measures were now taken against the insurgents, and every thing was done by the Turkish government to discountenance their cause. Baron Strogonoff, the Russian Ambassador, in order to obviate the effects of Ypsilantes' proclamation, published a circular, signed by the most considerable merchants, captains of ships, and others of the

Russian nation, cautioning every Russian subject in the Turkish territory to beware how they were seduced from their allegiance by the Greek rebels. The Greeks themselves were cautioned in a still more solemn manner by the head of their own church. The Sultan had an interview of five hours with the Patriarch, and between them they composed an address to the Greek nation, which was printed at the patriarchal press on a very large sheet of paper, and appeared the next Sunday in all the churches, signed by the Patriarch and twenty-one of his bishops. It says, "Gratitude to our benefactors is the first of virtues—and ingratitude is severely condemned by the Holy Scriptures, and declared unpardonable by Jesus Christ; Judas the ungrateful traitor offers a terrible example of it; but it is most strongly evinced by those who rise against their common protector and lawful sovereign, and against Christ, who has said there is no rule or power but comes from God: it was against this principle that Michael Suzzo and Alexander Ypsilantes, son of a fugitive, had sinned with an audacity beyond example, and had sent emissaries to seduce others, and conduct them to the abyss of perdition; many had been so tempted to join an unlawful hetairia, and thought themselves bound by their oath to continue members: but an oath to commit a sin was itself a sin, and not binding—like that of Herod, who, that he might not break a wicked obligation, committed a great wickedness by the death of John the Baptist*." In fine, a sentence of excommunication and anathema was denounced against Ypsilantes, Suzzo, and all their adherents.

With these denunciations of the insurgents, the Sultan issued others against his own inactive subjects. His former

* Ὁμοίως μὲ τὸν ὅρκον τοῦ Ἡρώδου. Ὅς τις διὰ τὸ μὴ φανῇ παραβάτης τοῦ ὅρκου τοῦ ἀπεκεφάλισεν Ἰωάννην τὸν Βαπτιστήν.

order not having the effect he expected, another hatta sherif, or autograph letter written by himself, was circulated. He complained that "the people of rank had not increased their zeal, and it was difficult to find any of his ministers at their business at three o'clock (nine in the morning); but it was not thus that business ought to be done," and he declared that "they should receive no further exhortation from him, but those who came late to their offices would be delivered over to the sword of the executioner." A total change took place in the ministry: the Grand Vizier was deposed, and Bendili Ali Pasha, an active man, appointed in his place; and he gave him to understand, that "it was not a moment for him to sit with his arms across," and enjoined him to "hand over to the arm of God all who neglected to fulfil their duty; but all who exerted themselves for the triumph of the faith, he himself would reward in this world, and the Almighty in the next."

Troops were now continually passing from Asia, and collected at Constantinople, to the amount of twenty thousand, whence they were sent off in large detachments towards the provinces. Before they went they committed every outrage on the unfortunate Rayas. The Armenians were distinguished by their passive character—were totally unconnected with the Greeks—and were seldom known to be concerned in any disturbance. Among other acts, the following was told me by one of their priests, as having occurred the day before. A fellow of the new levies went into the shop of an Armenian merchant, and chose some cloth for a pelisse; he was dissatisfied with the price, and went away. Next day he returned, said he would pay what was asked, and the shopkeeper stooped over the cloth to measure it. The Armenians wear a tall cap called a calpac, which is like an inverted sugar-loaf, the

head being put into the small end. Their capotes have no capes, and a long naked neck always appears when they stoop. This presented an object too tempting for the discontented Turk; he drew his yatagan, and with one blow severed his head from his body. It fell into the piece of cloth he was purchasing; so he wrapped it up and carried it off. The headless body of the Armenian was found weltering in his shop. The Turk afterwards exhibited the head, and boasted of the feat, but no Armenian dared to complain. There were now many thousand fellows of all descriptions completely armed, in addition to the populace of the town, going about with loaded pistols, which they discharged in mere wantonness at every object that presented itself, so that day and night we were disturbed by a succession of reports, like the hedge-firing of an irregular engagement, and every shot we heard we knew was the bearer of death.

Easter was now at hand, and the Turks either pretended, or really did believe, that it was the period fixed on for the general insurrection of the Christians of Constantinople, and the massacre of the Mahomedans. The Greek church still adheres to the calculations of the old style, and have not adopted the reformation of the calendar made in the Latin church; its festivals, therefore, do not correspond with ours. On this year, however, there was an accidental coincidence; and the 22d of April was Easter Sunday in both churches. I had sat up late on the eve preceding, preparing my sermon for the occasion; and just after midnight, as I was about to go to bed, I was surprised by a sudden explosion of cannon, which, in the stillness of the hour, sounded as if the peninsula of Pera was attacked with artillery. My impression was, from the rumours circulated for the week before, that the Moslems had actually com-

menced their threatened attack upon the Christians, and anticipated what they pretended to fear from them. It was not till next day that I learned the cause: it was only an intimation of the Turks that they were prepared for what they apprehended, and an indication that they were on their guard, and ready to repel any attempt of their enemies. I also found that the idea of such a thing was so universally circulated among the populace, that the better classes were obliged to yield an acquiescence in the apprehension; but notices had been conveyed to the foreign diplomatic bodies, not to be alarmed at any display the people should make of this feeling on Easter Eve.

I had proposed to pass over with a friend to the Fanal, to see the ceremonies of the Greek church, and receive from the venerable Patriarch the salutation of Χρίστος ἄνεστε, "Christ is risen," the joyful announcement made by all Christians of the Eastern church to one another on this day. Our own service was longer than usual; and as we were preparing to set out, we were stopped by a terrified Greek, announcing the dismal intelligence of what had just occurred. The Patriarch and his bishops, in the consciousness of their own blameless conduct, and the full confidence that they had been absolved from all suspicion by the strong and decisive pastoral address they had drawn up and promulgated among their flocks, had met in the patriarchal church as usual, to celebrate their high festival, with no apprehension or other feeling than that which the day inspired. The Patriarch was attended by several of his prelates who had signed the pastoral address, and the service of the day was performed with an additional solemnity, which the state of things naturally imposed. The cathedral was full; the general disposition for religious consolation, under the impressions of danger and the feeling of security in

a crowd, had drawn the whole population of the Fanal together, and every one that could get entrance was collected in the church and precincts of the patriarchate. Exhortations were again made to the assembled multitudes —the advice of the patriarchal address was repeated, and the people were about to disperse, strongly impressed with what they had heard, when suddenly some chouashes entered the patriarchate, and having with difficulty forced their way through the mass, who thought no more of them than as persons sent as was usual to keep order in a crowd, they rudely seized the Patriarch, who had just given his benediction to the people, and his officiating bishops; and, dragging them along by the collar into the courts, they tied ropes round their necks. A janissary was present who had been appointed to attend at the palace, like one of those at the residences of the foreign embassies, and had conceived the highest respect and regard for the venerable man. When he saw the person he was appointed to protect thus treated, he rushed forward in his defence, and resisted the violence offered to him, till he was stabbed by the yatagan of another. The old man was then dragged under the gateway, where the cord was passed through the staple that fastened the folding doors, and left to struggle in his robes with the agonies of death. His person, attenuated by abstinence and emaciated by age, had not weight sufficient to cause immediate death. He continued for a long time in pain, which no friendly hand dared to abridge, and the darkness of night came on before his last convulsions were over. His two diacres, or chaplains, were dragged to other doorways of the patriarchate, where they were hanged in a similar manner. Athanasius of Nicomedia, with the bishops of Ephesus and Anchialos, were hauled through the streets with ropes about their necks, and hanged in different parts

of the Fanal; while those of Derkon, Salonichi, Tornovo, and Adrianople, with the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who were all seized at the same time, were cast into the dungeons of the Bostandjee bashi, to await their doom.

The body of the Patriarch was suffered to remain suspended at the doorway, so that every one who went in and out was compelled to push it on one side. Among the rest who had occasion to pass was the unfortunate person appointed to succeed to his dangerous eminence. He was led to the patriarchate by the hand of a chouash; and while bringing him through, and removing the body, the Turk bade him look on it, and take warning by the fate of his predecessor. He was a timid, nervous man, and did not long survive his elevation. It was generally supposed that the shock he received at this brutal exhibition was the proximate cause of his death.

Whenever the Turks intend anything particularly insulting and contemptuous to Christians, the Jews are made the instruments. Balata, the Jews' quarter, was immediately in the rear of the Fanal, so they took from this district some of the meanest and basest they could find even among the degraded populace. The Greeks had humbly begged the body of the venerable head of their church to inter it decently, when the period of its exposure was past; but this was denied them. The body was taken down at the end of three days, and the rope by which it was suspended was put into the hands of those Jewish chiffûts, who were ordered to drag it by the neck down to the water. The distance was not far, but the way was through a very dirty market, where offals of all kinds were lying about in foul masses. Through these they drew it with gratuitous insult, exulting, as it were, in the detestable employment in which they were engaged; and after defiling the body in every way, it

was cast into the harbour, where the waters closed over it. The conduct of the Jews on this occasion was considered as an indication of the deadly hatred they bore Christians, by thus treating the Oriental head of that church which had subverted their own; but it is probable that the creatures chosen for the purpose were incapable of sense or feeling on such a subject; they were as ignorant as they were abject—they acted under the impressions of terror and stupidity, and any exultation they showed was to gratify their more brutal and ferocious masters.

But the end was defeated, and that burial which the Turks denied was accorded to the Patriarch. In a few days after, a rumour of a miracle was spread abroad, that the body was found in the Euxine Sea. When, after a certain time, it became buoyant from putrescence, it floated out of the harbour, and the current of the Bosphorus would naturally carry it, as it did every other, into the Sea of Marmora. It was reported, however, to have been first discovered floating in the Black Sea, where it could not have been carried in the ordinary course of things. Wherever it was originally taken out of the water, it was certainly recognized as the remains of the Patriarch. It was brought to Odessa, where it was received with profound respect and veneration by the Greek residents and fugitives who then filled the town, and buried with all the pomp of the Greek and Russian churches united.

This venerable man, the head of the Oriental Christian church, was a native of the Morea, and had first been consecrated Bishop of Smyrna, where he left many testimonials of his piety and virtue. About the time of the French invasion of Egypt, he was translated to Constantinople, and elected Patriarch. The Turks, by a strange perversion, either thought, or affected to think, that the Greeks had in some

way promoted this, in order to embarrass the government, so they proceeded to make them responsible, and levied severe exactions on them as delinquents. Gregory, by his spirited but prudent representations, protected his countrymen from this injustice, but he was himself deposed for his interposition, and banished to Mount Athos. A few years after he was recalled and reinstated; but as the jealousy of the Turks never sleeps, every Greek of an elevated rank is more or less suspected of communication with whomsoever may be the existing enemy. The Patriarch was exposed to great peril when the Russians commenced hostilities, and when the English fleet, under Admiral Duckworth, appeared before the Seraglio, he was charged with holding an intercourse with them also, so he was again deposed. His life was spared as an especial favour, but he was exiled a second time to Mount Athos. In conformity, however, to the anti-canonical practice of the Porte, in frequently changing the heads of the Greek church as a source of revenue, because they receive a large sum on the election of every new Patriarch, they soon deposed his successor, and once more reinstated himself on the patriarchal throne. He knew he held it on a very precarious tenure; but he fearlessly made every exertion to approve himself a good pastor, and do all the service he could while he kept his unstable dignity.

The Patriarch left behind him various MSS. which evince his piety and learning. They consist of pastoral letters and homilies; but the only work he committed to press was the Epistles, rendered into modern Greek, with annotations. He was anxious to have the whole of the Scriptures so translated for general use, and became for that reason a patron and promoter of the plan proposed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

According to Oriental usage from the earliest times, an inscription is placed upon every malefactor, to intimate to passengers the cause of his punishment. The Turks call this a yafta, or writing, and one was placed over the hanging bodies of the Patriarch and his bishops: they contained accusations of holding communications with the insurgents, and promoting their wicked designs "against the religion and might of Mahomet, established before God, more than a thousand years ago, and which will continue till the day of judgment, as is ascertained by prophecies and miracles from heaven." No shadow of proof, or just ground of suspicion, were ever stated against the Patriarch, though two causes were assigned by the Greeks for his death: the one was, that the family of Morousi, the dragoman of the Porte, who were, after his death, placed under the care of the Patriarch, were suffered to escape; and the other, which was the real cause, was that he was a Moreote. The Turks carry their idea of the liability of hostages to such an extent, that they make every man responsible for the actions of every other man of his nation. The insurrection had at this time spread to the Morea; and news had just arrived that the Greeks had taken Calavrita. The Patriarch was born in that district, and he was executed for the offences of his countrymen.

The effects of this wanton and causeless outrage upon all the Greeks held sacred excited the profoundest horror and hatred among every member of their church. The Russian Ambassador, as belonging to it, thought he had a right to demand some explanation, which he did in a strong and energetic manner. He received for answer an assurance, that in punishing a subject of the Porte, no insult was intended to any religion, and that the political guilt of the Patriarch

was established by various letters of his. The Ambassador required to see them, but the Turks denied his right to make such a demand, and they refused to show them. What gave a colour, however, to the charge was this: the Patriarch had been desirous for some time of establishing schools in the Morea, from a laudable and natural wish to improve and enlighten his own country in particular; and a person had been sent from thence to the capital to collect money for the purpose. The Patriarch gave him letters to others, who might wish to contribute to so desirable an object, and he was returning with the money, when he was arrested at Varna on some information. There were found on him, besides the Patriarch's letters, others from the adherents of Ypsilantes; and it was inferred that the sums collected for establishing schools were intended to be applied to the purposes of the insurrection.

Though this, I believe, was the first instance of the public execution of a Greek Patriarch by the Turks, others had been put to death by them; and they justified the present act by former precedent. Kioprili Mehmed Pasha, the celebrated Vizier of Mahomet IV., had caused two Patriarchs to be strangled in prison. This, however, did not reconcile it to the Greeks; the execution of the venerable head of their church in such a manner seemed to move them to an energy which they had not felt before. The sad news was rapidly conveyed over every place where a Greek population existed; and was probably the proximate cause of the expansion of the insurrection, which suddenly followed wherever it was possible for the spirit to show itself. The Sultan, who hitherto was called Hunker, or Hun-kair, "the Man-slayer," a dignified name, which implied his absolute power over the lives of all his subjects, was now denominated Kassápi, "the Butcher," the lowest and most degrading term which hatred could invent.

The next day, April 23, was St. George's Day, held in great respect by the English residents, and always celebrated by an entertainment at the Ambassador's palace. On this occasion the merchants and others were invited; but it was a day of dismal festivity. A custom had prevailed among the Turks at this time of the year of levying a kind of arbitrary capitation-tax on all the Rayas whom they met in the streets, under the pretext of paying certain dues to the Janissaries; but they never thought of raising it from the Franks, who were subjects of other powers. They now, however, attacked every Christian indiscriminately, and broke down all distinction. In fact, the Greeks and Armenians had been so terrified that they had all disappeared from the streets, and there was no people to levy it on but Franks. Fellows, therefore, at the corner of every street, attacked the British proceeding to the palace; and, under the pretext of extorting this tax, robbed and insulted them without distinction. Some paid all the money they had about them to get rid of the persecution; others resisted, and narrowly escaped with their lives. When we all met, therefore, it was with a sad retrospect of the past, and a gloomy foreboding of the future.

Indeed, it was impossible to conceive a more dismal scene of horror and desolation than the Turkish capital now presented. Every day some new atrocities were committed, and the bodies of the victims were either hanging against doors and walls, or lying without their heads, weltering and trampled on in the middle of the streets. At this season flights of kites, vultures, and other unclean birds of prey return after their winter's migration, and, as if attracted by the scent of carcases, were seen all day wheeling and hovering about, so as to cover the city like a canopy, wherever a body was exposed. By night the equally numerous and ravenous

dogs were heard about some headless body with the most dismal howlings, or snarling and fighting over some skull which they were gnawing and peeling. In fact, all that Byron has feigned of Corinth, or Bruce has described of Abyssinia, or you have elsewhere read that is barbarous, disgusting, and terrible in Eastern usages, was here realized.

The rage of the Turks was now directed against the places of Christian worship, and they first destroyed that which is held in the highest sanctity by the Greeks of Constantinople. There stands outside the Selyvria Gate a small church dedicated to Saint Romanus, which was distinguished by a remarkable superstition. The Gate of St. Romanus, not far from it, was that on which the Turks made their principal attack; but it was considered by the Greeks so strong as to defy their efforts. When it was reported that they had entered by this gate, the monks would not credit it. It was a fast day, and they were frying fish for their dinner; one of them said he would as soon believe that the fried fish could be restored to life. To their astonishment the fish sprung alive from the pan, and the Turks entered the town. The miraculous fish were carefully preserved in a pond of water within the church walls, and the church was held ever after in the greatest sanctity. The 29th of April was appointed in the Greek calendar to commemorate the miracle, and the spot was called Balukli, "the Place of Fishes." On this day crowds of people flock hither; the fishes are exhibited still swimming in the water, in which the pious bathe their heads and necks on the spot, and then bring it home as a sanctified thing, to which they attach many virtues. As this was the church deemed the most holy, and cherished by the Greeks, the Turks began their sacrilege by destroying it. When

the trembling and terrified were crowding to this sanctuary as their ancestors had done to Santa Sophia under similar apprehension, and similar hope of some divine aid, the Turks rushed among them and dispersed them; then attacking the edifice, which was strongly built of solid masonry, they razed it to the foundation. The Greeks, however, say that the infidels could not destroy the vivacious fish, for they are still shown to the pious, gliding among the ruins, where I myself have seen them. From this church they proceeded to destroy others in the vicinity, and levelled several in the villages along the shores of the Bosphorus, and wherever they were unprotected. They then attacked those in the city; of some they tore down the roof and walls—of others they destroyed the seats, pulpits, vestments, and books, and did not desist till they had demolished or injured, in various parts, fourteen places of Christian worship within and without the city. As these were all allied to the Russian church, and were protected by treaty, the Ambassador of that nation thought he had a right to make a strong complaint and strict inquiry into their destruction.

It was reported, and believed at first, that they had destroyed the patriarchate church, after the execution of its venerable head and his bishops; but this was not the case. They showed on this occasion a scrupulous moderation, altogether incompatible with their fanatic ferocity in other respects. They abstained purposely from laying hands on the officiating clergy, or disturbing the congregation, till the service of the day was over, and their religious rites ended, as if, in the spirit of Othello, they would not kill their souls; and notwithstanding their disregard afterwards to the sanctity of persons, they seemed impressed with a certain awe for the place, and left the church uninjured.

A few days after a rabble broke into the precincts of

the patriarchate, and committed various outrages and robberies. They entered, among other places, the printing establishment; and it was supposed their rage would be principally directed against the presses and types, as the engines by which the revolutionary opinions of the Greeks were circulated, and the places whence their religious books were issued; but it was attributing too much to the intellect of a Turk to suppose him capable of such a reflection, or that he had the capacity to calculate the power of knowledge. They struck the presses with axes, as they did every thing else that came in their way, and they emptied the cases of types, of which they put handfuls into their pockets; but they did not destroy them, or do any injury that was not easily repaired. Some of the paper they threw into a large tank beside the office. When I visited the place a few days after, I perceived and fished it out; part of it was the first sheets of the Scriptures which we had before seen in the act of being worked off, and part of it was the Κιβωτος, or Ark, a folio Lexicon, of which one volume was completed. Notwithstanding the dismal solemnity of all the circumstances, the Greek who attended to show us the state of things could not help smiling at the idea of the Turks floating the Ark in the water.

The excesses committed by the populace in the streets up to this time were those of an unbridled rabble, which the government declared they not only did not sanction, but could not at the moment control. An incident, however, now occurred, which seemed a systematic disregard of all the rights of foreign residents. The victim, in every execution by the authorities which had hitherto taken place, was seen in a long Oriental dress, indicating that he was not a Frank but a Raya, a subject of the country; and the wearer of European clothes had always considered him-

self, under the protection of his dress, as free from all interference of the civil authorities; an immunity granted to him by express capitulations. On the 4th of May we were all alarmed by seeing a man in a hat and breeches hanging against a door, as if the Turks were now resolved to break down all distinction, and familiarize the people to summary executions of French and English Christians, as well as Greeks and Armenians. It was asserted that he was really a Greek rebel, who had endeavoured to escape in a Frank dress, and was hanged up where he was caught and detected; but even this did not allay our alarm—we all felt that any one of us who now ventured out might be executed by a similar summary process, and when the mistake was discovered it would be too late to remedy it.

Strong representations had been made by all the missions of the European powers on the subject of these outrages, particularly by the British minister, who had received from the Grand Vizir in person, not a verbal, but a written assurance that the Porte had determined to put a period, by the severest examples, to the disorders and excesses so justly complained of, and a firman was issued for disarming the populace. This, however, did not satisfy the Russian Ambassador; he felt, and with reason, that he and his nation were the particular objects of Turkish hatred and suspicion: so he first demanded a guard of thirty janissaries for his own person, and then called a meeting of the foreign ministers to join in an invitation to the European powers to send a fleet for the protection of all the Christian inhabitants. The majority, however, of the meeting agreed with the British Minister, that after the solemn assurance already given, such a proceeding would be premature, and too strong for the occasion, which was but a temporary ebullition, and would soon subside—and the Russian was

disappointed in a scheme which seemed to have for its object entangling the other powers of Europe in hostility with those whom he wished to make his enemies.

In the great contest now going on, in which religion seems so much blended with politics, and that religion not the minor differences of sects of the same faith, but the religion of Christ itself against that of Mahomet in Europe, perhaps you would wish to know who are the advocates here who represent the Christian states of Europe. They have all dined at our palace, and I was introduced to the following personages: Viscount Viella, the French Chargé d'Affaires, left behind by the Marquis de la Riviere. He is an elderly man, with a mild face, and grey hairs; he has been some years in England, and attempts to speak our language on all occasions in preference to his own. His manners are kind and affable, but his understanding limited, and his disposition timid and irresolute, little fitted for the turbulent scenes in which he is engaged. Latour Maubourg is expected to succeed him. Count Lutzow, the Austrian internuncio, is a low man, with a mild, delicate countenance, and light hair. Notwithstanding personal defects, report represents him a man of gallantry, and fonder of female society than the anxious details of diplomacy. Chevalier Zea de Bermudez, the Minister of the Spanish Cortes, a large, corpulent man, with a fine, open countenance, and broad, bald forehead, full of good nature and intelligence. He speaks English with the fluency and correctness of a native. His views, of course, are those of the party he represents, directed to freedom, and favourable to the cause of Grecian as well as Spanish liberty. From the moment of my introduction I felt attached to this worthy man, and a wish to cultivate his good-will. Baron Miltitz, the Prussian Envoy, is a tall, slight man, with grey hair, and a little bald. He

was for some time in North America, where he learned English, which he speaks with fluency, and seems to have a faculty in acquiring languages. He is a pleasing man, of great urbanity of manners and knowledge of the world, but his information is slight and superficial. M. Palin, the Swedish Minister, is a small, slight man, of great eccentricity both in manner and appearance; profoundly learned in antiquities and hieroglyphics, which he reads with as much fluency as his native language, but seems altogether unacquainted with the men and things of the world for the last two thousand years. Chev. Testa, Chargé d'Affaires for the Netherlands, is a Greek by extraction, born at Pera, of limited faculties, speaks no English, but is of plain manners, unaffected, and accessible. Of Mons. Navoni, the Chargé d'Affaires for Naples, and Baron Casimir Hûbsch, the agent for Denmark, I have nothing to say, except that they make up the diplomatic corps here, and are, like the brave Gyas, the brave Cloanthus.

But the two great lions of diplomacy are the Russian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, Baron Strogonoff, and the British Ambassador. The former is a stout, robust, truculent-looking man, about fifty, with a coarse Russian face; his mind is as rude as his person, with little cultivation, and strong passions, to which he thinks every thing must yield, and seems to be formed on that Muscovite model in temper, disposition and habits, of which Potemkin is the beau ideal. It is impossible that a stronger contrast can exist than between him and Lord Strangford, whose person, mind, manners, and domestic life are the very opposite to the Baron's. I presume to know nothing of the secrets of the diplomatic policy going on before me—it is not my vocation, and if it were, I should not mention them even to you; but the Russian and English

Ministers here are considered the two great rivals, whose policy divides Europe. The prime object of the one is to hurry on a war with the Porte, that so the Russians may avail themselves of their long-meditated partition of Turkey. The object of the other is to prevent this, and induce the two countries to keep the peace towards each other, by the intervention of the rest of the powers whose representatives are here assembled. From the many causes of irritation and hostility that exist, this seems a hopeless task; but already the ascendency of the British Minister is acknowledged by the diplomatic corps, all of whom he has engaged as his auxiliaries to preserve the repose of Europe.

Notwithstanding the opposition and asperities of public interests here, the courtesies of private life are still observed among the body, as if the members were all of one accord, and they meet in social intercourse with perfect cordiality. It was observed, however, at dinner, that Baron Strogonoff was particularly uneasy;—like a man who had never subjected his feelings to any control, and did not think it necessary. He got up and paced up and down the suite of rooms by himself, attracting general notice, but seeming almost unconscious of what he did. I met him in a contiguous apartment to which he had wandered, and asked him if he wished for anything? He replied abruptly, "Rien, Monsieur;" turned round—and walked on. In fact, he resembled a man who found himself in a most delicate and painful situation, and whose embarrassments and personal danger were hourly increasing. A few days after he broke off all connexion with the Porte, borrowed six janissaries from the English palace for his protection, and proceeded to Buyukderé, where the Russian summer palace is situated. Here a packet and a corvette lay in the Bosphorus, just before the palace gates, with springs on their

cables, ready to put to sea at a moment's warning. The wind, however, with the current, continued obstinately to oppose his departure, which was to be the signal of an open rupture with the Porte, as if the very elements had providentially combined to detain him and prevent a general war.

Meantime Ypsilantes, disappointed in that aid which he had proclaimed, and perhaps fancied himself that he should have obtained, soon felt his influence decline. He retired before the Turks to Tergovist and thence to Drageschan, where he was totally defeated, the sacred band of Grecian youths who had joined him cut off, and the ill-fated attempt of the Greeks on the frontiers of Russia failed, as every other had done when they relied on Russian protection. But news was arriving every day of the progress of the insurrection in other places, and that it had now spread from the Morea to the rest of Greece. The intelligence was frequently brought by mutilated Turks, who appeared in the streets with their noses and lips cut off, as if the Greeks were determined to put themselves out of the pale of forgiveness by a cruel system of wanton exasperation, and so leave no door open for reconciliation. Some of them brought with them a Greek standard. It represented an inverted crescent, with a cross standing on it, emblematic of the triumph of Christianity, and the downfall of Moslemism.

Several Franks were now attacked along with Rayas. Two Austrian subjects, a Venetian, and Milanese, were wounded at Galata in the morning, and two Armenians were shot close by the English palace gate in the evening. Immediately after followed an alarm, which seemed as if the crisis was now actually arrived. Notice was given through Pera and Constantinople, that all the shops and houses

should be kept shut the next day; and it was generally known that such a notice always preceded an intended insurrection. The janissaries had been for some time very discontented, and had made frequent demands which were not complied with. On all occasions of dispute among themselves, the Turks wish to exclude the Franks and Rayas, not only from any participation, but from any witness of it. This, therefore, was considered as a certain signification that the janissaries intended the next day to take the law into their own hands, and every one awaited the event with fear and trembling. The following morning some boys paraded the streets of Pera with a white flag displayed, in which the crescent was set over the cross; and as they went along they attacked the houses of the Greeks and Franks indiscriminately with stones, breaking the windows, shattering the doors, and occasionally discharging pistols against the walls. Every one supposed that this hostile spirit on the part of the boys was a strong indication of the general feeling of the populace, and a precursor of the outrages they intended to commit, as soon as all restraint was laid aside. At this critical time a dispute took place at the Galata Serai, close beside the English palace, between a Turk and an Armenian. The Turk immediately drew his yatagan, which the other snatched from him, and ran with it through the street. The Turk pursued, the alarm was given, and a scene of dismal terror ensued. Hearing the clamour, I ran to the gate to inquire the cause. When it was opened I was met by a dense crowd, who rushed into the garden, and sought protection in the precincts of the palace. The scene of terror and confusion was quite awful. Armed men were seen rushing in one direction —men and women without arms in another. Among the crowd was a bleeding man, without any covering

to his head, who looked ghastly pale. The women shrieked, the children screamed, and the mass of Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and Franks who rushed along the street seemed to believe that their hour was now come, and a general cry of Aman! Aman! "Mercy! mercy!" was raised among the multitude: an Oriental exclamation resembling the *sauve qui peut* of the French, intimating the last effort of despair.

Indeed, the general impression at Pera now was, that the insurrection of the Turkish populace, which the government had in vain endeavoured to control, had actually commenced, and that the fanatic mob, headed by the discontented janissaries, had at length taken the city into their own hands, and commenced a scene of massacre and plunder. In this state of alarm the people of the neighbourhood looked on the protection of the English palace as their only refuge. They rushed along, therefore, from their own houses, dragging after them their beds and other property through the outside gate; and the lawn was very soon covered over with different articles of household furniture, and their owners lying prostrate on them in despair. In a short time, however, this alarm subsided. It was found, on inquiry, to have originated in the trifling cause I have mentioned: so the gates were again closed, and the fugitives who had rushed in, collecting their effects, gradually, but very reluctantly, retired to their own homes. There were many, however, who lingered for several days among the shrubs and bushes of the garden, afraid again to enter the streets.

Among those who had taken refuge in the precincts of the palace was an unfortunate Greek artist, of the name of Pizomano, a native of Corfu. He had been residing at Constantinople, and practising his art, and as he was

a person of some classical knowledge, he applied it in different ways in his profession. Besides, other things he suggested a theatrical representation of an ancient drama to his neighbours, and promised to supply appropriate scenery and dresses. This idea was adopted; but instead of a play of Euripedes or Sophocles, they selected a modern one, written by a Greek at Vienna, representing the events which took place at the sack of Constantinople by the Turks, and the massacre which was perpetrated on the Greeks who had taken refuge in the church of Santa Sophia. Every circumstance at this time was an object of suspicion to the Turks. The theatre was entered by the guard. The audience had time to make their escape, but the proprietor of the house, who had let it for the purpose, was immediately seized on. He was an apothecary at Pera. He in vain protested he had given it to others, and had no knowledge of the use to which they had applied it —his head was cut off in the front of his own shop. The artist who had supplied the dresses and scenery was considered the great promoter of revolutionary principles, and became the particular object of Turkish pursuit. He immediately escaped into the British palace, where he lay for some time concealed. When he was discovered, we availed ourselves of the circumstance to give him some employment in his profession. Not knowing at this time exactly how long we might keep our heads, we thought it a good opportunity of sending some representation of what they were, as memorials to our friends at home; so we employed the unfortunate artist to take all our portraits. He succeeded very well in many of his attempts, though he was sometimes seized with such fits of trepidation, that he was obliged to stop till the shaking of his hand subsided. I send you mine as a curious specimen of modern Grecian

art, and of a portrait taken under such unusual circumstances. The profits arising from this exercise of his profession among us formed a fund, of which he availed himself to procure a passage in some of the vessels which, at all risks, continued to carry off fugitives. He got one night on board of a Russian trader, where he concealed himself in a cask, and arrived safe at Odessa; from thence he proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where he practised his art with some success.

CHAPTER IX.

News from Patras.—Charge against the British Consul.—Execution in a Market.—Trophies of Lips and Ears.—Anecdotes of Sultan.—Mustapha Bairactar.—Death of Selim.—Elevation of Mahmood.—First acts of his reign.—Death of his Brother and Females of his Seraglio.—Energetic Character.—Regard for Morals and Decorum.—Ambassador's Audience with Grand Vizir—with Sultan.—Train of Persons.—Ominous Colour.—Nice Etiquette.—Rude Manners.—Babi Hummayoun.—Taraphanay.—Great Platanus.—Public Executioners.—Running for Pilaff.—Divan.—Sultan's Gallery.—Capitan Pasha.—Vizir.—Law-suit.—Payment of Troops.—Sultan's Letter.—Dinner in Divan.—Pelisses.—Entrance to Harem.—Reception-room and Throne.—Sultan.—Audience.—Terror of Dragoman.—Reason for holding Strangers in the Sultan's presence.

NEWS now arrived of some important advantages gained by the Turks at Patras. On the 4th of April they had been obliged to retire to the citadel, and the Greeks, led by their archbishop, Germanos, laid siege to it with an army of ten thousand men, principally the peasantry of the country, armed with whatever weapons they could procure, and many of them decorated with Russian caps and cockades. They continued the siege till the 15th, when the shock of an earthquake alarmed them, and Usoof Pasha, who had entered the fortress with a reinforcement, made a sortie. The Greeks fled in all directions; some escaped on board ships in the harbour, others to the houses of the European consuls, and considerable numbers were killed by the Turks. In order to excuse their want of courage, they everywhere spread a report, as usual, that they were betrayed, and that their enemies were indebted for their success to the British consul. They published a protest against him, stating that, by means of spies, he had acquainted the

Turks with their movements, which had been imparted in confidence to him as a supposed friend to their cause, and that he had prepared signals with the cross, and so prostituted the sacred emblem of his religion to promote the cause of its bitterest enemies. The persons who communicated to me this intelligence could not contain their anger and indignation. They denounced him as the Phocian Epialtes, who discovered the Pass at Thermopylæ to the Turks of that day, and said he would be handed down with equal infamy to posterity. I mention this only as a display of the feeling of the people. The charge against the British consul was not more reasonable or well founded than that against the British ambassador; but the English at this time were very unpopular with the Greeks, and, indeed, as far as related to the residents at Constantinople, the dislike was mutual.

But the circumstance which rendered the event of interest to me was, that the news of the victory was accompanied by certain sacks filled with two thousand five hundred pair of ears cut off from the slain, and sent as a present to the Sultan by the Pasha, as vouchers for his victory. It was further stated that these trophies were then exhibited in piles before the gate of the Seraglio. I had ever considered such a display as one of those tales which rather embellish works of Oriental fiction, than exist in reality; and whatever foundation there might have been for such a practice in earlier and ruder ages, that it was quite impossible a European nation of the present day, however barbarous, would continue it. I was determined not to rely on reports, but to judge for myself: so I took a janissary, and notwithstanding the remonstrance of the capigee, or porter at the gate, not to venture into Constantinople in the present state of excitement, we passed over.

The streets exhibited a dismal picture. The Greeks and Armenians, whose busy habits had given animation to the places which they frequented, had all disappeared, and their shops in general were closed up. The Turks alone, and few in number, were walking about; the imperturbable gravity that distinguished them when I was here before was darkened into a gloom and solemnity of aspect that was awful. We passed the body of a man not long decapitated. It was lying as usual across the street; a handful of saw-dust had been scattered, as if to absorb the blood, but a copious stream from the arteries was still flowing over it. Around it was crouched a number of dogs at a little distance, some of them already lapping the blood, and all waiting till night to lacerate the body. To add to the revolting and horrid effect of the scene, the place was a market, and so narrow, that meat and other eatables lay just over the body, looking like its dismembered parts, and strongly reminding me of some accounts of African shambles, where human flesh is exposed for sale. The Turks trampled on the body as they passed without seeming to notice that such a thing was there: we had to step over it, and hastened on. I requested the janissary not to lead me by such another exposure, so he brought me through bye-ways till we ascended to the gate of the Seraglio.

And here I found, indeed, that the Turks did actually take human features as Indians take scalps, and the trophies of ears, lips, and noses were no fiction. At each side of the gate were two piles like small hay-cocks, formed of every portion of the countenance. The ears were generally perforated, and hanging on strings. The noses had one lip and a part of the forehead attached to them, the chins had the other, with generally a long beard; some-

times the face was cut off whole, and all the features remained together; sometimes it was divided into scraps, in all forms of mutilation. It was through these goodly monuments of human glory the Sultan and all his train passed every day, and no doubt were highly gratified by the ghastly aspects they presented; for here they were to remain till they were trampled into the mire of the street. Wherever the heaps were partly trodden down, the Turks passed over with perfect indifference. The features, growing soft by putridity, continually attached themselves to their feet, and frequently a man went off with a lip or a chin sticking to his slippers, which were fringed with human beard, as if they were lined with fur. This display I again saw by accident on another occasion; and when you read of sacks of ears sent to Constantinople, you may be assured it is a reality, and not a figure of speech. But you are not to suppose they are always cut from the heads of enemies, and on the particular occasion which they are sent to commemorate. The number of Greeks killed at Patras did not exceed perhaps one hundred, but noses, ears, and lips were cut indiscriminately from every skull they could find, to swell the amount.

Immediately after the arrival of this good news, and this characteristic display of it, it was notified to his Excellency, that the usual audience granted to ambassadors on their arrival would be afforded him. As I am now about to introduce you personally to Hunker "the Man-slayer," of whom you entertain so fearful an idea, and with such good reason, you would like to know something of his previous history. Mahmood II. is the son of Abdul Hamed Khan. He was born in the year 1788, and is at present the only survivor of fifteen male children; of the females no account is taken, but it is said he had an equal number of sisters.

His mother was of French extraction, and was enabled to imbue his mind with more intelligence than is usually found in a Seraglio; but either she had forgotten the language of her ancestors, or did not wish to instruct him in it, for though early acquainted with Persian and Arabic, as well as Turkish, he knows nothing of French or any other European tongue. He was a mere infant at his father's death; and his cousin Selim, as the oldest surviving male heir, was called to the throne according to the law of Turkish succession. This amiable man attempted to introduce many improvements into the Turkish state; and, among the rest, to create a new force, called Nizam Geddite, disciplined after the European system of tactics. This gave rise to scenes of violence and bloodshed, that for some time distracted the Turkish empire, caused the death of many thousand persons, and ultimately the dethronement of the enlightened but feeble sovereign, who had attempted to effect more than he had energy to accomplish.

Mustapha IV. was called by the victorious janissaries to supply his place. He was cousin to Selim, and brother to Mahmood. He was a man of cruel, but frivolous character; and the troubles of the former reign were renewed with more violence than before. One of those rude and illiterate, but bold and energetic characters which constantly gain the ascendency when personal merit alone is the passport to influence and distinction, now appeared among the Turks. His name was Mustapha; he had been a Bairactar, or standard-bearer, but was raised to the rank of Pasha; and as the Turks delight to retain the name of any humble occupation from which they had raised themselves to distinction, he was still called the Bairactar, and known only by that name, though enjoying

the highest rank in the Turkish state. This rough man was passionately attached to the mild Selim: so he collected an army of forty thousand men, and marched to Constantinople. He encamped on the large plain of Daud Pasha, near the city, and waited to take advantage of events. Selim, though deposed, was yet alive in the Seraglio, and the Bairactar's object was to liberate him first and then reinstate him.

It was the custom of Mustapha constantly to engage in some amusement—sailing or fishing on the Bosphorus, or hunting on its shores. He proceeded for this latter purpose to the forests of Belgrade; and the Bairactar determined to take advantage of his absence. He hastened with a strong body of troops to the Seraglio, and hoped to enter without opposition; but an alarm was spread, and he found the entrance closed, and all the pages and inmates armed for a determined resistance. He thundered at the gates, and demanded, in his fierce, energetic tone, that Selim should be restored to liberty, and as no reply was made, he proceeded to force them. At this critical moment, Mustapha, who was apprized of what was attempted, landed from the Bosphorus, and entered the gardens of the Seraglio at one side, while the revolutionists were getting in at the other. Seeing the state of things, he gave his directions on the emergency of the occasion. Some eunuchs instantly sought out Selim, and they found him in an interior apartment in prayer, as was his daily custom at the hour of the Namaz. In that position they threw themselves upon him. He made a vigorous defence, and for some time struggled powerfully with his assassins; but one of them twining himself about his knees, and seizing him in such a way as to give him exquisite pain, he was rendered powerless, and sunk under the agony: in that state he was

strangled as he lay on the ground. The gates were then thrown open, and, by the direction of Mustapha, the body was brought out to the Bairactar, who was informed that he was the person he demanded. The rough soldier threw himself on the remains of his gentle master, and wept bitterly.

Meantime the eunuchs proceeded to the apartment of Mahmood, to execute upon him a similar death; but he was no where to be found. It appeared that a slave, much attached to his person, had hurried him off on the first attempt to burst open the gates, and had concealed him in the furnace of a bath. From hence he was taken by the party of the Bairactar, who, having deposed his brother Mustapha, in their indignation at the fate of their favourite, placed Mahmood on the throne on the same day, 28th of July, 1808. The deposed monarch disappeared; and it is said the first act of his brother on his elevation was to have him strangled. This fratricide, so common in Turkish history, is deemed so necessary a policy, that the people annex no moral turpitude to such murders in the Seraglio. The first act of his great ancestor, Mahomet II., on his elevation to the throne, was to strangle or smother all his young brothers. There were other murders, however, said to be committed at the time, which, though they are not without precedent, are in their own nature so repugnant to the feelings of humanity, that I am unwilling to detail things which you and others will reject as altogether incredible. The transactions of a Seraglio are so involved in obscurity, and the waste of human life so common, that events which pass there are often unknown or unnoticed by the Turks themselves, and only transpire through the more active curiosity of the Franks.

It is deemed an act of high criminality for the son or

brother of a deceased or deposed Sultan even to look upon the females of the harem of the man he succeeds; they are therefore always removed to another residence. There is a second Seraglio, called Eski Serai, or Old Palace, built by Mahomet II. for this purpose. It occupies an area of about one mile in circumference, in the middle of the city, and is surrounded by a high wall. To this enclosure all the females of a former Sultan are sent, with the Sultanas who have had children, and there generally are about one thousand women of this description residing there. There are funds allotted for their support, and the gates are carefully guarded by eunuchs, whom I have seen with drawn sabres, when the door has accidentally opened as I passed by.

On the death of Mustapha, his harem was to be removed to make way for that of his brother. The time for such a thing is usually very early in the day, that females may pass through the streets when no one is abroad. Before grey dawn one morning they were all prepared, and issued from the garden-gate of the Seraglio on the water. Here they were received on board a number of large caiques in waiting; and, instead of proceeding to the Eski Serai, they were rowed across towards the Prince's Islands, just opposite, in the Sea of Marmora, about thirteen or fourteen miles distant. They were then thrown into the sea. The greater number submitted to their inevitable destiny without a struggle—were passively placed in what was called their canvas coffins, and committed silently to the deep; a few, however, frantic with terror, made a strong resistance, and their shrieks, at that still and early hour in the morning, were distinctly heard on the islands. I could not learn exactly how many were sacrificed, and I have heard several different accounts, which varied both in the circumstances

and the number of persons, but it was generally reported that the young Sultan had thus disposed of the whole or the greater part of his predecessor's female establishment, to the frightful amount of two or three hundred persons. You will naturally ask what possible cause could there be for this gratuitous waste of human lives, so harmless, and so little to be feared. The mysteries of the harem never transpire; but it was understood that they were charged with having been accessory to the death of Selim. They were the only persons present with the eunuchs who perpetrated the murder; and it was assumed as a proof of their guilt that they did not prevent it. The real cause of their death, however, was supposed to be, that some of them were pregnant; and the whole were cut off, that no possible chance might be left for the existence of a child of the brother of the reigning sovereign. In the three revolutions which took place at that time in eighteen months, two Sultans and about thirty thousand men were destroyed in the city; the death of two or three hundred women in such a scene of carnage was a thing too trifling and contemptible for a Turk to waste a thought on.

Immediately after ascending the throne, Mahmood gave proofs of that energy which has since distinguished him. The Russian war had been carried on with but feeble effort. The armies of the Emperor had driven the Turks before them out of the provinces, and followed them across the Danube, and the Grand Vizir was compelled to retreat beyond the Balcan, and take up a position at Adrianople, leaving nothing to obstruct the march of the enemy on the capital, but a garrison in Shumla and the Balcan mountains, which they were preparing to pass. At this critical moment the young Sultan erected the standard of Mahomet at Daud Pasha, and issued a hatta sherif, that all Mussul-

men should rally round it. The spirit of the monarch seemed infused into the people. Two hundred thousand men were suddenly raised, a new Vizir was appointed, who partook of his master's energies, and the Russians, instead of passing the Balcan as was expected, were compelled to recross the Danube, and the peace of 1812 put an end to hostilities. Since that time the Turkish empire remained in a state of tranquillity, till the Greek insurrection burst out, and again called forth the terrible energies of the sovereign.

The character he has acquired is that of a man of extraordinary activity of mind, and uncompromising severity of temper. He is represented by Andreossi, who knew him well, as a person of uncommon talents, and who, though he appoints nominal ministers, actually governs by himself; and such is his sagacity and sources of information, that he knows what is going on better than any man in his empire, and always is able to anticipate his Vizir's reports. It is well known that he goes about the streets at night in disguise, like Haroun Alraschid, entering coffee-houses, mixing with all ranks, and hearing their opinions. People have assured me that they have recognised him on these occasions, but dared not intimate the slightest notice of it. His situation gives him a certain sense of security which few of his predecessors had. He is the last existing descendant of Mahomet fit to govern. He has two surviving sons, one about the age of six, and the other an infant; and his enemies report that it is his horrible intention to destroy them whenever they arrive at the age fit to govern, in order to secure the throne to himself as long as he lives.

Notwithstanding this, he has shown, on occasions of his son's illness, considerable anxiety. The boy was once afflicted with the jaundice, and a Frank physician, on whose skill

his father had more reliance than on the hakims of the country, was called in to see him. He told me he found the young patient in an apartment lined with yellow silk, which cast such a glare that the discolouration of the boy's skin could not be noticed. The attendants informed him it was done so in order to conceal the effects of the disease from his anxious father. He is not a man of cruel disposition in his own family. On the contrary, he has several daughters by different mothers, to whom he is affectionately attached; and his ordinary intercourse in private life is urbane and affable. His knowledge of the Oriental languages is considerable. He writes Persian and Arabic with elegance and purity, and all his hatta sherifs are his own composition, and distinguished by their terseness and precision.

The Sultan affects a high regard for decorum and public morals. Every day firmans are issued and cried about the streets against indecorous actions. I have heard one man denounce the shortness of women's petticoats, as exposing too much of their legs, though I never saw one whose garments did not nearly trail on the ground; another the practice of females looking out at windows. There is a kind of close balcony in Oriental houses, called Shanassie, which generally looks up and down a street, and a figure is sometimes seen indistinctly through the dense lattice-work; but even this indulgence he strictly prohibited. On some more serious occasions, however, he gives fearful indications of his anger. There was a coffee-house at one of the gates of Galata, which commanded a fine view of the Bosphorus, and here Turks of respectable rank used to resort. One day the son of an Armenian merchant was proceeding to his father's office in Galata, and as he passed by was invited in by the Turks, who gave him some sweetmeats,

but treated him in such a way before he departed, that the boy complained to his father, who immediately proceeded to the Seraglio, and laid his complaint before the Sultan. His anger blazed out with great fury; he sent over some chouashes on the instant, who found the Turks still in the coffee-house. They were strangled on the spot, and the house pulled down over them, as if to hide them in the ruins. I had often occasion to pass this, which was not suffered for some time to be rebuilt, and the janissary who accompanied me always pointed out the ruins, and told me the story.

Preparatory to his introduction to the Sultan, his Excellency had an interview with the Grand Vizir at the Porte, where all the ministers have their offices and transact business. The Grand Vizir's name is Elhadgee Sali Pasha, so called because he had made a visit to Mecca to the tomb of the Prophet. The former, Bendili Ali Pasha, had been deposed after he had been in office for eight days. As many of the circumstances of this resembled, in some faint degree, those that followed at the Seraglio, I will not particularize them. Lord Strangford, attended by his suite, proceeded to the place at the day appointed, about two o'clock. The procession was led by the Secretary of Legation. He bore before him, in an embroidered case, like the Chancellor's purse, the letter of the king to the Grand Signior. It was suspended to his shoulders, and hung down before like a child's pinafore. We entered the edifice by a wide and lofty gate-way, from whence, some say, is derived the name of the Sublime Porte. We were introduced into a very spacious apartment, which was the audience-room. Here we were stopped a moment at one door, till the Grand Vizir and his attendants appeared at another. This was the signal to advance, when the two

crowds hastened to the upper end of the room, apparently trying who should arrive there first. Notwithstanding this seeming contest for precedence, it was so arranged that we should all arrive together. Here we found a triangular stool, without a back, placed at an angle of the divan. Into this angle the Grand Vizir thrust himself, and, waiting till the Ambassador had arrived at the stool, they both sat down at the same moment, face to face. You may think such frivolities unworthy of record, but they are important traits of Oriental manners—the highest consequence would be attached to the fact of either taking his seat one second before the other. When both were seated, the attendants set up a loud and discordant shout as a salaam, or salutation, and we all crowded round without order or regularity, or taking off our hats. When the noise subsided, the Ambassador delivered his Majesty's letter to the Vizir, and, without rising from his seat, made a speech in a distinct and impressive manner. It was translated by the dragoman of the Porte to the Vizir, who replied from a paper stuck in the sleeve of his robe, with much hesitation and embarrassment. This was translated into French by the dragoman, when we were all presented with pelisses, and then hurried back in the same tumultuous manner we had entered.

The following Tuesday, May 22, was the great day appointed for the audience with the Sultan. The Turks always fix on Tuesday for the reception of foreign ministers, because, as De Tott says, "*c'est le jour du divan.*" We all rose just after midnight, as it was necessary to set out before day. We found the palace garden filled with horses richly caparisoned. That of the Ambassador was a present from the Sultan, completely covered with a rich saddle-cloth worked in embroidery of gold. The rest were simi-

larly ornamented, though not so splendid; but the whole formed a glittering display. About three the mehmander arrived to marshal the ceremony, and some travelling gentlemen who wished to witness it. These, with some members of the Levant Company, and the Ambassador's suite and servants, formed a goodly party of about fifty persons, all dressed in the costume of their several ranks and stations—that of the Ambassador's was very splendid. We mounted the caparisoned horses, and set out by moonlight. The streets were lined with janissaries, wearing, on this occasion, their caps of ceremony; these were of white thick felt, having a scroll-like cylinder of brass erect before, and a long broad flap hanging down to the small of the back behind: this represented the sleeve of Hadgee Bectash, the founder of the corps, who cut it from his tunic, and laid it on the head of the Aga when he installed him.

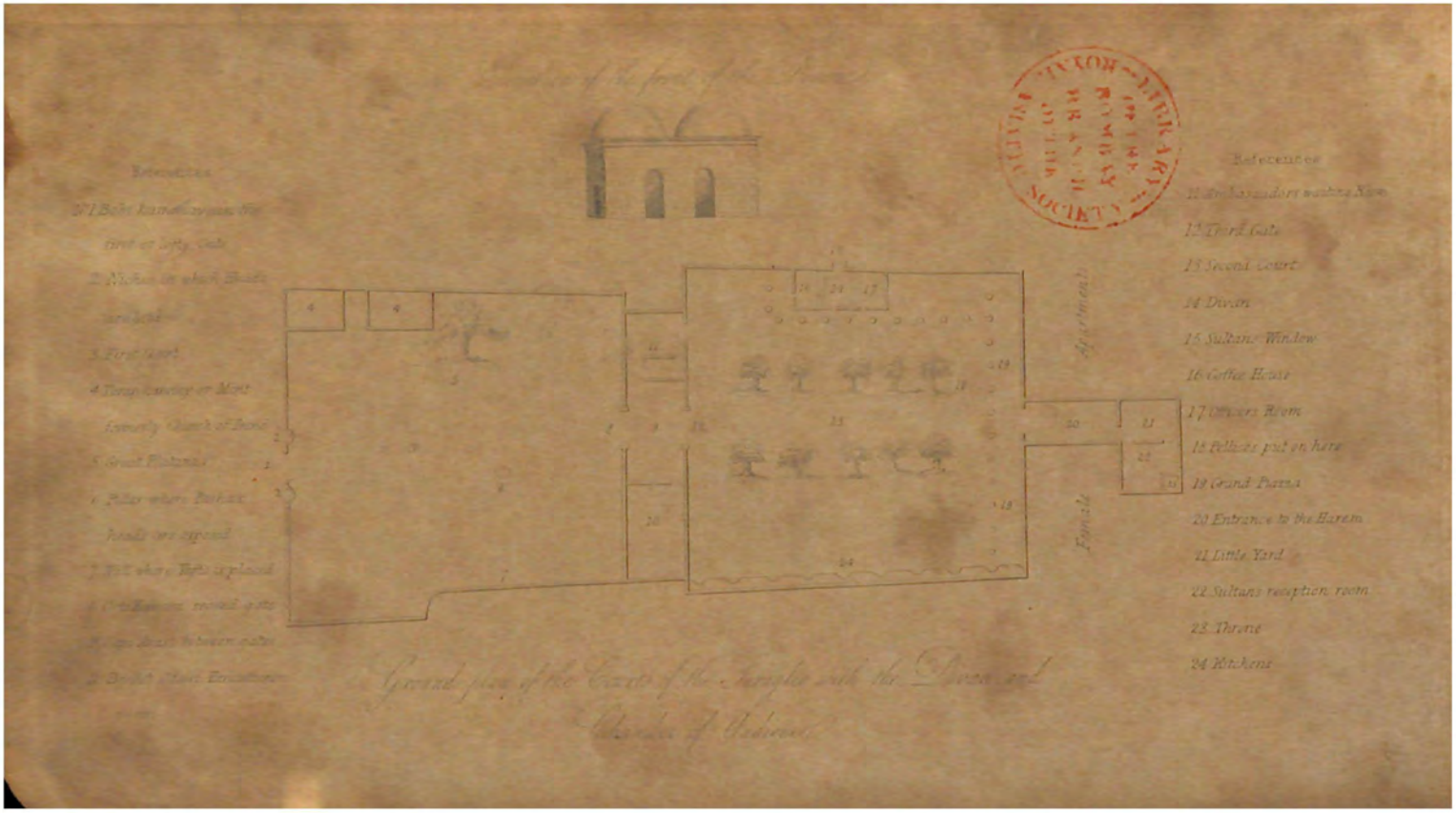
We stumbled down the steep streets leading to the harbour without accident, though our horses were continually falling against each other, and embarked in several caiques provided for us. The Ambassador had one of many oars specially attached to the palace.

On arriving at the other side, we were received in a small coffee-house, where we met some of the Turkish ministers. They were particularly attracted by my clerical dress. Busbequius says that black is considered unfortunate; and any one seen in a black garment is deemed a thing of ill omen, so that a serious complaint was made when some of his suite appeared in that colour*. The Turks were informed who and what I was, and I presume the information, that I was a Christian clergyman, did not much enhance their respect, after the execution of the Patriarch and his bishops.

* Busbeq., Ep. I. p. 88.

After pipes and coffee, we mounted fresh horses provided for us, and proceeded as before. Here a curious piece of etiquette occurred between the Chouash Bashi and the Secretary of Legation. There had been a dispute about precedence, and it was ruled that they should ride together. It was quite amusing to see the coquetry of these functionaries, regulating the parallelism of their horses' heads, and taking the greatest care that one should not protrude an inch before the other. At length we all came to a dead stop—the place was too narrow to go abreast, and there they stood motionless in the front of the defile till the precedence was decided, I forget in whose favour.

We now arrived at a large mulberry tree, where two ways branch off—one to the right, leading up to the Porte; the other to the left, proceeding to the Seraglio. Here our cavalcade halted, and waited a reasonable, or rather unreasonable time under the tree, till the Vizir and his cortège thought fit to descend from the Porte to go before us. At length one came, and then another, and then scattered parties of three and four in different costumes, and finally the Vizir himself with his attendants. The courtesies of life among these people are very extraordinary. It was certainly intended to pay the British Ambassador particular respect through the whole of this ceremony, as we afterwards found; yet the Vizir saw him, the representative of a great sovereign, with all his suite in full dress, kept waiting under a tree, in a dirty street, for near an hour; and though he courteously bowed to the Bostangee Bashi and other Turkish officers, he did not condescend to take the slightest notice of us, no more than if we had been a part of the crowd of hummals, or porters with packs on their backs, who were gathered with us to see the great man pass by. When he



Ground plan of the Courts of the Seraglio with the Divan and Chamber of Audience

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went on we had leave to proceed. We followed him at an humble distance up a steep street. The way led along the side of a battlemented wall, which had been the boundary of Old Byzantium, cutting off the apex of the triangle from the rest of the peninsula. All within was now the Sultan's residence, which exactly occupied the site of the ancient city.

At the top of the street was the Babi Hum ayoun, or Sublime Porte, the first entrance to the Seraglio. Here was a characteristic sight. The piles of human faces which I had seen a short time before were all trampled to the level of the ground. A few of the largest, however, seemed as if reserved for this occasion. On each side of the gate were niches in the wall, and in one of these some boys were amusing themselves. I had the curiosity to look, as usual, for some trait of national manners, which is seen even in the sports of children, and I found it. They had got half a dozen of these mutilated heads, which they were balancing on their toes, and knocking one off with another. They were absorbed in their game, and no one took any notice of them. Having entered the gate, we found ourselves in a large, oblong, irregular area, like Smithfield, with mean houses on each side. One of them was the Taraphannay, or Royal Mint, which I wished to see. I stood a moment at the door, when an Armenian superintendent, who sat upon a cushion in a corner close beside, got up, and taking me kindly by the hand as he would a child, he led me through the establishment, which did not differ much from a similar one in Europe, except that the workmen sat cross-legged on the ground at their several presses. We stopped at every press where there was a change of die; and my conductor, with great urbanity, first pointed out to me the process, and presented me with a specimen

of every coin. There were about thirty men employed, exceedingly busy making up piasters for an exhibition which was afterwards presented to us.

Beside the mint is a platanus, which rivals that at Buyukderé, and whose age is less problematical. The Turks plant a tree of this kind to commemorate a birth, as they do a cypress to record a death in their family. Mahomet II., when his son Bajazet was born, followed this usage, and tradition says that this tree in the first court of the Seraglio was the one he planted on that occasion. It is blasted at the top, and greatly decayed in the branches, but the trunk yet remains alive. I measured it a few feet from the ground, and I found its circumference fifty feet. If this be Mahomet's tree, planted after the taking of Constantinople, it must now be about three hundred and sixty years old, a much more probable period than that assigned for the duration of others. It has all the appearance of extreme old age, and that it had attained the utmost limits of vegetable life.

We advanced through the first court among a crowd of people to the second gate, where we dismounted and left our horses. Having passed this we found ourselves in a kind of chamber, called Kapi-arasi, because it lies between two gates, which form the entrance to it from each court. Here the implements of punishment are hung up: on one side is the apartment of the chief executioner; and in effect two public functionaries of that class were pointed out to me among the company we found waiting to receive us. If the Legate be only a Chargé d'Affaires, he is kept standing here; but as his Excellency was Ambassador Extraordinary, we were not left in the common passage, but brought into a cell like a turnkey's lodge, at one side of the gate, where we were again treated with coffee and pipes. Having been

kept here about half an hour, we were told to advance, and proceeded up the second court of the Seraglio. This is nearly as large, and of the same shape as the first, but is distinguished by rows of trees, and is therefore called the Garden. On one side are ranges of kitchens; on the other is the Divan, with its appendages, and at the upper end is the grand entrance to the Harem.

As it is the ridiculous and ostentatious policy of this people to display all the most imposing details of government to foreign ministers, that they may be impressed with the power and resources of the Porte, they generally fix an audience on a day when the janissaries or other troops receive their pay. This was the day for the janissaries, and they were all assembled in the court for that purpose, exhibiting a motley group of boys and old men, without any settled uniform except the large, greasy, very awkward felt hat, or bonnet, which I described before. It is so ungainly that it is continually falling off. The colonels are also distinguished by most extraordinary helmets, which are so tall and top-heavy, that they are sometimes obliged to keep them on their heads with both hands; indeed, every covering for the head among the Turks seems remarkably ill-adapted to convenience. The turban in its best state is unmanageable, and some resemble woolsacks, constantly balanced on the head like milk-pails. The first thing displayed was the ceremony of running for pilaff. Porringers of rice and milk were laid down in different parts of the court, and at the signal the janissaries started for them; whoever seized them first kept them, so sometimes they scrambled, and daubed, and smeared each other with great gravity.

Through the confusion of this childish absurdity we were marshalled into the Divan. This celebrated place, where all the affairs of state are transacted, as in our cabinets, is

called a Divan, from the cushion-seats which run in continuity all round it. It consists of two apartments, formed by domes, and separated by a partition richly carved and gilt, which is only breast-high. The apartment on the left is the place where the great officers of state hold their discussions; that on the right, which communicates with it by a door, is appointed for inferior officers, and is like a guard-room, but finer. There is no great appearance of mysterious secresy here, as the door of entrance opens directly on a piazza, which forms part of the common court-yard of the Seraglio, and on the left hand is also a door which leads into a coffee-house, which appears to be open to every person. In the middle, and opposite the door of entrance, sat the Grand Vizir, dressed in robes of white satin, with a conical turban of snow-white muslin, marked with a broad band of gold. Immediately over his head was a semicircular little gallery, about the size of half a hogshead, projecting from the wall, formed of very close gilded bars, through which a person inside might hear and see, but could not himself be seen. Here the Sultan sometimes places himself while the Divan is sitting, or on other occasions; and it gave to this enclosure of despotism the appearance of the Ear of Dionysius. I looked up with a furtive glance more than once, and at length caught the gleam of an eye through the small aperture in the lattice-work, which no doubt was that of the Sultan.

On the right hand of the Vizir sat, at an humble distance, the Capitan Pasha, dressed in green satin robes, with a turban similar to that of the Vizir. The Vizir was an old and feeble man, with dark eyes, and a mild, but stupid countenance. The Pasha was much the same, but not so gentle-looking—the one was commander of the armies, and the other of the fleets of the Turkish empire, and

both looked but little qualified for their offices at this critical moment. The Pasha's name is Delhi Abdalla. Delhi means mad, and was given to him from his extraordinary manners. He had been a boatman on the Bosphorus, and attracted the notice of the Sultan, while rowing in his barge on an aquatic excursion, by a certain rude humour, and a habit of shouting when he speaks, and swearing strange oaths, to which he is much addicted. For these qualities, though so illiterate that he knows not how to write, he was raised to command the fleet, and to the personal favour of his master. On the other hand of the Vizir sat two judges of the empire, one for Roumelia, the European, and the other for Natolia, the Asiatic portion of the empire. They were dressed in dingy green robes, and were very emaciated and feeble, particularly one of them, who, I think, was the most imbecile-looking man I ever saw. On the adjoining side sat two officers of the treasury, dressed in red robes. These six men were remarkably old; and the first impression they made was that of surprise how they could have possibly kept on their heads in such a place for so many years!

The Ambassador and his suite were all crammed into a kind of recess at one side of the room, and no more notice taken of them than of any crowd of people in a public court; and yet a mark of distinction was shown which, it is said, never was permitted to any ambassador before. Sometimes when a minister is tired standing here, a joint-stool is brought for him alone to sit down and rest himself. This was not done on the present occasion, so he sat down on the divan, and by special favour was not made to rise up again. I assure you this fact was one of public notice, as an extraordinary occurrence in Turkish courtesy, and a mark of singular and distinguished favour to the British Ambas-

sador; for the rest, *nos turba fuimus*, we were the mob, and we dared not sit if we were fainting.

It is on this occasion that the Turks delight to show what they think will strike Europeans, and to do it as if it were an ordinary thing, and at which they did not know we were present. The first display was a law-suit before the Vizir. A number of persons entered in different-coloured robes, holding in their hands papers like lawyers' briefs. These ranged themselves on each side the Vizir, so as to make a lane from the door to his seat. One of them stated something from his paper, which was answered by one of the other party. The Vizir made his decree, and the law-suit was decided in fifteen minutes. Another of the same kind followed, which lasted about as long, and neither of the judges, though just beside, seemed to be concerned or consulted on the occasion. It was certainly a very simple and very summary process, and I wish it was adopted in other places.

After this followed the payment of the troops. Men began to bring in leathern purses of money, and pile them on the floor, till they made two large heaps four feet high, and ten long, exactly the shape and size of clamps made over potatoes buried for winter, and two smaller ones; each purse contained four hundred and sixty piastres, and the heaps altogether six millions and a half, or about two hundred thousand pounds, in thirty thousand purses, for six months pay for all the janissaries in Constantinople. When the piles were finished, which took more than an hour, the Vizir sent a sealed paper, wrapped in muslin, by a messenger to the Sultan, stating that the money was there, and desiring to know what was his pleasure to do with it. This letter also contained, I was informed by way of postscript,

that some infidel ambassador had come there, and was waiting to know his commands. It is part of that absurd assumption of superiority which these people arrogate, to pretend ignorance or indifference on these occasions. Though this audience had been carefully arranged beforehand, and was the subject of public notoriety, every thing in our reception seemed to indicate that the Grand Vizir and his master knew nothing about us, and we were treated as casual visiters, brought there by curiosity, which the courtesy of the Turks allowed us to gratify, by looking on at what was going forward. In sealing this letter with red wax he used no candle, or any other process that I could see, to dissolve it, so as to make it susceptible of an impression, though he impressed a seal on it.

After about another hour's tedious delay, the return of the messenger was announced by the attendants striking an iron-shod pole against the pavement, as they advanced to the Divan. The Vizir immediately rose, and proceeded to the door to meet the sacred packet, which was as large as a volume of maps, and enveloped in a muslin case. Having received it, he retired to his place; he applied it first to his forehead, then to his lips, and then opened it with great form. The seals, which were appended by red tape, and seemed of red wax, he carefully took off, kissed, and put in his bosom. Having announced the contents, several persons came in and took the bags by tens, laying them in heaps at the door, and from thence they were distributed by the colonels of different regiments, who formed a lane at the entrance with their high caps. When each of these received the last bag due to him, he wiped up the dust with the sleeve of his robe, and, bending on one knee towards the Divan, as the sacred throne of the Omnipotent Sultan, he humbly applied

the dusty robe to his forehead. The bags were then laid separately on the flags in front of the Divan. At a considerable distance stood a large detachment from each regiment, with one leg before the other, waiting for "one, two, three, and away," like boys playing prison-bars; the word was given, when they all rushed forward to seize the purses as they did the pilaff, tumbling one over another in great confusion, and equally amused. Whoever could catch a purse in this way was entitled to a few paras in his pay more than his comrades. After this most tedious and childish ceremony had lasted three hours, we were at length given to understand, as you have often heard it said, that after being fed, clothed, and washed, and made fit to be seen, we should be admitted into the presence of his Sublimity. In fact, such an intimation was conveyed, though not precisely in the words usually reported, and we went through the ceremony accordingly.

When the order was given for food to be brought, we were all crowded together, Vizir, Ambassador, secretaries, dragomans, merchants, and janissaries, in the Divan, and with some difficulty four attendants made their way with four tripod stands, which they set in different parts of the room. On them were placed four large round metal trays, like circular tea-trays, but not japanned. One of these was placed before the Vizir, who invited the Ambassador to eat; another before the Capitan Pasha, who invited the principal secretary and the Prussian Envoy. At one side was placed the third, before the Bostangee Bashi, I think, who invited the Oriental secretary, with some members of the Levant Company; at the other a fourth was placed before the Chouash Bashi, who invited the chaplain of the embassy, with the other officers. The Chouash Bashi is the head of the corps of couriers, and the Bostangee Bashi is the

head of the corps of gardeners, both officers of high rank in the Seraglio. Round these tables we all stood, two or three deep, and helped ourselves by thrusting our hands over the shoulders of those before us, and scrambling on the table for what we could feel. It was my misfortune to be in front, next the Chouash Bashi, and I received the dripping of all the sauces that passed over me on my lustre gown. Our entertainment consisted of eleven large dishes, served up in succession, and those at all the tables were the same: First, a cauldron of pease-soup; second, broiled fish; third, a kind of mutton-haricot; fourth, sweet-balls; fifth, roast fowl; sixth, large sweet pudding covered with paste; seventh, mutton roasted to rags; eighth, boiled fowl, almost raw; ninth, forced-meat in a mass; tenth, stewed apples, floating in sauce, with cups of youart, or sour milk, placed round the dish; eleventh, pilaff of rice, with which all entertainments end in Turkey, and a large bowl of sherbet, extremely mawkish, to wash it down.

To eat all this we had large wooden spoons, the bowls of which were circular, and almost the size of a saucer. What we could not eat with a spoon we tore with our fingers. When a man wanted a bit of fowl, he took it up by the leg, and holding it out, his neighbour took the other leg or wing, and so tugged it asunder. In every dish which came on the table the Chouash Bashi thought it necessary to make the first hole with his dirty hands. His example was followed by every one of the crowd within reach of the table; and you may conceive how inviting an entertainment must be where roast and boiled, sweet and sour, hard and soft, were all clawed together by fifty dirty hands, without knife, fork, cloth, or napkin. At the Ambassador's table some little distinction was made. Spoons were laid which were supposed to be

horn. They were, however, of jasper, and said to be part of the costly table-service of the Greek emperors, preserved since the taking of Constantinople. The tray also was silver, of the same era, but so tarnished that it was not easy to distinguish the metal. After this scramble the Ambassador alone was washed: a vase with a long spout was brought to him, out of which water was poured on his hands, and then we all proceeded to a large tree, at the entrance of the harem.

Under the tree our names were called, and a second set of pelisses were here distributed to us. Bits of paper stuck on them marked for whom they were intended. Mine was labelled Doshervatch, the nearest approximation a Turk could make to my name. There were present, besides the members of the embassy and Levant Company, several English gentlemen on their travels. Those who had seen the Sultan before lent their pelisses to those who had not, as no person could be admitted to the presence without one. In this way eighteen of us were dressed up, and waited under the tree for orders. By-and-by the approach of the Vizir was announced, proceeding from the Divan to the presence, with the Capitan Pasha, Reis Effendi, and other officers; a lane of attendants was made for them across the garden, and in their way they passed close by us, but took no more notice of us than if we were jugglers dressed up and waiting to exhibit before their master. In about half an hour it was notified that we should come forward, and we advanced to the gate of the Seraglio, or rather the Harem.

This gate was decorated with the most gorgeous display of Turkish sculpture:—it was covered by a large semicircular projecting canopy, supported on pillars richly carved, gilt and embossed, in a style of architecture perfectly Orien-

tal; round the entrance were several officers in their richest dresses—some in stuffs shot with gold, which, as they moved, were quite dazzling; but those which struck us most were the unfortunate eunuchs. Some of these creatures were boys, or young men from sixteen to twenty. They were tall, bloated, and disproportioned; their countenances were of a sickly, sallow hue, with a delicate, hectic-looking flush, and an expression of extreme anguish and anxiety, as if they suffered pain, and laboured under a deep sense of degradation. One old man was wrinkled and pallid, his face perfectly smooth, and resembling that of an aged woman except only that it had an expression very strange and unnatural. They were all dressed in green satin robes. Among them were many blacks, who did not look so disfigured as the whites, probably because the change of their features was not so conspicuous.

While I stood gazing on these things in a kind of absorption of mind, I was roused by being suddenly seized by the collar by two men, one at each side of me. I now saw that each of the party was caught in the same manner; and in this way we were hurried, or rather dragged, down a broad descending passage, between rows of guards, to the interior of the harem. Here we found ourselves in a narrow, gloomy court-yard, and suddenly turning to the right, we entered a dark, dismal little chamber, lighted only by one grated window, which opened into the yard. At first I could not clearly discern objects; but in a little time my eyes were accommodated to the dim light. Our party filled one-half of the apartment, the other was occupied by a large throne, exactly resembling in size and shape an old-fashioned four-post bed without curtains. This was covered with something very like a gay-coloured cotton-quilt, but it was a rich stuff, embroidered with dull gold and pearls. On the

side of this, with his feet hanging down, sat the Sultan, exactly in the attitude of a man getting out of bed in the morning. I mention this, because the Turks on state-occasions always sit with their legs hanging, but on others cross-legged. Next to him, standing stiff, with his back to the wall, was the Vizir, and next to him the Capitan Pasha; they both were motionless as statues, with their eyes riveted on the ground. Our party formed a kind of irregular semicircle across the room, and half round the bed; in our front stood the Ambassador with his Dragoman, and that of the Porte.

The Sultan appeared a tall, ill-made, mean-looking man, about forty. His countenance is as dark as mahogany; his beard very full, and as black and glossy as jet—it is said he uses artificial means to colour it. He is remarkable for the smallness of his hands and the length of his body; the latter being that of a man exceeding six feet in stature, though his is not more than five feet seven or eight inches. He looks always to most advantage sitting or riding, and in fact he is seldom seen by strangers in any other position. His dress was a dark, dingy red robe, and we thought there appeared nothing brilliant about him. He never turned his head, which he kept straightforward as immovable as if it was fixed in a vice; but his eye was continually rolling, and the white of it, something like the colour of white glass, gleaming now and then under his mahogany forehead, as he glanced sideways at us, gave him, I thought, a most demon-like expression, according well with the cruel character I had heard of the man, the melancholy state of the country, and the gloomy cell in which he received us. The speech of the Ambassador, expressing a desire on the part of his Britannic Majesty to continue the ties of amity and good will between the two powers, was translated

to the Sultan by his trembling dragoman; and after a short pause he replied, in a low, but firm, haughty tone, addressing himself apparently to the Vizir, who repeated the speech very badly and hesitatingly to the dragoman, who stammered it out in French to the Ambassador. This unfortunate dragoman's name was Stavrak Oglou, not a Greek of the Fanal, but a native of Caramania. He was a tall, cadaverous-looking person, and could not conceal the extraordinary impression of terror under which he laboured. He stood next me, and trembled so exceedingly as quite to shake me as well as himself, and his nerves were so agitated that he could scarcely see to read the paper he held, which was blotted with large drops of perspiration dropping from his forehead, and more than once nearly fell from his hand. The man had some reason: his predecessor had just been executed, and he had no hope he should escape the same fate. In a very short time he was deposed and banished to Natolia, and a few days after his arrival was found assassinated at his own door.

Our interview did not take up ten minutes, and the moment the last word was out of his mouth, we were all, without the slightest previous notice, dragged suddenly back by our conductors, whose gripe never left our necks a moment. In stumbling backwards, I trod on the tail of my gown, and was well nigh prostrating myself without intending it. The purpose of this rudeness was, to prevent our turning our backs on the Sultan, as we retired from his presence. When we reached the door of the chamber, however, we were twirled about, hurried up the passage with the same precipitation as we were hurried down, and when arrived at the outside flung off by our conductors, like things by whose touch they felt contaminated. The origin of this practice is a subject of controversy. The French

writers assert that an attempt was made on the life of Amurath II. at an audience, by a Croat, in revenge for the death of Mark, the Despot of Servia; and ever since all persons admitted are held fast by the arms while they remain in the presence; and this is the account also of Busbequius, who was himself so treated*. Others deny this origin, and say that it is merely a token of respect shown by a great man, that you are supported in his presence by his attendants. You will form your own conclusion; it is certain no possible disrespect was intended at our interview; but, on the contrary, it was meant to show us every mark of attention and good will, and it was evinced by many little circumstances. The persons who conducted us were men of rank, and dressed in pelisses of honour; yet those who had hold of me and others griped us sometimes very hard, and when we were able to speak, each of us might truly say in the words of Hamlet, "I pray thee take thy fingers from my throat." The janissaries were disposed to be very insolent, thrusting their sticks between the legs of the gentlemen to throw them down, and showing other marks of contempt and ill will. This was far, however, from being generally the case; on the contrary, the name "Ingilesi" seemed to procure for us attention and good will.

We now proceeded to the second gate, where we were obliged to wait till the Vizir and the Pashas passed out; and in the meantime the janissaries were dispersing in groups, every man with a bag of money on his shoulder. At length we were liberated, and, mounting our horses, we arrived at Pera at four o'clock, after thirteen hours' fagging,

* Singuli ut ingressi sumus, ad eum a cubiculariis ejus deducti sumus, brachia nostra tenentibus. Ita enim fert consuetudo ab eo tempore quo Croata quidam, in vindictam domini sui interfecti Marci Despotæ Serviæ, petito colloquio Amuratem occidit.—Busbeq., Epist. i. p. 98.

during a part of which we were perspiring under a burning sun in fur pelisses. We all dined, including his Excellency, with the Consul-General, when the events of the day afforded us much amusement.

I have given you a faithful detail of this interview, even to prolixity, because, though it has been often described by others, it was so novel and curious to myself, and you wish me to omit nothing that strikes me as characteristic of the country. It is one of the many existing proofs which I have mentioned of the stubborn immutability of the people, who have now been for four centuries in Europe, and in constant and immediate contact with its usages, and they have not yet adopted one of them to ameliorate their own. It is not impossible, however, that this, in all its details, will be the last upon record of such an introduction of the representative of one great sovereign to another. Already has European light begun to dawn even on Turkey, and the march of mind to make inroads on the venerable ignorance of this people; the future audiences, therefore, will be more assimilated to those of European nations. Notwithstanding the coarseness, barbarism, brutality, and contemptuous assumption which this displayed, there were many little concessions which marked a degree of favour to the British embassy not generally shown on similar occasions, and which were afterwards talked of as matters of enviable distinction. In fact, it was a kind of epocha that intimated returning tranquillity to the capital. As we passed, the windows and doors were crowded with spectators, and all looked upon the peaceable procession as a relief from those incessant scenes of blood and horror that just before had filled the streets.

CHAPTER XII.

Outrages of Yamaks.—Ceremony of the Baklava.—Cruel Superstition.—Case of Danesi.—Russian Memorial.—Rejected by Sultan.—Departure of Baron Strogonoff.—Repair of Greek Churches.—State of Therapia.—Bishop of Derkon.—Greek Fugitives seek refuge.—Painful position.—Escape of Greeks.—Discontented Janissaries.—Turkish Fleet.—Impressment resisted by Caiquegees.—How manned.—Proceed to Galaxidi.—Return how celebrated.—Greek Prizes and Standards.—Festivities at European Palaces.—Afflicting state of Greek Families.—Helena Mavrocordato.—Greek Libraries.

THE calm that followed the audience was of short duration. Great excesses were daily committed in the vicinity of Constantinople. In the troubles which took place on the attempt of Selim to establish the nizam geddite, a body of irregular Asiatic soldiers were placed in garrison at the fortresses near the Black Sea. They were called Yamaks, or Patches, a term of contempt applied to them, as supernumeraries brought to cover the rents made in the corps of janissaries. They were still in garrison there, and noted for their licentiousness and irregularities. They now issued forth, and, after various robberies and other outrages in the neighbourhood, carried their insolence to such a degree as to demand from the Greek families a certain number of their daughters, to be delivered up for the use of the garrison. To restrain these, it was resolved to form an encampment in the valley of Buyukderé, and a Binbashi pitched his tents in the large tree, and extended his protection, such as it was, to the neighbourhood.

Meantime the Ramazan, or great feast of the Turks,

commenced in June, and the usual superstition and fanaticism called into action at this season of Turkish devotion were increased by the circumstances of the times, and began to display themselves in various forms. Dervishes and others appeared, who pretended to supernatural gifts, and two of them were apprehended as sorcerers who were practising witchcraft on the people. Astrologers, however, are not considered in that class: the Monejin Bashi, or chief, is one of the four great officers of the Seraglio; and their predictions at this time were unfortunately held in as high esteem as those of the ancient prophets. There is a ceremony which annually takes place in the middle of this month. The ladies of the Seraglio make up certain confections with honey and other ingredients, which are distributed among the janissaries on a particular day, which is called the Bakláva, from the name of the pastry. As this is an important ceremony, connecting the janissaries with the Seraglio, the astrologers are always consulted. They cast horoscopes, and the Monejin Bashi pronounced that some evil would befall, or some crime be committed by the people on the day intended. It happened that it fell on a Friday, which, as the Turkish sabbath, they said should not be profaned by such a circumstance, so the ceremony was deferred till the day following. But in order to avert the evil which had been predicted, and to establish the reputation of the soothsayers, all the Greek bishops who had been apprehended on Easter Sunday, and kept in confinement, were ordered to be brought forth and hanged. They were accordingly executed with two others, and a number of Greeks, not ecclesiastics, who had been reserved for this display of detestable superstition; and thus, it was said, the evil was averted from the faithful, on whom it would otherwise fall.

Among the subjects which had excited angry feelings between the Turks and Russians, was the case of an individual extensively connected with various European houses. His name was Emanuel Danesi, a Greek merchant of Pera. In his commercial transactions he was called on to pay a bill of exchange for three hundred thousand piastres, drawn upon him by the Hospodar of Wallachia, recently appointed by the Porte. He wrote to his correspondent at Bucharest, who informed him in the usual way that no effects had been assigned to indemnify or secure him; and he therefore refused to honour the bill. It happened that Danesi was banker also to the Russian embassy, and it was suspected by the Turks that the refusal was dictated by the Ambassador, in order to annoy and embarrass themselves, and indirectly aid the insurgents. He was immediately arrested on a charge of corresponding with the rebels of the provinces, and it was supposed his execution would immediately follow. From the intimate connexion, however, which subsisted between the Russian embassy and Danesi, the Ambassador thought he had a right to interfere in his fate, and he did so in the strongest manner to the Turkish Ministers; but his applications were not attended to. He then determined to appeal to the Sultan himself.

The manner of doing this is characteristic of Turkish usages. No access is allowed to the person of the sovereign in the Seraglio, except at a public audience; but he proceeds every Friday to some mosque, which is duly notified to the public; and all who have petitions or other things, which they wish to bring under the eye of the monarch himself, avail themselves of this opportunity. I have frequently witnessed these presentations. A man stands on a step, or any projection he finds in the street through which

the Sultan is to pass, and raising the paper, which is generally of a large size, over his head, he holds it there with both hands in a horizontal position. When it catches the Sultan's eye as he passes on horseback, he nods to an attendant chouash, who takes the paper, puts it into a bag, and the procession passes on. The Sultan, it is said, never omits to read such papers as he takes.

Of this opportunity the Russian Ambassador availed himself. An officer of the Legation was despatched with a memorial to present to the Sultan on his return from the mosque. It is not usual to utter a word on these occasions, the person who holds the petition standing silent and motionless as a statue; but the Sultan, either apprised of, or suspecting the object of the memorial, after glancing at it, was passing on without giving the usual sign. The Russian then called aloud "Behold a memorial from the Elchi Bey of his Majesty of Russia to the Sublime Sultan Mahmood!" No notice, however, was taken of him, till he uttered the words three times, with increasing elevation of voice. The Sultan then cast on him a scowl, such as he assumes when some deep enmity crosses his mind, and giving the usual nod, the paper was received and deposited in the bag. As the fate of this man was one of the hinges on which the question of peace or war might be said to turn in the present state of things, it was a subject of unusual interest and anxiety at Pera. The suspense was not of long duration—the memorial was instantly read by the Sultan, and a positive refusal returned on the same day it was presented.

The next morning I was passing through the palace hall, and found two ladies standing at the foot of the stairs, as if inquiring for some one. No servant at the moment was

in waiting, and wishing to render any courtesy, as I saw they were Greeks and strangers, I inquired if I could be of service. One of them was exceedingly beautiful, with a look of anxiety and sadness about her that was quite affecting. Her companion informed me it was Madame Danesi, the wife of the unfortunate man whose fate had been just pronounced, and who, it was expected, would be this day decapitated. She came to request an interview with Lady Strangford. I need not tell you that it was readily accorded. Her Ladyship was ever accessible, and her kind heart open to distress. I had the pleasure to see the ladies return with a somewhat less dejected countenance, as if a ray of hope had illumined the dark shade that covered it. Contrary to universal expectation, Danesi was not executed. The prompt and earnest interference of the English Ambassador had induced the Porte to commute the punishment of death into that of banishment. An amiable family was saved from deep affliction, and another pretext was thus removed for Russian hostility.

Baron Strogonoff, however, still remained at Buyukderé. He had sent a note to the Porte, stating the only terms on which his government would continue the ties of amity and peace with that of the Turks. That the Greek churches which had been destroyed or plundered should be immediately restored to the condition in which they were before their dilapidation: to this they were entitled by the treaties of Kuchûk Kinardgi and Bucharest, which stipulated, that "the Christian religion should not be exposed to the slightest oppression, nor the churches injured, and that no obstacles should be opposed to their construction or repairs, nor the officiating clergyman in any of them outraged*;"

* Treaty of Kinardgi, 2d Article.

that a distinction should be made between the Greeks actually in hostilities and those who were not so, and all should be received into favour and forgiveness who submitted within a given time. If these terms were not complied with, the note stated that the Turkish government placed itself in hostility with the whole Christian world—the resistance of the Greeks would be legalized—and Russia, in union with all Christendom, would be bound to afford them an asylum and protection. The Turks at first refused to give any answer to this reasonable but menacing demand, which they were allowed only eight days to consider. At the expiration of this time the Russian waited two days more, to allow for the tardy progress of Oriental decision; but then, finding no answer likely to arrive, he signified to the Reis Effendi, or Minister for Foreign Affairs, that his mission was terminated, and demanded his passports. They were quietly and gravely delivered, along with an answer to his note, which the Baron would not then receive; but on the last day of July, though the wind and current still continued to oppose him, he caused himself to be towed, but not without great difficulty, against both out of the canal, and proceeded with all his suite to Odessa.

The answer of the Turks was, however, sent after him to St. Petersburgh. It stated, in a very long note, that no Greek was punished except those that were known to be guilty; that the churches were destroyed by a mere rabble, whom the Porte could not control; that it was indiscreet in the Envoy to say that the measures were hostile to the Christian religion, and to the nations of the Messiah; that the provinces would be evacuated when the insurrection there was entirely suppressed; and that the Porte expected that Suzzo and all the fugitives who had escaped from justice into Russia should be delivered up. In a communica-

tion, however, afterwards sent to the English Ambassador, concessions were made which would not be acknowledged to the Russians—that the churches formerly standing, and which were damaged or destroyed by the populace, should be repaired or rebuilt, as far as the laws of the country allowed, and the free exercise of the Christian religion still tolerated as usual, to which the Porte had never expressed any disinclination. A general amnesty was also published for all the Greeks who would return to their allegiance, and a firman was addressed to that effect to the new patriarch and bishops, to be read in all the churches; and the Vizirs, Vayvodes, Molhas, and other functionaries in Europe and Asia were warned they should incur the Sultan's highest displeasure, if any violence was offered to a Raya who had not actually taken part in the revolt. On an examination into the state of the churches, it was reported that there were seventy-four in the city, the villages of the Bosphorus, and the Princes Islands, of which sixty had remained uninjured. It was further stated, that the Patriarch had not, in fact, been executed, for that he had been on the very morning deposed from his dignity, and so was no longer head of the Greek church when he was put to death.

I accepted at this time an invitation from my friend, the Rev. Mr. Leeves, the agent of the Bible Society in the East, who had retired to Therapia, on the Bosphorus, to escape the scenes of horror and carnage daily presented in the city. In passing up the Bosphorus, the lovely prospect was every where deformed by the most revolting objects. The shores seemed deserted, and the living scene which I had before witnessed was changed into scenes of death. On different promontories were men hanging from almost everything to which a cord could be tied, some against walls, and some

on the branches of trees. The current was obstructed by floating bodies, over many of which screaming gulls were hovering in flocks, and on others they were perched and feeding. Levies of troops had just gone by in caiques, to proceed by the Black Sea to the Danube, and they had discharged their topheks as they passed at every house that the colour indicated did not belong to a Turk. The windows were shattered, and the boards pierced with balls; in fact, every one they came opposite to was a target a which they all discharged their pieces, killing and wounding the inhabitants who did not conceal themselves. Bodies of soldiers were erecting bastions of wicker-work on every promontory, filled with stone and sand. Occasionally they turned about to shoot or hang a Greek, and then returned to the work intended to protect them from the Russians.

The state of Therapia was particularly dismal amid the general desolation. Most of the respectable inhabitants had been already executed, many were under arrest, and every day some of them brought out to the same fate. The few that remained knew they were proscribed, and were in hourly apprehension of being arrested. Irregular bodies of armed men had been prowling about on the high grounds, shooting in mere wantonness at every person they saw working in the gardens below them. At length they entered the town, with the declared intention of razing it to the ground and burning the chapel, as they had done two others in the vicinity. They were met, however, by the regular troops, who were ordered to resent this outrage, and everything was preparing for a sanguinary conflict between the parties. By the timely application, however, of money, collected among the few inhabitants that remained, the banditti were induced to retire for the present, and leave

[redacted]ple to the ordinary mercies of the regular autho-[redacted]ies, which I soon had an opportunity of witnessing.

The first object presented to me on landing at Therapia was the venerable bishop of Derkon hanging against the wall of his own church. Derkon is a town on the Black Sea, near the mouth of the Bosphorus, and Therapia is in his diocese. It was, I believe, his general residence, from the salubrity of its situation, and the respectable and agreeable society of Greeks who inhabited it. As I ascended the street that led up to my friend's house, no living thing was to be seen, but two or three bodies were scattered by the wayside, which had been wantonly shot during the day. The town had been inhabited almost entirely by Greeks; and the gay, cheerful, festive habits of the people, enlivened by music and dancing, formed a striking contrast with the dull and repulsive aspect of the other villages in the neighbourhood. It was now, however, assimilated to the rest; its inhabitants generally dead or fled, its kiosks torn down, dilapidated, or abandoned. Patroles of Turks occasionally appeared walking up and down the solitary streets, and entering the deserted houses in search of Greeks, whom they were directed to apprehend wherever they could find them.

The evening after my arrival we proposed to walk to the hill over the town, though exposed to hazard from the wanton brutality of scattered Turks, discharging their pistols at every object that presented itself. We were just leaving the house when two young Greek ladies entered. One was singularly dignified in her manners and appearance, and seemed not disturbed from her ordinary self-possession; the other, though more comely, was altogether overcome by terror and dismay. They informed us they were the daughter and wife of two Greek gentlemen whom the Turks were in search of, and whose discovery would be

attended with certain death; and they entreated an asylum in this, the only house that could afford them protection. It was impossible to conceive a state of embarrassment more painful than that in which we now found ourselves. The severest measures were denounced and pursued against those who had harboured fugitive Greeks. Besides the immediate danger to which it would personally and immediately expose my friend and his wife, unprotected as they were in this remote and now lawless place, the circumstance of my being connected with the English embassy, and abetting the escape of denounced rebels, might compromise it in a serious manner with the Turks, in their present state of excitement. On the other hand, to refuse the asylum would be turning out to certain death persons who might be, and probably were, entirely innocent. In this dilemma we resolved upon a middle expedient,—to go out, and make no inquiry on our return, and so know nothing of any persons who might be concealed in the house.

Having made this determination, we were just leaving the hall when two men rushed in from the street. One was a venerable gentleman, with a long grey bread, the father of one of the young ladies; the other was a large and comely man, the husband of the other. It was impossible to conceive a scene more deeply interesting than that which now presented itself. The wife, in an agony of grief, prostrated herself at our feet, her long hair scattered in the dust, and her face pressed to the ground in all the dejection of Oriental abasement. The daughter stood erect, and, with a countenance in which the whole energy of mind and feeling seemed concentrated, demanded, with the air and eloquence of an Aspasia, the rites of hospitality and protection for her venerable father in his utmost need, which, as

Englishmen, she said, we could not refuse him. Before us stood two men, bound to them by the strongest and most endearing ties of nature and society, whose lives, with those of probably all their kindred, depended on the breath of our mouths—a moment's determination would consign them to immediate life or death. I looked out at the door—the Turks were coming up the street, after having just searched the house from which the fugitives had escaped. There was not a moment to lose—the hall door was closed and bolted, and we determined to abide the hazard.

As we supposed that their pursuers would immediately attempt to follow them, we hurried off the men to the most secret part of the house, and concealed them in the best manner we could. Mr. Leeves was determined, if the Turks demanded entrance, to stand upon his right as an Englishman, and refuse it as long as he could, though, in the present state of things, there was little hope that any right would be respected. The Turks, however, did not now demand it—they stood for a short time looking at the house, with pistols in their hands, and passed on to search others. We then took counsel how we should dispose of our unfortunate guests. Behind the house, separated by a high wall, was the demesne of Ypsilantes, now that of the French palace. This communicated with the Bosphorus and the hills over it: so it was resolved to disguise them as Franks, put them over the wall at midnight, and let them make their way to the sea-coast, where they hoped to meet one of the many vessels employed in the clandestine conveyance of Greeks to Russia.

We now prepared to disguise the men as well as circumstances would permit. We first cut off their beards and shaved them. As they meant to assume the character of sailors, we thought it would be well to give their fair faces

a sunburnt look, but we had nothing at hand to do it. At length we thought of snuff; and here a trait of that hilarity and thoughtless gaiety which distinguishes the Greek character occurred. In rubbing the snuff on the face of the old man it set him sneezing violently; the grimace he made was so odd, and the use of the snuff so out of the way, that they were all seized with uncontrollable fits of laughter, and in a moment seemed to forget entirely the state of anxious peril in which they were. They were soon, however, recalled to it in a most painful manner.

It was now midnight; the room we were in opened on a platform, which communicated with a tiled roof in the rear of the house. We were alarmed at the sound of feet walking on the tiles; and, on looking through the glass door, perceived the figure of a man approaching. I ran to the front window, and there saw a body of Turks at the hall-door. It was now all over—the house was surrounded—disguise or concealment was in vain—and the unfortunate fugitives sat petrified and motionless with terror. The man put his face to the glass to ascertain that the Greeks were there, when suddenly the mother started from the abject terror in which she lay, uttered a cry of joy, and clapping her hands, ran to the door and opened it. She had recognized the face as that of her son. He was a fine, comely lad, about fifteen, disguised in a Turkish dress. When the family dispersed he had concealed himself in a place of safety; but feeling the utmost anxiety about the fate of his parents, he had come forth to find and assist them. He suspected where they had taken refuge. He had procured a ladder, and, at the most imminent personal risk, had taken a circuit, dragging it after him, till he reached the high wall of the French palace, which he climbed, and so found those he was in search of. By the assistance of this noble-spirited,

intelligent lad we managed everything. We adapted our clothes to fit the men, tied cravats about their necks, and put hats on their heads. Mrs. Leeves made up a sack with a supply of provisions, that they might not be under the necessity of seeking food at a house, and we replenished their purses with some piastres.

In the insecurity of property, the Greeks generally vest it in valuable portable ornaments, which they may always carry about their persons; and the ladies had jewels and gold chains, which could not be available by the men without great danger, but which they wished to leave with us—of course we declined such a deposit. When everything was prepared, their young guide led them to the ladder; as they descended at the other side they made the usual Greek salutation, first applying their hands to their lips and then their forehead. They disappeared behind the wall, and we never saw them again. We continued several days in no small anxiety about their fate, but learned at length that they had made their way in disguise to the sea-coast; they were there taken on board a Russian vessel, and were conveyed in safety to Odessa, where their family soon after joined them. We afterwards found that the people we had preserved were highly respectable. The young lady, whose unshaken dignity we had admired, was the descendant of a Greek princess, and herself entitled to that appellation; and both the gentlemen were high in rank and station among their countrymen. What connexion they had with the revolution, or whether any, we could not learn; but when we reflected on the event, and considered that so many excellent persons had thus escaped a miserable death or intolerable suffering, and were now living in health and enjoyment, we felt it as one of the purest pleasures reflection could impart. As the Turks had

exhibited beards as trophies of death, we preserved them as evidence of life. We divided those of the men we had disguised, and still retain them as memorials.

The next morning I returned to Pera. In making my way to the caique that was to convey me, the Turks I passed threw on me many a suspicious scowl, but offered no personal violence. Indeed, their moderation and forbearance in their state of excitement were as remarkable as they were unexpected. They knew the Greeks they were in search of had taken refuge in Mr. Leeves's house, but they never attempted to follow them there. They walked up and down before the door, watching the moment they should come forth to seize them, but they did not presume to violate the sanctity of his house by entering it, or in any way molesting the family, though they were certain they had the victims concealed within. For this, perhaps, he was indebted to the care of Lord Strangford. He represented to the Porte, that an English subject was residing at Therapia, exposed to the peril of the times, and orders were given to the Bin Bashi, or colonel of the troops in the district, to take him under his particular protection. When he was afterwards leaving the town, the colonel applied to him for a bacshish, or present, in return for his care. He purchased from a German storekeeper in Galata a gaudy umbrella of scarlet cotton, and sent it to the colonel, who was highly delighted with the gift, and was fond of displaying it over his head.

Among the embarrassments under which the Turkish government at this time laboured was the conduct of the janissaries. This corps, which had resisted, with such fearful and successful violence, every attempt to innovate on their venerable ignorance, availed itself of every circumstance which occurred to display their discontent, and make it subservient to their own interests. They were generally

themselves the shopkeepers of Constantinople, or connected with them, and when their occupation was interrupted, and their usual profits failed, by the general suspension of business which took place, they left their shops and assembled as usual at the Etmeidan, to dictate to the Sultan and extort concessions. They now demanded the dismissal of the ministry, and that eighteen heads should be sent to them of persons they named. Among the expedients taken to pacify them was an increase in the value of the money in which they had been paid. All the rhubius, a small gold coin current at one hundred and ten paras, were raised to one hundred and twenty, so that the people who had them were obliged to give them in at the old rate, and take them back from the janissaries at the additional value imposed on them. By these and similar expedients they were induced to disperse for the present; and the government so far succeeded that, instead of eighteen of their own heads being sent to the Etmeidan, three of the most refractory of the janissary officers were sent to the Porte, from thence they were consigned to the Towers of Oblivion on the Bosphorus, and never heard of more.

The Greeks had now a formidable naval armament from the islands of Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara, and the Turks prepared to meet and annihilate it. The Turkish men-of-war are, perhaps, the finest and largest in the world. They are built by skilful Europeans, from the enlightened parts of Europe, whom they invite to the dock-yards in the Golden Horn, which are, perhaps, the best supplied in Europe. Noble timber for ship-building is found in profusion in the forests on the shores of the Black Sea, within twenty miles of the capital; hemp for cord and canvass is imported readily from the neighbouring Russian ports; and metal for ordnance is abundant. Should a supply of

these materials be suspended from abroad, they possess the means at home. Rosin, pitch, and tar, are obtained from Negropont; hemp from Samsoon; and gunpowder is manufactured at Gallipoli and Salonichi. Of all these advantages the Turks have availed themselves with a sagacity quite extraordinary in such a people. I visited the arsenal and dock-yards at Pieri Pasha, the cannon-foundry and the depôt at Tophana, and I think them more extensive, and apparently as well supplied and conducted, as those at Portsmouth or Woolwich; nor are they to be exceeded, I suppose, by any country in Europe. The former extends from Galata, along the harbour, for a mile and a half, having a grand range of stores and work-houses, constructed of solid masonry, with rope-walks, and an hospital. There are five hundred labourers, with as many slaves, who have been condemned for various crimes, who are chained together. With this are connected noble dry docks, one of them three hundred and forty feet long, constructed by a French engineer. They launch and rig ships not inferior to their means of building and equipment. In order to preserve them with the greater care, they only cruise in summer, and on their return in autumn they lie drawn up in the Bosphorus and harbour, exhibiting a noble appearance, superior, I think, to any fleet I have ever seen.

The Turks themselves are no sailors; but their deficiency was supplied by the activity and intelligence of the Greeks, whose skill and enterprise in their merchant-ships were highly and justly appreciated by their masters, and the Greek sailors on board were always the main dependence of the crew. The great commercial islands of Hydra and Spezzia always supplied a certain number. They were now, however, not to be confided in: many were executed on suspicion, many were arrested and sent to the prison of

the Bagnio, where they were chained as slaves; many had contrived to desert, and escaped in various directions to join the ships of their countrymen, and the few that remained were not employed in navigating the vessels. It had been usual on such emergencies to enter coffee-houses and take every man they could find, without knowing or caring whether he had ever been on board a ship, as the Turks had no commerce to resort to, or merchant-ships to furnish them with sailors for their fleet. On this occasion, however, the Capitan Pasha proposed that all the boatmen on the Bosphorus should be engaged for the purpose. He had been one, and he supposed they could navigate a ship, though not one of them, no more than himself, had ever sailed in one. An effort was made, therefore, to induce them to embark, but, to a man, they positively refused. Recourse was then had to a compulsory process, similar to our pressing; but the boatmen form a numerous and powerful body, and showed such a determination to resist, that it was deemed prudent to give up the attempt. Notwithstanding the unmitigated despotism and unsparing ferocity of the government, they dared not exasperate this fierce democracy, particularly as they were so useful a body, whose removal would have suspended all intercourse in the most necessary concerns of life, between Constantinople, Pera, Scutari, and the shores of the Bosphorus, to which caiques were the only mode of conveyance. The contrast between England and Turkey in this respect struck me very forcibly: in the freest government on earth a large and powerful class of men are liable to be torn from their families and employment on the slightest exigency, without the smallest regard to their civil rights; in the most despotic, the government, in its utmost need, dare not compel one of them against his inclination.

The Turks, however, availed themselves of another and more skilful and efficient class. About the shipping of Pera and Galata there is always a number of Genoese, Maltese, Ragusan, and other European seamen unemployed, and ready to enter any service. The keepers of the coffee-houses which they frequented proceeded to the Porte, and offered their services. Some entered voluntarily, and many were entrapped in a state of intoxication. They were all, however, engaged to man the fleet, and supply the place of the Greeks. The Turks in general were not pleased to depend for defence, under present circumstances, on any Christian people; but they had no alternative. Another accession of Mahomedan force was made, which reconciled them to a few Christian auxiliaries. The Egyptian and Algerine fleets were ordered to meet the Turkish, and unite with them in the Archipelago. Before the fleet sailed from Constantinople, it hauled out of the harbour, and the whole were drawn up in the Bosphorus. I took a caique and rowed through it. I was astonished at the magnificence and equipment of these vast floating cities. One was called the Mahmood, after the Sultan, and was supposed to be the largest in the world. She was pierced for one hundred and forty, and had on board one hundred and thirty brass guns, carrying, I was told, one hundred pound balls on her lower decks; the rest, about twenty-five in number, were ships of the line and frigates. They presented a grand sight, rising out of the water, both in length and breadth, with an appearance more imposing, I thought, than English vessels of the same rate. The brightness of the guns—the freshness of the cordage and canvass—the gaiety and rich ness of the painting—all gave an impression of naval archi-tecture brought to the highest state of perfection. On the bows of each was the lion, highly carved and naturally

coloured, presenting this emblem of the Turkish empire in his most formidable attitude. They carried a complement, on an average, of one thousand four hundred men each, and they seemed capable of opening a cannonade that would almost blow a Greek island out of the water. The caiquegee Abdalla had been removed as altogether inefficient to conduct such a fleet; and Kara Ali, or Black Ali, had been appointed Capitan Pasha. The fleet sailed from the Bosphorus on the 14th of August, through crowds of people who lined the shore, with all the pride, pomp and circumstance that could produce an imposing effect; and when I considered that this noble fleet was to be reinforced by two others, and the naval power of Egypt and Africa was to join, I thought it impossible that any little flotilla the Greeks could collect could give it opposition for a single day.

The Capitan Pasha sailed first for Samos. When the Greeks heard he was at sea, they drew out their flotilla, consisting of one hundred sail, most of them mere craft, and the largest not carrying more than thirty small guns. They followed the Turks everywhere, hovering about them like a cloud; ready to take advantage, from their lightness and dexterity, of any circumstance, and keeping their enemies in a continued state of alarm. They left Samos without attempting anything, and proceeded to the Morea; and having victualled some of the garrisons on the coast, sailed for Patras, and thence up the Gulf of Lepanto, till they arrived at Galaxidi. This is a small port in the district of the ancient Locri, in the Bay of Cirrha. There were lying in the harbour a fleet of about fifty small ships, brigs, and sloops belonging to the inhabitants, who were industrious and commercial. These small ships the inhabitants had converted, like most of the other maritime towns, into

vessels of war, and undertook to blockade the fortress of Lepanto, just in their neighbourhood, which they did with considerable effect, considering their very feeble means. The inhabitants of this little place knew they were devoted to destruction when the Turkish fleet approached; they therefore drew off their fleet from before the fortress, threw up some batteries on a small island at the entrance of the bay, and moored their ships in a judicious position; then sending off their wives and children to Salone, which was in their rear, and in the possession of their countrymen, they embarked on board their flotilla, and prepared to defend it to the last.

The Turks commenced a bombardment, which was answered by the Greeks with great vivacity. It lasted for nine hours, till night put an end to it. The next morning it was renewed. A circumstance gave it considerable interest. The Greek army under Demetrius Ypsilantes had marched abreast of the Turkish fleet on the coast of the Morea, prepared to repel any attempt at landing for the purpose of plunder. They now halted opposite the ships, which they could distinctly see and hear at the other side of the narrow strait, but they had no means of getting across to the assistance of their friends. The report of the guns formed a striking contrast. That of the Turks was like thunder echoing along the shores; the return of the Greeks succeeded, sharp and feeble, like the report of pistols, strongly indicating the extraordinary disparity of the means of resistance. Towards evening the firing ceased. The great body of the Greeks, finding opposition with their shattered craft no longer practicable, left the vessels and town, and returned to their families. Some, however, still remained, and, with a fruitless enthusiasm, determined never to abandon their ships. They were captured after an

expiring struggle—the Algerines landed and plundered the town, and the Capitan Pasha, having taken possession of the ships and their intrepid crews, again set sail.

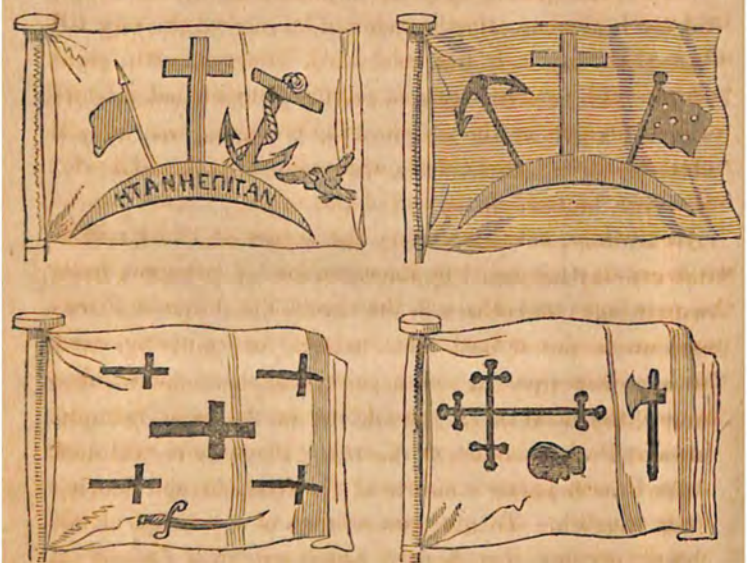
When the sanguine Greeks of the capital heard that the Turks had ventured up the narrow Gulf of Lepanto, with the Greek fleet pursuing them, they looked forward to a result similar to that which occurred when their ancestors, as they said, destroyed the immense ships of the Persians, which had entered the Gulf of Engia, on the opposite side of the isthmus; and had they been followed up, it is not impossible that the result might have been similar. But the same dissension which had nearly frustrated the combined Greek fleet at that time, did so effectually on the present occasion. The Hydriots could not hazard the total loss of their ships, in which many persons had shares, so the fleet dispersed and retired to the several islands.

Meantime the Capitan Pasha returned to the Dardanelles, to lay up his fleet for the winter, but determined to display his triumph in the most imposing manner at Constantinople. His victory and his approach were announced; and as I had seen him depart, I determined to see him return. On the 24th of November I proceeded down to Tophana, the large area of which I found crowded with people, and presenting all the appearance of a jubilee. Refreshments were everywhere laid out to be sold; little shows were exhibited, and magnificent Arabian horses, splendidly caparisoned, were walked up and down by grooms, waiting the landing of the Capitan Pasha and his officers, to convey them in state to the Porte. All eyes were directed to the point of the Seraglio, round which the ships of the fleet would first be seen to sail. Presently the leading vessel appeared turning the point; the crews of the captured ships were reserved for this exhibition: they

were seen on deck with cords about their necks, and were then dropped from different parts of the rigging, so that every vessel as it approached was distinguished by a number of men struggling in the agonies of death from the bowsprits and yard-arms.

The next day the ships proceeded up the harbour to the arsenal amid a general explosion of cannon, which actually shook the three towns of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari; and two three-deckers, with the imperial flag flying, cast anchor just opposite my windows, with the bodies hanging round them, and flights of gulls screaming and hovering over them. This horrid exhibition remained for some days, and as the putrid bodies were dropped, the gulls lighted on them; and they so continued, floating among the boats and shipping for near a month, till the slow current carried them by degrees out of the harbour. The Greek prizes had been brought in tow after the Turks, with their flags half hauled down, and those of their captors flying over them. Compared with their opponents, they did not seem larger than the boats of the fleet. They were laid up at the arsenal, and I took a caique to view them. There were twenty sloops, of about thirty tons, and very small brigs, the largest not exceeding one hundred tons. Their guns were generally swivels mounted on the bows, and a few had small iron carronades on the deck, much honeycombed, and without carriages. The bows of some were stove in by the enormous shot of the Turkish guns, while their little balls could not penetrate an inch into the planks of their enemies. Their sails and cordage were much decayed, though every one of them had a large new flag flying, with some national device, generally an inverted crescent, surmounted with a cross. Some had an anchor beside these emblems, and others an eagle tearing the crescent to

pieces; and on several was the inscription of the Spartan Mother.



It was with this diminutive and feeble force that the Greeks had determined to resist the tremendous power opposed to them, and the immense contrast which I had seen enabled me to estimate their boldness and gallantry. I detail to you in succession the different impressions left upon my mind by these people. The first were mixed with strong prejudices, formed by much that I had seen and heard. As my acquaintance with them extended, these were modified by respect, and established into a strong sensation of interest for their fate, and admiration of their qualities.

In December occurred the birth-day of the Prophet, as well as that of our Saviour, and it is held in similar esteem

by his disciples, and celebrated with festivity. But the Sultan did not return to the Seraglio on the occasion as usual. He had been warned by the Monejin Bashi, that the stars had foretold some calamity to him if he entered the city till after that day. It was celebrated, however, with great pomp; and in order again to avert any threatened misfortune to his person, the weight of the prediction was caused to fall on three Greek priests, who were executed, and he did not return himself till the end of December.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the scenes of blood which we every day witnessed by the executions of prisoners from the provinces and others, in the streets, the different European embassies opened their palaces for company, and the winter was passed with a gaiety and social intercourse among the Franks as it would be in the most tranquil times at Paris, London, or Vienna. Plays were exhibited at the French palace, concerts at the Austrian, and dancing at the English. To give you an idea of our usages, I will describe one day "at home," which exhibited a mixture of Eastern and Western people, and a variety of costume very unusual, which I had never seen before. In the day there were assembled at dinner the diplomatic bodies and their suites, with the dragomans and their families, arrayed in calpacs, and long furred robes, speaking themselves ten different languages, and their wives Greek and Italian. In the evening the halls and whole suite of rooms were crowded, either with actors or spectators. I counted the different nations assembled, distinguishable either by their countenances or their dresses, their beards, whiskers, mustachios, smooth chins, long hair, shaven crowns, tufted heads, calpacs, turbans, fezzes, long robes, and short coats, and I reckoned as follows, either attached to the different missions, merchants, travellers, or natives, viz., Swedes, Norwegians,

Danes, Dutch, Germans, Russians, Prussians, Austrians, French, Spaniards, Portuguese, Swiss, Genoese, Italians, Neapolitans, Ionians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Turks, Persians, Chaldeans, Smyrneotes, Syrians, with English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish. It seemed, indeed, as if people felt a sense of security in the English palace, and in times of peril and dismay flocked to it as to an asylum, where they forgot for a moment the dismal scenes that encompassed them.

To add to this real variety of dress and character, several groups represented in masquerade particular classes in their own country. A sultana took her place on the throne, surrounded by her slaves, who presented her in succession with ornaments and confectionary, and then danced and sung for her amusement, displaying a real representation of the inside of a harem, by persons who had themselves borne a part in its ceremonies. After this a company of Greeks, not yet involved in the calamities of their country, danced the Romaic, which consisted of a group, in which one led with a handkerchief and the persons changed places in succession, with a very dull and tiresome movement. Then hands were taken by the whole company, and a cordon of an endless variety of knots was thus formed, which extended to an immense length, and continued to move, without breaking, through all the apartments. But the characters which excited most curiosity were the representation of two quakers, caricaturing, of course, the respectable people they personated. One of that body, I imagine, had not been seen at Constantinople since the year 1661, when an enthusiast set out from Dublin to convert the Grand Turk, and his zeal was requited by the Earl of Winchelsea, our Ambassador, who ordered him to be bastinadoed on the spot, because he refused to take off his hat. They now

caused considerable interest, and many persons applied to me to know what class or country they belonged to, and I rather surprised them by the assurance that they formed one of the most estimable and respectable portions of the English nation.

On such days I had often in the morning visited some unfortunate Greek family, reduced from the highest rank and affluence to the lowest state of humiliation and poverty, where the males had all been swept away, and the females were struggling, unprotected, through scenes of the greatest horror and affliction. In passing through Constantinople with a friend, I was struck with the sound of a piano-forte. I did not imagine that the walls of the city contained within them such an instrument; and on inquiring I found that part of the obscure house from whence it proceeded, was occupied by one of the most distinguished families among the aristocracy of the Fanal. It was that of the Princess Smaragda Morousi, who was married to the Hatman Alexander Mavrocordato, an intelligent and enlightened man, fond of literary retirement, and devoting his whole time to the instruction of his numerous family. He was living at Therapia when the Greek insurrection began, and without any more evidence that he was concerned in it than his being a Greek, his house was seized, his property confiscated, himself carried off to Asia Minor, where it was supposed he was or would be strangled, and his wife and daughters left in utter destitution, in the midst of a guard of ruffian soldiers. Her uncle and her two brothers had been already put to death, and she hourly expected that of her husband and sons.

The soldiers were part of the guard in the Valley of Buyukderé, and their commander, Ibrahim, Pasha of Nicomedia, was a large man, with a comely, but coarse coun-

tenance, and a person of the most unrestrained sensuality. Helena, the second daughter of the Princess, was very beautiful and highly accomplished, about fifteen. On her he fixed his eyes, and was continually prowling about the house like an hyæna. He made several attempts to get her into his power, but the child clung to her mother's side, and without brute force, which he was afraid to use, he never could separate them. When Helena saw his face continually glaring in at the window, and associated with him the murder and desolation of all she loved, she was seized with irrepressible horror, and could not bear the sight. She disappeared and was no where to be found. She was at length observed in a cistern, where she had fled to conceal herself, and have the means of immediately putting a period to her life, if the object of her horror should discover her.

He was removed to another command, and the family allowed to live in the Fanal. It was an indulgence to escape from the brutal soldiery, but none to reside here. All the Greeks who survived the first massacre were sent to this and to other places as prisons, where they might be always under the eye of the Turks, and found whenever it was resolved to execute them. I felt a deep interest in her family, and frequently visited them at their lodgings in mean and obscure apartments. It was Helena who played the piano; she was anxious to acquire European accomplishments, and succeeded to her wish. Among the music was one strain she was particularly fond of without knowing its name. I informed her the words were, "Hope told a flattering tale, that joy would soon return." She accepted the omen with enthusiasm, a joy in sadness that was quite affecting, and she never ceased playing it with the most pathetic effect.

But though the cause of her illness was removed, the effects

were fatal. Her constitution had received so violent a shock through her sensibility, that she soon sunk under it. When times became more tranquil, her family was suffered to remove to St. Demetri, a healthy village on a hill opposite Pera, for the benefit of the air. I was so anxious for her fate that I established a communication by telegraph with her sister, by which I was every morning apprised of the state of her health, and it amused her to keep up the distant conversation. One morning the preconcerted signal was not returned—I conjectured the fatal cause—Helena was dead. I had received from the Prayer-book Society a case of copies of our Liturgy, translated into several languages, and among the rest into Greek. I gave her one in her native tongue, and she became passionately attached to it. Her fine understanding at once perceived the superiority of our service to the frivolous superstitions of her own. While confined to her bed she was continually reading the book, and when she died, it was found under her pillow, open at the funeral service.

It was not the circumstances of her family alone that excited my interest for this girl—their former rank and distinction, and the utter ruin and desolation to which the state of the country had reduced them; but her own personal claims were of a high order. She realized to me what I had conceived of an ancient Greek statue, animated and endued with all the fine qualities of its contemporary females. Her figure, dress, and mind seemed formed on such a model. The books she was fondest of were the ancient Greek poets and historians. She frequently read for me Homer in the original, but the modern pronunciation was very different indeed from that which we teach in our seminaries. She assisted my friend Mr. Leeves in his translation of the Scripture into modern Greek for the benefit of her country, and

showed a capacity, feeling, and interest in every thing that was good and praiseworthy.

I dwell on her character the more from a wish to convince you that the Greeks of the Fanal are not the worthless and deteriorated people you have supposed, on the misrepresentation of some who write from ignorance or prejudice. The individual is only a representative of a numerous class who are just as estimable. The cultivation of their minds generally may be judged from this fact. In passing along the Pera street one day, I saw the pavement covered with odd volumes of the best editions of the classics, and works in the modern languages. On inquiring where they came from, I learned that part of the property which the Turks had seized and appropriated in the Greek houses was large collections of books, which the learned Thebans into whose hands they fell sold to the Jews by bulk or weight, and they had so exposed them for sale. It was afterwards found that the books might be turned to better profit than by selling odd volumes by weight; so the government took up the affair, but not knowing much better than the others what to do with the books, they sent to the Patriarch, to let him know that he must remit to the Porte fifty thousand piastres, and take the whole to reimburse himself as well as he could. They were, therefore, taken and placed in a khan, where they filled several large rooms, and some Greeks were appointed to class and catalogue them. When this was done, the Franks of every nation were invited to inspect and purchase them, and I went over to the Fanal with many others for the purpose. The collection consisted of about fifteen thousand volumes, in ancient and modern Greek, French, and Italian, on all subjects, and some of them the best editions. About as many more had been destroyed, or sold by the Turks to the Jews. I purchased

several which had belonged to distinguished names in the Fanal, and I prize them because they contained the autographs of Morousi, Ypsilantes, Mavrocordato, and others. It will lead you, however, to estimate the cultivation of mind of the class in whose houses such evidence of extensive literary knowledge was discovered.

CHAPTER XIII.

Death of Ali Pasha—Approximation of Turks to Popular Representation—Persian War—Causes of it—Effects at Constantinople—Turkish notions of Plague—Prospect of War with Russia—Island of Scio—Character of its Inhabitants—High state of Prosperity—Establishment of College—Intelligence of Natives—Insurrection at Samos—Landing at Scio—Indisposition of the People to join in it—News of the Event arrives at Constantinople—Turkish Fleet sets sail—How manned—Character of Kara Ali, the Capitan Pasha—Arrives at Scio—Offers an Amnesty—Rejected by the Samiotes, who leave the Island—Turks land—Indiscriminate Massacre—Horrible Atrocities—Example set by Capitan Pasha—Utter Devastation of the Island—Greek Fire-ships—Sudden Destruction of Capitan Pasha and his Ship.

The commencement of the year 1822 was distinguished by the death of Ali Pasha. His head was sent up to Constantinople, and the Tartar who bore it along the road was everywhere stopped by the people, who wished to view the seat of wisdom of that formidable man, who for so many years had excited the attention of Europe. On the 14th of February it arrived, and was exposed in a dish on a pillar in the first court of the Seraglio, where I, among others, witnessed this display of Oriental usage.

But the circumstance which counterbalanced this good news was the general apprehension of the certainty of a war with Russia, and that another formidable enemy would be added to the embarrassments of the Porte. In this emergency a very extraordinary innovation was made in the constitution of the state, and something like an approximation to a popular government. At a grand sitting of the Divan summons were issued to the Mutevelis, or paymasters of the

different ortas of janissaries, to be present as representatives of these corps, and as they included a large body of the citizens of Constantinople, they were in some measure the representatives of the people. On this occasion another display of concession to popular feeling took place. The Esnaffs, or corporations, were also invited to attend, and they were informed that it would be probable the country would soon be involved in a war with Russia, and it was proposed to repel force by force. It was unnecessary for them to send up addresses in reply, with offers of "their lives and fortunes," for they knew they were already at the Sultan's disposal. The communication was conveyed through these directors to the companies they represented, and a general feeling of an immediate war with Russia was everywhere diffused. To meet this emergency, notifications were made in the mosques, that every man should prepare his arms, and again the city was thrown into a state of as fearful anarchy as before.

That nothing might be wanting to add to the embarrassments of the Turks at this time, the Persians commenced hostilities, and invaded the eastern territories with four armies. One was commanded by Ali Mirza, the eldest son of the Shah, who suddenly entered Armenia, at the head of a large body of forces, without notice or the knowledge, it is said, of his father. In the critical state of affairs between the Turks and Russians, it was a movement universally attributed to the latter, as another means of annoyance and embarrassment. The Turks prepared for resistance—war was formally proclaimed; and an order was dispatched to all the pashalics in Asia to make a levy of the whole population to repel the unjust aggression. In the meantime a messenger was dispatched from Constan-

tinople by the British Ambassador, to ascertain the real cause of hostilities, in order that it might be removed.

It was found that various reasons of well-grounded complaint existed. The Turkish Pasha of Erzeroum had frequently attacked and plundered the Persian pilgrims and merchants. Several females of high rank, who had gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca, were similarly treated. But the cause which interested me most was, that of some Persian students, who had been sent to England for their education. They returned home by Constantinople, and were furnished with passports by the Sultan himself, that they should be allowed to proceed to Tabriz with their books, instruments, medicines, and other appendages of their European studies without being molested or searched, or any duty exacted from them as a tax on knowledge or learning. Yet, notwithstanding, they were searched and plundered by the barbarous Turkish authorities, and exactions levied on their books and instruments. Repeated complaints were made of these and similar outrages, but the Persians obtained no redress from the Porte, so they resolved to take the matter into their own hands. They were joined by some rebel Koords, and attacking the Turks between Tabriz and Erzeroum, completely defeated them, with the loss of all their baggage. They prepared to march on Bagdat, and we hourly expected to hear that the Ottoman empire, now sore beset on all sides, would lose that large and important barrier of their eastern frontier, and the Persians would co-operate with the Russians and Greeks in its total dismemberment. They were saved, however, by an auxiliary as unexpected as it was powerful. The Asiatic cholera had set out from the East, and had travelled so far on its way to Europe. It suddenly appeared with the most ma-

lignant symptoms, and several Europeans fell victims to it. All military operations were suspended, and the Persians retired before this formidable opponent.

Among the evils that surrounded the Franks at Constantinople, the apprehension of this distant one was not the least alarming. The rumour of its ravages and certain progress was everywhere talked of, and its undefined and mysterious symptoms, as they were reported, gave it something of an awful character. It was generally supposed that Constantinople was the direction it was taking, and the constant influx of people from Asia to the capital could not fail to convey it. But while we all talked of this distant malady, one equally terrible burst out at home.

In conformity with established usage, all the Persians found in Constantinople were seized and cast into prison. Here, from the crowds confined together, a miasma was generated, which burst out in the form of plague. From the malignity of its symptoms, and the various exciting causes which exist to propagate a contagious complaint, it was expected to spread abroad and become very dreadful, but the Turks declared it would not. It is a remark founded on experience, that war and pestilence, to any extent, never coexist in the capital. This is supposed to proceed from the circumstance, that the great mass of the poorer populace, among whom the plague usually makes its greatest ravages, is drawn off to supply the armies, and the *fomes* of the disease is thus removed. The Turks, however, account for it in a much more pious way. They say that Alla never afflicts his faithful people with more than one calamity at a time, and pestilence never begins till war ceases. It is certain that this was the first symptom of plague which had appeared since the Greek war commenced, and it soon disappeared.

As the general impression on the minds of all the people here was, that there would be an immediate war with Russia, and that, in such a case, there would be no continuing here for Franks, particularly English, the mercantile people began to contract their speculations, and call in their debts. Indeed, the inducements to remain were not very powerful to any who could depart. All the excesses committed before were re-enacted by the armed populace, and the unfortunate Rayas appeared as if exterminated. A great part of the profits of Turkish tradesmen was derived from the dealings of the Rayas; this was altogether suspended, and the Turks quietly brought the keys of their shops to Kiaya Bey, and deposited them in his office. They said there was no use in keeping an open shop any longer, as no one was left to purchase.

When we had supposed that the excesses committed in the first ebullition of rage had entirely ceased, and the crisis of excitement in the capital had passed, a new scene of horror presented itself, more afflicting than any which had occurred. The island of Scio, the ancient Χιος, is one of the finest in the Archipelago; it is one hundred and thirty miles in circumference, and contained within it all the elements of beauty and prosperity. We passed by it on our way, and saw it peaceful, smiling, and lovely. It has been in all ages celebrated and visited; but it was particularly noted for the pleasing manners of its people, and the excellence of its wine, which at one period, with that of Falernum, divided the taste of the world. The pure climate of the island, and the natural disposition of the inhabitants, combined to form that gaiety and vivacity of character, which gave rise to the proverb, that it would be easier to find a green horse than a grave Sciot*; and Parthenius, a Neapolitan poet, represents

* Εὑρεσκεῖν ῥᾶον ἵππον πράσινον ἢ Χιῶτα φρονιμον.

them as gaining the affection of strangers by their pleasing manners, kind services and agreeable wine *.

In more modern times it was esteemed as the only place which had escaped the debasing influence of Turkish oppression. The soil was not "sterile and neglected, and the inhabitants poor and profligate," according to the reproach of modern Greece. It had been early granted by the Turkish Sultans to some Sultana who stood in a certain degree of relationship to the reigning monarch, as a source of revenue, with power to regulate its interior concerns. These females were generally of amiable and upright dispositions, and the Sciotes prospered greatly under their gentle sway. The land was elaborated to the highest degree of cultivation by the skill and industry of its peasantry, so that it supplied the greater part of the fruits and vegetables consumed at Constantinople, and every house had a Sciote, as the only person capable of managing a garden. The people were distinguished among all the Greeks for their higher tone of moral and mental improvements; the merchants were by far the most rich and well-informed of the Levant, and the women were equally eminent for their beauty, accomplishments, and propriety of manners. They are represented by all who visited the island as exceedingly interesting, gentle, cheerful, and innocent; devoted to domestic duties, yet endearing themselves to strangers by their kind and affectionate hospitality. In the days of Plutarch they were so distinguished for the correctness and purity of their lives, that he says there had not been a case of adultery on the island for seven hundred years†, a reputation which they still maintained. They

* Nec non et placidi mores et amica vinum vis
Docta animos capere officio.

† De Vita Mulierum.

were famous for their manufactures of silk, and I send you some of their beautiful purses, as a memorial of the taste and elegance of those amiable, but now most unfortunate beings. Besides the city, the island contained sixty-six villages. Of the latter, twenty-three were engaged in the cultivation of mastic. This is a gum which exudes from a species of the pistacia*, and is used by all the Oriental ladies, who constantly chew it, as giving an odoriferous fragrance to the breath, and preserving the teeth and gums. The population, lately returned by the Greek archbishop, was seventy thousand, some of them members of the Latin church. Of these, fifteen resided in the city, thirty in the mastic villages, and twenty-five in the remainder; besides these there were about two thousand Turks and one thousand Jews. Other calculations make the inhabitants more numerous, exceeding one hundred thousand. Though the governor was a Turk, called a Muzzelim, the people themselves elected four Γεροντες, or Seniors, to conduct their affairs, one of them being of the Latin church, as representative of the people of that persuasion. The governor seldom interfered in their proceedings—they exercised a legislative and judicial authority—raised and regulated the tribute; and were so respected, that a muzzelim who displeased them was immediately recalled on any complaint.

Among the recent proofs of the high state of improvement and prosperity this island attained to, is a college established and opened some years ago, to complete which one of its merchants contributed a hundred thousand crowns. This was supplied with professors in all the languages and sciences, and the youth of Greece were sent to it for education from the most distant places. It contained six hundred students, and a library of six thousand volumes,

* Pistacia Lentiscus.

with a printing office, from whence new books were daily issuing, particularly editions of the ancient classics. In fact, this lovely island was the beacon which was lighting the degenerate descendants of Aristides and Epaminondas in the way of their ancestors, and was accordingly looked up to as the hope of modern Greece. When the insurrection burst out, they took no part in it: devoted to the arts of peace, and believing that the time, though approaching, was not yet arrived for their liberation, they continued undisturbed in the quiet progress of improvement. Knowing their indisposition to engage in revolutionary scenes, a very feeble Turkish garrison on the island was considered quite sufficient.

It was their usage, that one of every mercantile house should reside on the island, while another conducted business at some European city. That of Rhalle had establishments in Vienna and London, and others in other places. They alternated the residence, so that there was a succession of intelligent men continually returning to the island, and bringing with them the lights and improvements of the country from whence they came. Quite disengaged from business, they devoted their whole attention to the improvement of themselves and the younger branches of their families, and in cultivating their land or their gardens. Hence it was that the society of Scio was exceedingly pleasing to strangers, particularly to the English. Every one who went with letters was hospitably received into the house of an educated family, the master of which, having no mercantile pursuits to engross his time, directed all his attention to his guest; and no one ever visited the island in this way but spoke highly of the pleasure they received from improved and cultivated minds and kind and hospitable hearts. There resided at Constantinople at this time

a number of Sciote merchants, who formed by far the most respectable part of the trading community of their countrymen.

When the Greek squadron first sailed the year before, they visited Scio, among the other islands of the Archipelago, with a view to engage it in the general cause. An Ipsariot sailor landed, and went through the villages distributing the revolutionary proclamation; but he found the inhabitants quite reluctant to expose their present security and prosperity to the hazard of what they supposed to be an impracticable attempt; they begged of their countryman to depart, and the emissary returned without effecting his purpose. In order to guard against any further attempt, the principal inhabitants raised contributions among themselves, for the purpose of procuring a larger Turkish force than that on the island, and sufficient to protect them against a similar indiscretion of their own countrymen. The Turks accordingly sent them a Pasha as governor, and four thousand men to reinforce the garrison; and the Sciotes, to show their entire dependence on them, agreed that a certain number of themselves should be sent to the fortress as hostages—the Archbishop Plato and the four gerontes voluntarily, entered it. On the pretext of sending them to visit their families, ten more were demanded; these also entered, though the others were not suffered to depart. More were added under various pretexts, till at length the Turks held seventy-four heads of the principal families of the island in custody, as guarantees for the good behaviour of the rest.

The contiguous island of Samos had taken an early and decided part in the insurrection, and had everywhere exterminated the Turks. They established a regular revolutionary government, elected a senate and enrolled an army. They were of an enterprising, military character, and many

of them had served in the Russian armies, where they had improved themselves in the art of war, and in feelings of hatred and contempt for the Turks. A corps of three thousand such men was regularly organised, and they not only formed an effectual protection to the island, but they planned expeditions to the continent, and kept the Turks there in continual alarm. They carried off various kinds of plunder, with the Mahomedans to whom it belonged as slaves, and liberated many Christians; and the island became an asylum for all who could escape from the neighbouring coast.

Among these was an enterprising man, who had lived for some time at Smyrna, where he kept, I think, an apothecary's shop, or drug bazaar; but being of an ardent temperament, he returned to Samos when the insurrection broke out, to take a leading part in it. His name was Logotheti, a common family one among the modern Greeks, to which he added the ancient one of Lycurgus, as many had adopted in a similar manner those of their respected ancestors. He was joined by a Sciote; named Antoniaki Boorna, who had been in the French army, but had abandoned it, as every other Greek had all foreign services, to hasten home and assist their own countrymen. He had been in the Morea, and proposed to Demetrius Ypsilantes a plan for stimulating the languid zeal of his countrymen, and exciting the important island of Scio in the general cause; but Ypsilantes was well aware of their indisposition, and, indeed, incapacity for such an undertaking. The ardent Sciote, however, returned home, collected some of his fellow-islanders at Samos, and proposed to Logotheti to make an attempt on Scio. They set out with a body of five hundred Samiotes and a hundred and fifty Sciotes, and landed in a bay at a short distance from the capital. Among the peasantry were some who were discontented at the contributions they

were called on to pay for the additional Turkish force, and they joined them on landing. The scattered Turks immediately fled before them in all directions, many were killed, and the rest escaped into the fortress. They established a provisional government of ephori on the island, collected cannon and reinforcements from Ipsara and other places; and as a regular Greek government was now established at Argos, they dispatched messengers thither for a sufficient reinforcement to keep possession of their conquest. They then directed the means they had against the fortress. In these events the respectable inhabitants took no part; they considered it a desperate enterprise of a few adventurers, who were even already beginning to quarrel among themselves, and they not only discountenanced it in the strongest manner, but many of them took refuge in the fortress with the Turks, and many more hastened to leave the island.

The news of these events arrived at Constantinople in the latter end of March, and seemed to paralyze the capital. It was the most decided proof they yet had of the extent of the insurrection and power of the insurgents, and it was an event they least expected. They at once prepared all their energies to suppress it. The Turkish squadron was at this time lying in the harbour, just opposite my windows, preparatory to being drawn out into the Bosphorus to proceed on its summer cruise. It was got ready before the usual time, with a promptitude quite astonishing in the motions of the Turks. They wanted men, but they soon found them. It was given out, that the island was to be surrendered to the adventurers who chose to engage in the expedition; the riches and timid character of the men, and the beauty of the women, were equally notorious, and the prospect of plunder and slaves, with little risk, attracted multitudes. The caiquegees, or boatmen, who before re-

fused, now came in crowds. Every ruffian who could command a knife or a pistol offered himself in the cause; and the fleet thus manned sailed in a few days. The Capitan Pasha was not the eccentric, good-natured Delhi Abdalla, whom I have described to you before, but his successor, Kara Ali, a person of unsparing ferocity, and exactly fitted for the enterprise. As he returned to port from his last expedition with struggling Greeks hanging to his rigging, so he now left it with a similar exhibition. Some of his officers, whose zeal in the cause did not keep pace with his own, incurred his displeasure. He immediately caused them to be hung up; and the last sight of his ships displayed them struggling in the air.

When he arrived opposite the island he cast anchor at Tchesmé, and here he took in a reinforcement of assassins. All the desperadoes on the coast were invited to join in the expedition. Every fellow that came on board with a weapon of death was received as welcome, and others were called on to follow in scampa vias, misticoes, or whatever conveyance they could find; and in this way about ten thousand Asiatic ruffians were added to those of Europe, among whom were many hummals, or porters, from the quays at Smyrna. From hence he stood across to the devoted island, and entered the harbour on the 11th of April, with seven sail of the line and six frigates and corvettes. His first act was one of apparent moderation. He sent on shore a flag, with directions to the insurgents to lay down their arms, and submit to mercy in eight hours; and to give greater influence to his proposals, he made a semblance of admitting the consular agents of the European powers on the island to become mediators. They promised to the Greeks pardon and protection in the name of the Sultan. A number of persons at once accepted of the terms; they were re-

ceived and placed apart in the convent of St. Minas. The Samiotes, however, held out, killed the Turkish officer who proposed terms, and continued to fire on the fortress. They retired to some distance, and, with the Sciotes who had joined them, made still a show of opposition. A detachment of three thousand men were sent against them, who soon dispersed them. They retired to the opposite side of the island, where they found a conveyance to cross the narrow passage, and took refuge in Ipsara. All opposition had ceased with their departure; and there was hardly a single person left in Scio who had a weapon of defence in his hand. Many of the inhabitants, who had fled from danger, met the Turkish fleet entering the harbour, came back with it as with friends and protectors, and in perfect security returned to their houses.

It was now that the meditated destruction burst upon the devoted island. Nine thousand fellows of the description I have mentioned were landed from the fleet, and as many more joined them from the opposite shore—the rumour had gone abroad of the prey held out to them—they hastened to the coast, and were seen swarming across the channel that divides the island from Asia, and every mistico poured forth a banditti of robbers and murderers. The town of Scio is entirely open and unprotected, and the inhabitants, feeling confidence in the retreat of the Samiotes and the presence of the Turks, had commenced their ordinary business, when this horde rushed upon them. They filled the streets, stabbing and shooting every person they met, without distinction of age or sex, and then burst into the houses. Here also they killed every one they found, and then began to plunder. The town contained about six thousand houses, and the greater number of them decorated in a costly manner, evincing the taste and opulence of the possessors.

There was not one of them spared. When all the visible valuables had been seized, they proceeded to search for what they supposed was concealed. Walls were torn down, and foundations upturned, so that the whole was literally left a mass of ruins—heaps of disjointed stones, with dead bodies crushed under them.

Meanwhile other parties had spread themselves over the villages in the country, which were similarly ruined. All who were met were immediately massacred,—all who could escape from immediate destruction fled to the hills. Here they were sometimes followed by bands of murderers, to seize whatever property they might have carried away on their persons. Rather than fall into the hands of their pursuers they rushed to the edges of precipices, and threw themselves down, so that the base of many a rock was a charnel-house strewed with crushed bodies. Scio is an island of gardens; in every one is a well, or cistern, forming a reservoir of water to be used in the heat of summer. In the appalling terror of the scenes around them, mothers ran with their daughters to these places, and on the first entrance of a Turk in the garden threw their children in, and then followed them; so that many of these reservoirs were found choked up with bodies. When every thing valuable was plundered or destroyed, the marauders began to make slaves of those who were left alive, and every blood-stained ruffian was seen returning to embark for his own abode with a troop of women and children as slaves, loaded with their own property as plunder.

In several places the affrighted inhabitants had taken refuge in convents and other asylums, hoping, if they escaped the first burst of cruelty, that they might be allowed to survive. But no indulgence seemed to satiate the thirst for blood and pillage. A crowd of females and children had

fled for refuge to the convent of Neamoni. They pursued them thither, and burst open the doors;—they first murdered the monks whom they met in the cells and passages, and then seized on the sacred utensils, which they collected in a heap, and they divided it, with the women and children who had sought refuge here, among them. A story was current at Constantinople, of their conduct at this monastery, that exceeds belief. They generally reserved all females to sell as slaves, and as their value was enhanced by their purity, the avarice of the captors often subdued their sensual passions. But here the latter was predominant—many of them gratified it on the spot, and then stabbed their victims, alleging that they could not now sell them, or their own children might become slaves. Similar scenes were acted in other convents, where they burnt out the eyes of some of the priests, and put others to death. In one place in the country they had shut up above seven hundred persons, and prepared to divide them as usual, but not being able to agree about the proportions, one of them proposed that, to avoid dissension, the best way was to put them all to death. The proposition was just such as was agreeable to men whose highest enjoyment was shedding human blood;—they were all massacred on the spot, every man killing his share.

To these murders the Pasha himself set an official example. The islanders who had surrendered on the first offer of pardon, and were shut up for security in the convent of St. Minas, were now brought out in parties and shot. Several hundred gardeners who had been seized on to discover any treasure which they knew to be concealed, and were supposed to be accessory in burying, were first forced to confess all they knew, and then shut up in the fortress with the hostages. There were besides on board

the admiral's ship a number of respectable persons, who had been apprehended on suspicion, or who had fled thither for protection. On the 8th of May he ordered thirty-five of them to be hanged on different parts of the rigging. This was a signal for a similar execution in the fortress: the hostages, including the archbishop, were brought out and hanged just opposite on the walls, in regular lines; and that no one in his hands should be suffered to escape with life, the gardeners were strangled in the court-yard.

When every thing was exhausted by which cupidity could be satiated or cruelty gratified, and not till then, did the pillage and carnage cease. The most valuable part of the plunder, and beautiful and respectable of the women, were brought on board the fleet, to gratify the officers, and were conveyed thither under a triumphant discharge of artillery. Some of the rest were divided among the regular soldiers, but the greater part was carried off by the marauders who had joined the expedition. Of the whole of the rich edifices and neat houses that formed the city and the villages, to the amount of twenty thousand, not one was uninjured—the greater number was totally destroyed. Of the whole population, exceeding seventy thousand as some, and one hundred thousand as others calculate it, in the middle of April, not more than nine hundred existed on the island in the beginning of July; the rest were murdered or made slaves, with the exception of a comparative few, who had escaped to Ipsara and the neighbouring islands. Twenty thousand, it was supposed, of all ages and both sexes, were left weltering in their blood on the island, and thirty thousand were carried off and sold in different places in Asia, Africa, and Europe.

The Greeks had made some ineffectual attempts on the Turkish fleet, which were now discontinued; and on the

18th of June the latter was lying between Tchesmé and Scio, in perfect security. It was the Ramazan, and the evenings were passed with even more gaiety and enjoyment than usual at such a time on board the admiral's ship, revelling in the midst of the indulgence which the destruction of the island afforded. She was gaily lighted up, and decorated with the variety of flags which are displayed at that season, and all on board had given themselves up to enjoyment. Several captains of other ships had been invited, and drums, and cymbals, and all kinds of Turkish music announced their festivity. Two small brigs were now seen weathering the northern point of the island, and bearing down channel. One of them seemed a bad sailer, and was left behind; but the other pursued her course, with a view of proceeding on her way through the Turkish fleet. Full of joy and hilarity, it is probable little notice would have been taken of one of the many small ships passing up and down the canal of Scio; but this bore the Austrian flag, and, that being seen, no further attention was paid to her. It was a remarkable fact, that the Capitan Pasha had been port-admiral at Constantinople, and, as part of his duty, rigidly enforced the orders for searching every ship, to ascertain if the cargo corresponded with the invoice, and the Franks were subject to many annoying vexations, by the strict observance of it; but by some fatality he never thought of exercising it on the present occasion. The brig ran alongside—the crew talked with the Turks on deck, and while some engaged their attention by complaining of treatment they had received from the Greek cruisers, others had lashed the shrouds of the brig to the chains of the man-of-war. The first suspicion the Turks entertained was seeing the Greek crew, consisting of twelve men, get into a boat and push off. They had hardly done

so, when the vessel they left burst into a blaze, which immediately communicated with the ship of the Capitan Pasha. Efforts were vainly made to stop the rapid progress of the fire; it communicated in a very short time to the magazine and the vessel blew up. The Capitan Pasha attempted to escape in a boat to another ship, but as he descended the side, part of a blazing mast was precipitated on his head—he was dashed, crushed and bloody, into the boat, where he immediately after expired.

The fire-ship had been conducted by the celebrated Canaris, who immediately joined his consort, Pepenos, and then proceeded against other Turkish men-of-war. They attached the remaining fire-ship to the vessel of the Capitan Bey, on board of whom much of the plundered treasure was accumulated. She was partly consumed, but the fire was extinguished; six others were entangled by the burning ships in the confusion, and greatly injured. The whole of the large and small craft lying off Scio, and filled with slaves and plunder, cut their cables and ran foul of each other in the greatest dismay; and it was generally supposed that, if the Greek fleet had been at hand to avail themselves of the confusion, the Turkish squadron would have been destroyed, and the greater part of the Sciotes and their property recaptured.

On board the Capitan Pasha's ship were two thousand five hundred persons, of whom two thousand perished; among them were the principal officers of other ships, and eight or ten of the best pilots in the Archipelago. It would be deeply to be regretted that many of these were captives, particularly females, some distinguished for their rank and some for their personal beauty; but the sudden and awful judgment that fell upon their brutal oppressors only snatched them from a life of intolerable misery and degradation. Besides

the plunder accumulated, the military chest, with all the money to pay the troops, was on board; the ship had also been fitted up in a splendid style. The Capitan Pasha was a man as vain and luxurious as he was cruel and avaricious. He had a splendid service of plate and other costly furniture on board, with which he proposed to entertain all officers of such European ships of war as he should meet on his victorious return to the Dardanelles.

Many of these details were communicated to me by a friend who was proceeding in a Maltese vessel to Constantinople, and was detained in the canal of Scio by the Turks on the memorable night. He was not far from the Capitan Pasha's ship when it blew up. The next morning the sea was covered with fragments of wrecks and burnt timber, to which men were clinging. One of them was Ibrahim Pasha, an officer of rank belonging to the admiral's ship, whom he picked up and sent on board a Turkish man-of-war.

The Turks themselves were greatly struck by this sudden and awful visitation. A principal Imaun of the Great Mosque at Smyrna ascended the pulpit on the Friday after the event, and called the attention of the people to it. After describing, with more than Turkish eloquence, the massacre and horrors of Scio, he said the burning of the Pasha's ship was effected by no mortal hand—it was a bolt of lightning, hurled by the hand of Allah himself against the guilty perpetrator of these atrocities.

END OF VOL. I.

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